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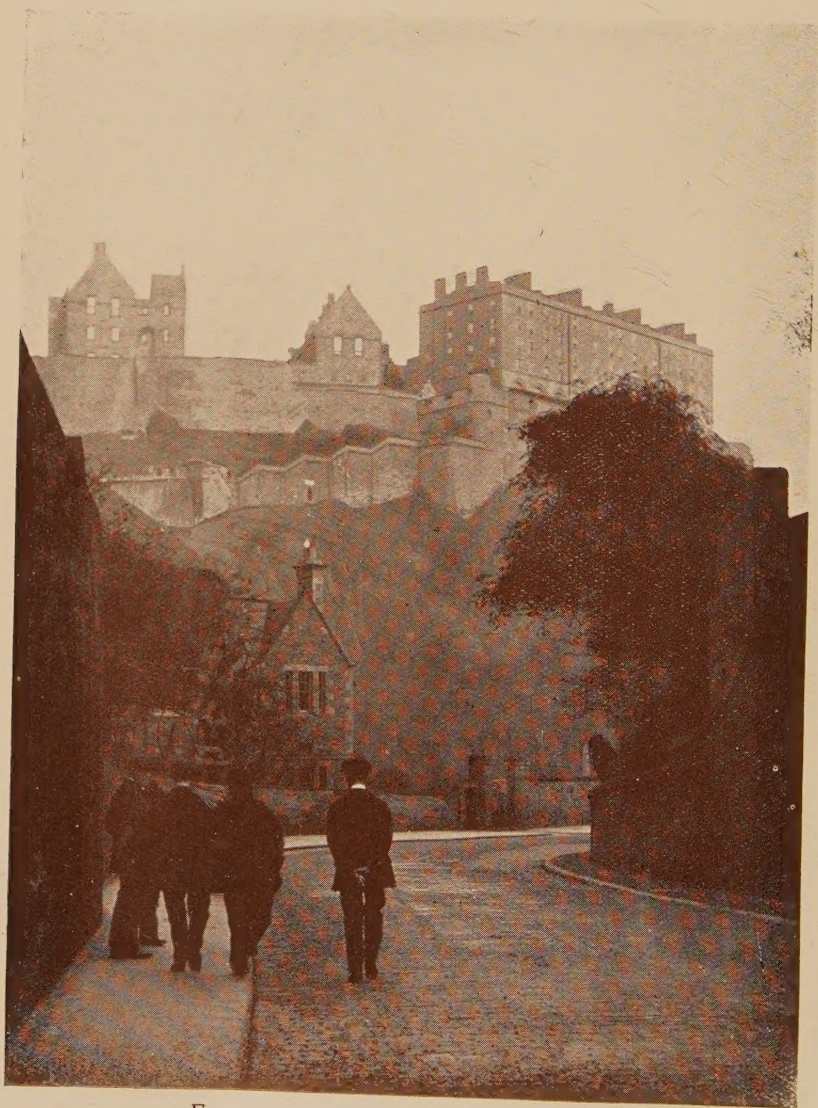
Mr John Weir

FAMOUS
SCOTTISH BURGHS

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Provost
of Glasgow,*

Sir THOMAS PAXTON, Bart., LL.D.,

*Under whose wise direction the greatest of
the Scottish Burghs is successfully weather-
ing the most difficult and dangerous period
in its history.*



EDINBURGH CASTLE FROM THE WEST.

Frontispiece.

FAMOUS SCOTTISH BURGHS

Their Romantic Story

BY

GEORGE EYRE-TODD

Author of

"Scotland Picturesque and Traditional"

"Byways of the Scottish Border"

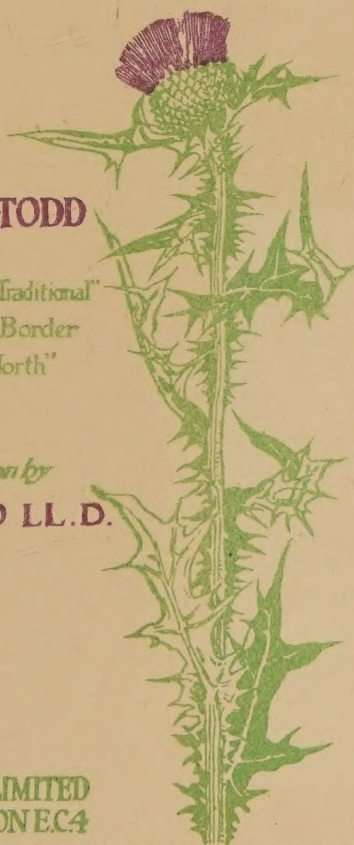
"Sketch Book of the North"

etc

With an Introduction by

NEIL MUNRO LL.D.

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PREFACE

By all the world, thanks largely to the writings of the Wizard of Abbotsford, Scotland is thought of as a country of heroic and romantic memories. Few, however, are fully aware of the rich human interest which makes the story of most of the old Scottish burghs a vivid and dramatic pageant. Here and there a story-teller, like the author of "The Annals of the Parish" or "Tales of the Borders," "The Raiders," "Kidnapped," or "A Window in Thrums," has set himself to make literature out of the characteristics and personalities of a district. But it is probably well within the truth to say that any one of the old burgh towns of Scotland could furnish from its annals incident and suggestion enough for the life work of a Balzac or a Dumas. The story of a town like Falkirk, for example, offers a gateway into such various arenas as those of Roman Britain, of the Arthurian wars, of Wallace's last battle, of Prince Charles Edward's last victory, of the rise of the Scottish Iron industry, and the arrival, a century ago, of a new industrial aristocracy in the person of a "copper king." It is late in the day to repeat the truism that fact is stranger than fiction, but if the rapid sketches offered in the following pages afford even a slight suggestion of the richness of their subject they will have done enough to justify once more that ancient and well-worn saying.

GEORGE EYRE-TODD.

January, 1923.

INTRODUCTION.

Not all Scottish burghs have an old historic past; some of the most populous and flourishing to-day are creations of the industrial era with raw new official coats-of-arms to grieve the heraldic experts, and no single feature to interest the antiquary. When their Provosts array themselves in ermined coats and cocked hats, one feels a certain incongruity that is absent from the use of such mediæval trappings in the really ancient little burghs whose assessable value would, to the mushroom town, appear contemptible.

Mr. Eyre-Todd, in the following pages, runs some risk of offending the *amour propre* of not a few Scottish communities by their exclusion from his historical review. But his title alone should be enough to vindicate his selection; such burghs as Wishaw, Clydebank, and Cowdenbeath must be content to see their importance recognised in Board of Trade returns.

Perhaps some day he will tame his heart of fire and give us a Newer Statistical Account of Scotland that will tell of the part played in modern times by the bustling police burghs which, for several generations, have grown like mushrooms to be the pride and glory of their ventripotent Bailies, while the little old storied Royal towns were perishing. But I do not think he will; I cannot imagine so romantic a chronicler happy in the brutal *milieu* of factories and coal-pits, and away from ruined keeps and castles; grey cobbled streets whereon at dusk walk the ghosts of ancient heroic figures; mountain passes that evoke grim tales of tribal tumult; old battle-fields.

As it happens, however, some of the more prosperous and progressive burghs in Scotland, leaving the cities out of count, have a romantic history to which their burgesses are not indifferent, nay, rather feel inclined at times to set off against the vexation of growing Water Rates. Life in Dunbarton or Linlithgow may be as strenuous or hum-drum as in the latest shipyard town to adopt the Police Act, but—outside

of Business hours—the Rock and the Palace uplift the eye from muddy modern thoroughfares, and to the mind come visionary gleams of things bypast that have the effect of poetry.

In such moods we are almost certain to let the written history and romantic tradition in a way delude us. They so commonly concern themselves only with purple patches—princes, chivalry, and gentlemanly bloodshed, to the exclusion of sordid social facts! A burgh, however, is, etymologically, a fortress; those grand old burghs whereof Mr. Eyre-Todd writes with such a picturesque pen and historical erudition, were, in their origin and character, for centuries, the strongholds of jealously-guarded privileges held successively by Crown or baron, Bishop or burgess; we can but guess, from what we know of human nature and of social conditions in more recent times, at the hardship and squalor that must have been the lot of the humble “indwellers.”

Of this aspect of burghal life in old Scotland our history, as taught in the schools and perpetuated in popular works for the use of not too-curious patriotic adult readers, has little to say, and so indeed has the present volume, whose aim, as its title indicates, precludes so minute a domestic scrutiny.

“Famous Scottish Burghs: Their Romantic Story,” comprehends in its survey the most interesting towns in every part of the country, and a host of tales and incidents, gallant, and gay, and sad, that are permanently bitten into the national memory, but many more that even the thoughtful burgess was in danger of forgetting.

NEIL MUNRO.

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THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL

IT is surely easier for the inhabitant of Edinburgh than for the dweller in any other city in the kingdom to escape from the merely material and sordid view of existence and to live upon an intellectual and spiritual plane. Not only are the main occupations of the city of scholarly and intellectual cast. For centuries Edinburgh has been the seat of the supreme law courts and chief schools of the country; before the union with England it was for three hundred years the home of the kings and nobility; even from an industrial point of view its chief business is the printing and publication of books. But, besides all this, every object upon which the eye rests has some association with human achievement more or less vital in the history of the nation and inspiring to the most casual observer.

From the earliest of its traditions Edinburgh has been a place of interesting and dramatic events. According to monkish writings the castle rock was in very early times known as *Castrum Puellarum*, the fortress in which the Pictish royal maidens were safeguarded. Hence in later poetry Edinburgh has been termed the Maiden Town. No doubt the rock was a fastness of the Pictish Ottadini before the coming of the Romans. After the departure of these conquerors it appears in the pages of the early British historian Nennius as the castle of Mynyd Agned or "Hill of St. Agnes," and scene of the eleventh great battle fought by the historic King Arthur, whose name is perpetuated in that of the neighbouring eminence, Arthur's Seat. This, or Traprain Law, where an early British town has lately been discovered, was the capital of Arthur's brother-in-law, Loth, whose son, the pagan Medraut, brought in the Picts and overthrew and slew Arthur at Camelon, near Falkirk, in the year 537. A hundred years later, when the Angles of Northumbria had overrun the region, it became a seat of the mighty Anglian king, Edwin, from whom it takes its modern name of Edwin's Burgh or Edinburgh, translated later by the Scots into Dunedin.

When these Scots in turn conquered the region their king was the mighty Canmore, Malcolm III., illegitimate son of "the gracious Duncan," and overthrower of Macbeth; and when he in turn was overthrown and slain at Alnwick, in 1093, his widow, the saintly Margaret, and her children, were besieged here by Malcolm's legitimate brother, and real heir according to the Tanist law, Donald Bane. A memorial of that critical time remains in the tiny stone chapel built by Margaret on the westmost edge of the castle rock.

It was the youngest of Margaret's sons, David I., of whom the story is told that while hunting, a mile from the castle, at the foot of Arthur's Seat, he was on the point of being gored by a stag, when an image of the holy rood, or cross, was interposed, and in token of his gratitude he founded on the spot the Abbey of Holyrood.

During the feudal centuries which followed, the experience of Edinburgh was chequered enough. It was conquered and reconquered, destroyed and rebuilt, ceded to England by William the Lion and recovered by him as part of his queen's dowry. It was yielded up to Edward I. of England when he was asked to arbitrate on the Scottish succession, and was recaptured twenty-two years later by Randolph, Earl of Moray, in a daring escalade. Here parliaments were held by Alexander II. and Robert Bruce and Edward Baliol. The fortifications were destroyed by Bruce and rebuilt by Edward III., to be again captured by the daring stratagem of the Knight of Liddesdale. During the long reign of David Bruce many parliaments were held in the town, money was minted there, and that part of the castle was built which is still known as David's Tower. In the reign of the first Stewart king, Robert II., Edinburgh became the chief royal residence, and Froissart, who then visited it, called it the Paris of Scotland, though its four thousand houses were so poor that they could not fitly accommodate the French knights. The town, with St. Giles' Church and Holyrood Abbey, was burned by Richard II. in 1485, and the castle, defended by the ill-fated Duke of Rothesay, was unsuccessfully besieged by Henry IV. in 1400. To redeem



EDINBURGH CASTLE FROM CASTLE STREET.

Founded before 633 by Edwin of Northumbria, from whom it took its name of Edwin's Burgh, or Dunedin, the stronghold has seen the making of half the warlike history of Scotland. For the Scottish National War Memorial, which will be its latest feature, the Duke of Atholl has already collected upwards of £100,000.

James I. from his long imprisonment the town contributed 50,000 merks of English money. Five years later it was at the high altar of Holyrood that James received the submission of the rebellious Alexander, Lord of the Isles, clad only in his shirt, and holding his sword by the point; and it was in Holyrood that James II. was born.

The assassination of James I. at Perth made Edinburgh the capital of Scotland, neither Dunfermline, Perth, nor Stirling being strong enough to protect the royal person. James II., a boy of seven, fled thither at his father's death, and granted the town many favours, including the liberty to build a defending wall. In the castle, as a boy, he saw the boy-Earl of Douglas seized at his table and led away to execution, in Holyrood he was married, and to Edinburgh, after his death by the bursting cannon at Floors, he was brought to be buried. In Edinburgh James III. entertained that hapless refugee, Henry VI., after his overthrow at Towton; and in Edinburgh Castle he himself deposited his "black coffer" of gold when he rode away to the campaign against his rebel lords in which he fell. Here James IV. spent his father's treasure in stately tournaments and the encouragement of literature and science; here he married the Princess Margaret of England, and here he gathered the great army with which he marched away to his death on Flodden Field.

During the boyhood of James V. the city became the scene of those faction fights among the partizans of the lawless nobles, of which the chief is remembered as "Cleanse the Causeway." In 1532, when the gay Gudeman o' Ballengeich had attained real power, it saw the founding of the College of Justice, and two years later, strange contrast, it saw the burning of Norman Gourlay and David Straiton for the crime of heresy. Hither in 1537 James brought his fair sixteen-year-old queen, Magdalene of France, only to see her carried, forty days later, to her tomb at Holyrood; and here five years afterwards, having died at Falkland, heartbroken for the defeat of Solway Moss, he was brought to be laid by her side.

Of the tragic reign of James's daughter, Mary Queen of

Scots, the city saw some of the most dramatic events. In the course of Henry VIII.'s "rough wooing" of her for his infant son, the battle of Pinkie was fought under its walls, and the town and abbey themselves were laid in ashes. It heard John Knox in the cause of reform hurling his diatribes at the girl queen. It saw her marriage to "yon long lad," Darnley, and his disgraceful behaviour afterwards, including his murder of her secretary, Rizzio, till the roar of the explosion at the Kirk o' Field told of his merited end. It execrated her marriage to Bothwell three months afterwards, and hooted and insulted her when she was brought a prisoner from Carberry Hill to the house of the provost, Sir Simon Preston; and when she was sent off a prisoner to Loch Leven next day, it saw to the despoiling of her chapel at Holyrood and the melting down of her plate. The capture of the castle and the hanging of its governor, Kirkaldy of Grange, at the cross in 1573, may be regarded as the last events of the tragedy of Queen Mary's career in Scotland.

The reign of James VI. saw the execution of the sinister Regent Morton at Edinburgh by the guillotine which he had himself introduced, and also the wild attempts of Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, to capture the king at Holyrood. At the visit of Charles I. in 1633 Edinburgh was made a bishopric and St. Giles' Church a cathedral—events which led directly to the signing of the National Covenant against prelacy in 1638 and the Solemn League and Covenant in 1643. The city strongly supported the Covenant, and watched with satisfaction the execution at the Cross of Charles I.'s general, the Marquess of Montrose, in 1650. As a corollary to this, after the restoration of Charles II., it witnessed the execution of the chief leader of the Covenanters, the Marquess of Argyll, and ten of the Covenanting rebels captured close by in the Pentlands at the action of Rullion Green.

During the residence of the Duke of York, afterwards James VII., at Holyrood, from 1679 to 1682, his duchess, Mary of Modena, is said to have introduced the custom of tea-drinking, and by her charming manners sowed the seeds of the Jacobite sympathies which were to prove so



BAILIE MACMORRIN'S HOUSE IN RIDDELL'S COURT,
EDINBURGH.

Fitted up by Prof. Patrick Geddes some twenty-five years ago as
one of the first University Halls established in Scotland.

Facing p. 16.

potent a force in the next generation. Four months after the accession of James, Edinburgh saw the execution of the Earl of Argyll for rebellion raising in the West, and, again a corollary—the constant efforts of the king to re-establish the Roman Church having brought about a revolution—the rush of the mob to Holyrood which reduced the abbey chapel to ruins. All the world knows, from Sir Walter Scott's song, how, when the great Convention of Estates met in Edinburgh to declare the forfeiture of James VII. and offer the crown of Scotland to William and Mary, King James's general, Viscount Dundee, with his troop of dragoons, finding himself forced to retire from the city, climbed up the western face of the castle rock and held colloquy with the Duke of Gordon, King James's governor, before riding away to fall in the moment of victory at Killiecrankie.

In the reigns of William and Mary, and of Queen Anne, the city attained unenviable notoriety by its mob risings, first on account of the Darien Expedition and afterwards against certain English sailors and the union with England. Nor were the last-named disturbances without cause, for the Union, by removing the Parliament and the seat of government, ruined Edinburgh for fifty years.

So much had the city suffered that the Jacobites had good reason to believe at their rising in 1715 that their attempts to storm the castle and capture the city would receive support from the inhabitants.

Actually more serious for Edinburgh was the rising in 1736 of the mob which lynched Porteous, the captain of the city guard, for firing on the crowd at the execution of a smuggler who had won the popular sympathy: but the threats against the city's liberties were transmuted finally into the payment of a pension of £200 a year to Porteous' widow. Scott has told the tale in his *Heart of Midlothian*.

Next to the doings of Queen Mary's time, however, the events which have left the most enduring memories in Edinburgh are those of Prince Charles Edward's visit in 1745. He had a force of no more than 2000 men when he crossed the Forth above Stirling on 13th September, and one marvels at the elaborate preparations made by the capital to resist

him—digging of ditches, repairing of walls, increase of the city guard, and arming of a thousand volunteers. Yet on the 17th Cameron of Lochiel had rushed the Netherbow port, and the Prince had entered Holyrood, proclaimed his father as James VIII. at the Cross, and at night held a splendid ball in the palace of his ancestors. Is it not all duly written in the pages of *Waverley*?

Some forty-one years later the Scottish capital was entertaining a hero of another sort. The blind Dr. Blacklock had invited Robert Burns to Edinburgh, and social and literary circles of all degrees had gone mad over the genius and personality of the Ayrshire poet. The city had already a great poetic tradition. William Dunbar in the days of James IV., William Drummond in the days of James VI., Allan Ramsay in the first half of the eighteenth century, and Robert Fergusson nearer his own time; but undoubtedly greatest of all was the rough-clad peasant who rode up the West Bow on a borrowed nag on the 28th of November, 1786.

Edinburgh was already a literary centre of hardly less note than London. John Home had found inspiration for the new Romantic movement in the old Scots ballads; James Macpherson had found the necessary encouragement in the city for that further Romantic impetus, his translation of Ossian; Dugald Stewart and Henry Mackenzie and David Hume were among its shining lights. Greatest of all was to be the boy with whom Burns exchanged a few words at Adam Fergusson's house, The Sciennes. A few years later Walter Scott was wakening the heart of the world to new chivalries and fresh achievement with his marvellous outpouring of poetry and tales, and was moving like a central sun in that galaxy of genius which made Edinburgh a modern Athens.

In contrast with the real worth of that great man, sadly meretricious and paltry appears the royal personage who was welcomed by the city with such a furore of enthusiasm in 1822. George IV., the "First Gentleman in Europe," was moved, on first arriving in the matchless environs of Princes Street, to wave his hat and exclaim "How



THE SCOTT MONUMENT IN PRINCES STREET GARDENS,
EDINBURGH.

Facing p. 18.

superb!" but one may doubt whether his selfish soul was stirred by anything more than the mere outward aspect of this city of so many memories. The levee and the drawing-room and the review which he held, and the ball and the banquet that were given in his honour were nevertheless the most brilliant social events the Scottish capital had seen for nearly two centuries, since Charles I. was crowned at Holyrood in 1633.

Exactly twenty years later, in September, 1842, the young Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort paid their first visit to Edinburgh. It was not quite the same city which they saw. Two tremendous fires in 1824 had destroyed a large part of the Old Town, from Parliament Square to the Tron Church, and the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, which Edinburgh celebrated with a banquet to Earl Grey in a pavilion on Calton Hill, had changed the social outlook of the people. But the queen's welcome was brilliant and enthusiastic, and her stay at Holyrood was only the first of a series of occasions on which Her Majesty, her son King Edward, and her grandson, King George, have renewed the splendours of the home of their Stewart ancestors.

Each of these historic events, with a thousand others, has left some memorial more or less distinct in the topography of Edinburgh. Every stone of the city has some tale to tell of dramatic happenings in days gone by, and the reader has only to glance at one of the countless books on the subject, from Chambers's *Traditions* to Stevenson's *Picturesque Notes*, to understand how deep are the affection and interest with which her citizens regard the associations of the place.

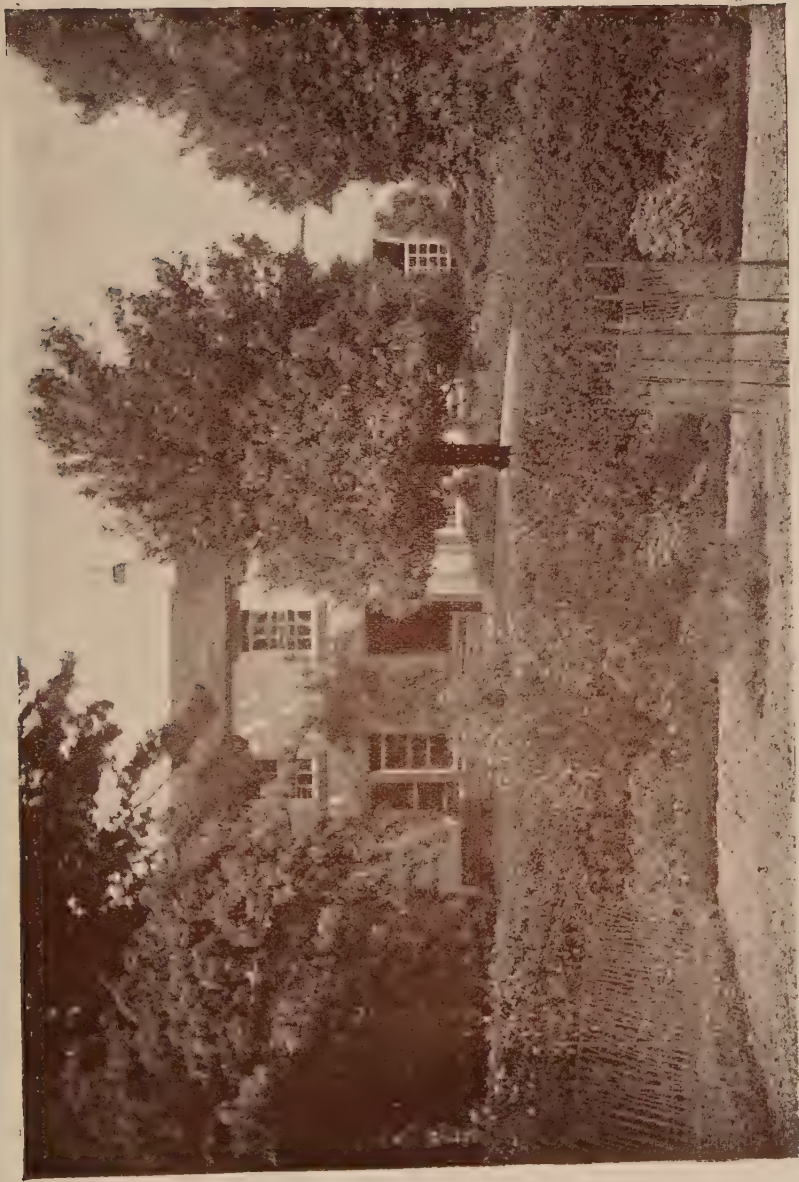
The uncounted memories enrich not only the Old Town on its rocky ridge from the castle to Holyrood. Though the New Town, which now covers the whole area from Princes Street to the shores of the Firth of Forth, dates only from the eighteenth century, it also is crowded with the tale of great names. At 39 North Castle Street Scott lived for twenty-eight years, till ruin fell upon him. At 30 St. James' Square Burns and Henry Irving lodged. At 8 St Andrew's Square lived David Hume; at 21 Lord Brougham was born;

and at the east corner dwelt Andrew Crosbie, who figures as Councillor Pleydell in *Guy Mannering*. 32 York Place was Sir Henry Raeburn's abode, and 47 Alexander Naismith's. At 2 Spey Street, Leith Walk, lived Thomas Carlyle, and at 24 Moray Place Jeffrey died, while at 44 Heriot Row as a young man dwelt Sir Archibald Alison.

Southward, likewise, to the slopes of the Braid Hills and the skirts of the Pentlands, the sunny avenues of another "new town" are strewn with interests ancient and modern. At the Bore Stone in Morningside Road James IV. unfurled the royal standard before marching away to Flodden; in Merchiston Castle, Napier, the inventor of logarithms, was born; and in Grange House Principal Robertson and Sir Thomas Dick Lauder died. Nearer the heart of the city the south-east corner of the University touches the site of the notorious Kirk o' Field, where Darnley was murdered; and in Allison Square Burns first met Mrs MacLehose; while far out on the Pentland foot, Swanston Cottage was the home at which Robert Louis Stevenson, as a lad, gathered the glamour with which he was afterwards to enchant the world.

Always jealous for the appearance of their beautiful and richly storied city the people of Edinburgh have taken care that their public buildings were always in good taste, and whether in classic style like the Royal Academy on the Mound, in Gothic like St. Mary's Episcopal Cathedral in Coates Place, in Venetian like the National Portrait Gallery in Queen Street, or of more modern utilitarian design like the Usher Hall off Lothian Road and the MacEwan Hall at the University, every one is a delight to the eye and an ornament to the city.

At the same time Edinburgh, like a rare jewel, derives much of its charm from its setting. Perhaps no city, not even the Athens of Greece itself, rises amid surroundings of greater natural beauty and richer historic interest. In every direction around, the countryside is strewn with story and resplendent with cultivated charm. What other city contains such rustic seclusion in its heart as the old-world region about the Water of Leith spanned by the Dean



SWANSTON COTTAGE.

The window above the door was that of R. L. Stevenson's room, that in the wing to the right belonged to the
"Cottage" library.

Bridge? And what other city possesses such open gateways to romance as lie by Cramond Brig and the Queen's Ferry, by Craigmillar and Borthwick Castles, by Roslin Chapel and Rullion Green?

It is no marvel that the people of the capital of Scotland are what they are, mostly to the present hour of the old Northumbrian breed, a thoughtful, dignified, and cultured race, leisurely and well-considered in action, not promiscuous or haphazard in their acquaintanceships, valuing men by what they are rather than by what they have, worthy inheritors of a great tradition, living well up to the character implied in the name of inhabitants of the Modern Athens.

ABERDEEN

IT is probably no longer correct to describe the chief exports of Aberdeen as granite and brains. While the granite is exported still in large quantities, and of as excellent quality as ever, and while Aberdeen brains exercise as striking an influence as ever in the world's affairs, the famous city of the Scottish North has developed energies in many directions since the phrase was coined. Anyone who stands on the headland at Torry, above the mouth of the Dee, and watches the fleet of trawlers, a thousand strong, streaming in from every point of the compass, laden with the silver harvest of the sea, or who watches in the railway station when the fast fish trains are being despatched to the south, can gather some idea of the important place Aberdeen holds in providing food supplies for the people of these isles. And this is only one of the many trades in which the Granite City has come to take a vital place within the last half century. Much of the finest paper made in the country comes from the neighbourhood of Aberdeen; and though the shipbuilding of the city is not on the mighty scale of the shipbuilding of the Clyde, the Tyne, or the Thames, it has never become unworthy of the fame it won when Aberdeen clippers, which ran the tea trade from the East, represented the high-water mark of the sailing ships of all time. The silver city by the grey North Sea is the fourth for population in Scotland to-day; for beauty and attraction it comes near to being first; and for interests of the storied kind it might almost claim to be second to none.

Within the memory of the generation now living it was customary to speak of the city at the mouth of the Dee as New Aberdeen, in supposed distinction from its neighbour at the mouth of the Don, which was described as the Aul' Toun o' Aberdeen. The latter name is now known to contain no reference to seniority, but, as a matter of fact, to be *Altein* e Aberdeen, *i.e.* the Fire Stone at the Mouth of the Black River. The stone from which it takes its name still stands, the Hilton, Lia-tein, or Stone of Fire, of pagan times, on high

ground belonging to the city a mile or so to the west of the Cathedral of St. Machar. This may be taken to carry back the story of the city a couple of thousand years at least, to the days when the fire-god Baal was worshipped by the Picts of north-eastern Britain.

The later Christian cathedral, of which the nave is still used as a place of worship, has its own long chain of memories, connected mostly with able bishops who were statesmen as well as churchmen. The see was transferred here from Mortlach in 1154 by David I., in whose extant charter the place is named Old Aberdon; but the present Cathedral was founded by Bishop Kinninmonth in 1357. Not all the bishops were patriots, and not least significant among their monuments is the quaint old bridge which spans the Don not far from the cathedral itself. Bishop Henry Cheyne, of the days of King Robert I., was a nephew of the Red Comyn, slain by Bruce at Dumfries. Upon that event the bishop fled to England, and the revenues of his see were unapplied for many years. When at last he was reconciled to the Scottish king, and allowed to return, it appears to have been partly on condition that he used the accumulated revenues to build this bridge. The ancient rhyme runs:

“ Brig o’ Balgownie, wight’s your wa’;
Wi’ a wife’s ae son and a mare’s ae foal
Doun sal ye fa’.”

And the poet Byron has recorded that when he lived as a child with his mother in Aberdeen he used to see to it carefully that no mare’s ae foal was upon the bridge when he, a wife’s ae son, came to cross it. The bridge was dowered with an annuity of £2 5s 8d for its upkeep, and when, in 1825, this had accumulated to upwards of £20,000, the Town Council used the sum for the building of the new Bridge of Don a little way to the east.

Aberdeen has another memorial of Robert the Bruce. In the wall of the Cathedral is a small marble slab to the memory of John Barbour, archdeacon of the diocese in the fourteenth century. Barbour was the father of Scottish poetry, the senior of Chaucer by more than thirty years, and

the author of the great epic which commemorates for all time the deeds and character of the great King of Scots.

A hundred years after Barbour's time, in 1494, Bishop Elphinstone procured a Bull from Pope Alexander VI. establishing a university in his diocese, and in 1505 began the building of King's College, which still stands as the chief ornament of the quaint "Aul' Toun." King's College Chapel, with its famous crowned tower, remains one of the most beautiful architectural attractions in the country, and contains the only pre-Reformation carved ecclesiastical woodwork in Scotland except that in Dunblane cathedral. About it the precincts of the Aul' Toun still keep much of the character of early times, and are as quaint and quiet as the precincts of any old cathedral city in rural England or France.

Bishop Elphinstone also bequeathed funds for the building of the viaduct now known as the Old Bridge of Dee, about a mile south-west of Aberdeen. The bridge was actually built by his second successor, Bishop Dunbar, in 1530. Originally only $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, it has been twice restored, and to-day remains one of the noblest viaducts in Scotland.

The later Marischal College in Aberdeen itself was founded by George Keith, fifth Earl Marischal, in 1593, as a Protestant university. It occupied the place of the old Franciscan monastery, and over its door its founder wrote his defiance: "Thai haif said. Quhat say thai? Lat thame say." The two colleges were united in 1860. Marischal College has been rebuilt within the last twenty years, and, in its beauty of fine granite architecture, now rivals King's College, though in a totally different style.

Many other interesting buildings which once formed features of the city have now disappeared. The palace of King Alexander II. has its site occupied by the modern Art Galleries; the castle of Alexander III. has been replaced by the barracks, and is remembered only in the name of Castle Street; the curious old house of Jamesone, the Scottish Vandyke, who painted the Great Marquess of Montrose, has disappeared from the School Hill, and the house in which Byron



ST. MACHAR'S CATHEDRAL, ABERDEEN.

In the churchyard lies the dust of Scotland's epic poet, Archdeacon John Barbour,
author of "The Bruce."

Facing p. 24.

stayed as a child, at 64 Broad Street, was demolished during the extension of the Marischal College. But the city still has relics of the past in more than one curious old lane and court. Notably in the Guest Row, or Ghaist Row, there is yet to be seen the mansion in which the Duke of Cumberland lodged, when on his way to destroy the latest hopes of the Jacobites at the battle of Culloden. Between the East and West Churches, which occupy the site of the ancient Parish Church of St. Nicholas, is still to be seen a fragment of that church, known as Drum's Aisle, from the ancient Deeside family which used it as a burying-place. And in Castle Street, at the heart of the city, stands the finest Market Cross in Scotland, dating from 1686, the work of John Montgomerie, a country mason from the village of Old Rayne. The medallions round it of the Kings of Scotland, from James I. to James VII., are believed to be among the most authentic portraits of these monarchs.

About the ancient walls of which these are relics occurred many a dramatic incident in bygone centuries. The name of Gallowgate—which is probably “Gialia Gate,” or “road to the sacred stone”—speaks of the days when the people made their way to the Hilton for sacrifice and worship. And the name of the Heading Hill to the east of Castle Street speaks of many a dire event in the times when feudal justice and injustice dealt drastically with human life and limb. Here, as elsewhere in Scotland, the English Edwards left their mark with fire and sword. In the time of Edward I. an English garrison held the castle for twelve years, but on a night of 1308 the townsfolk rose, with the gathering cry of “Bon Accord,” and stormed and took the stronghold. Since then these words have remained the motto of the city. In 1333, when Edward Baliol overran the north, the city was burned by an English admiral. The spirit of the citizens, however, was not destroyed, for, three years later they marched along the coast, attacked an English party at Dunnottar, and slew their general. For this exploit Edward III. in person burned the city, and put most of the inhabitants to the sword.

It was when the city was rebuilt after this burning that it took the name of New Aberdeen, by way of distinction from

the Old Aberdeen which had been destroyed, and which lay slightly farther to the east.

Most memorable, however, of the warlike deeds of the Aberdonians was their part in the famous battle of Harlaw—a struggle between the grandsons of Robert II. for the earldom of Ross. Donald of the Isles, with his Highland host, had marched across Scotland, burning and slaying. He was within eighteen miles of Aberdeen when he was met by the royal forces under his cousin, the Earl of Mar. Among these forces were the burghers of the city, with their provost, Sir Robert Davidson. In the terrific fight all the chief gentry of Angus and Mearns fell, as did most of the citizens of Aberdeen, with their valiant provost. A suit of plate armour preserved in the vestibule of the City Chambers is said to be that in which the provost fought and fell, and in 1760, when the nave of the Kirk of St. Nicholas was being restored, the remains of Sir Robert himself were discovered, being recognised by a small crimson cap which still covered his head. So much, it is said, did the burgesses of Aberdeen take the death of their gallant provost to heart, that they made a rule that thenceforth no provost should in his official capacity go beyond certain limits of the town.

A century and a half after Harlaw the city was graced with a visit from the lovely young Queen of Scots, Mary Stewart. It was on the occasion when she had ridden into the north at the head of her army to seat her half-brother James in the earldom of Moray, which she had just given him. As she went she declared, it is said, that she wished she were a man, to ride with jack and knapskull, and sleep in the fields. She had defeated the Earl of Huntly at the battle of Corrichie, and Moray had the brutality to compel her to sit at a window in the house of the Earl Marischal, at the north end of what is now Marischal Street, that she might witness the execution of Huntly's second son, the gallant Sir John Gordon, whom, it is said, she had once tenderly loved.

Just two years before this incident in the Castlegate the storm of the Reformation had swept over Aberdeen. The old religious houses of the city had been attacked and plundered,



BRIDGE OF DEE, ABERDEEN.

The bridge has been widened, but is still the viaduct which was stormed by Montrose.
Facing p. 26.

and in particular the Reformers had done their best to destroy the noble Cathedral of St. Machar. Finding that the church plate and jewels had been carried off by the clergy, they proceeded to strip the lead from the roof and to steal the three fine bells. This plunder they shipped for sale in Holland, but the vessel went down soon after leaving the harbour of Aberdeen.

In the following century Aberdeen was to suffer again in the fierce fighting of the Civil War. First of all, in 1639, the Earl of Montrose was sent north at the head of an army of the Covenant to chastise the town, which, under the Gordons, was looked upon as a nest of prelacy. The battle took place at the Old Bridge of Dee, on the south side of which some fields are still known as the Covenanters' Faulds. The bridge was defended by Viscount Aboyne, but after three days, Montrose, making a feint of sending a force up the river, diverted the strength of the defence, and stormed the viaduct. It was on this occasion that, according to an old ballad writer, one of Montrose's cannon-balls "dang Pitmedden in three," the Pitmedden of the ballad being "Bonnie John Seaton" of Pitmedden, one of Aboyne's followers.

Five years later Montrose, who by that time had been created a Marquess and Lieutenant-General by King Charles I., again attacked the town. Baillie, the Covenanting general, refused surrender, and the battle took place at the Crabstane, near the Justice Mills, half a mile from the town. Montrose, mixing musketeers with his cavalry, disconcerted his opponents, who, after standing to their guns for a time, broke and fled. According to the historian Spalding, "there was little slaughter in the fight, but horrible was the slaughter in the flight fleeing back to the town." Many of the stout burgesses broke their wind and died, and Montrose's Irish troops are said to have forced others to strip before they killed them, so that their garments might not be stained with blood.

A few years afterwards Charles II. passed through Aberdeen on his way to assume the Scottish crown. In 1715 his nephew, the Old Chevalier, passed through the city on his way to countenance the bootless rebellion of the Earl of Mar. And in 1745 Prince Charles Edward caused the same Chevalier, his father, to be proclaimed king at the Cross of

Aberdeen for the second time. But the city has probably seen more of royalty during the last seventy years than in the whole course of its previous history. Since Queen Victoria and the royal family landed here in September, 1848, and drove up Deeside, amid general rejoicings, to take possession of their new autumn abode at Balmoral, Deeside has been the Highland home of royalty in these realms, and has drawn to itself the feet of pilgrims of all classes in countless numbers from year to year.

But the Granite City of Aberdeen to-day is a very different place from what it was in the feudal centuries. Bridges have been built and new streets laid out, the ancient hovels by the Den Burn have been cleared away, and a thousand other improvements made. The carrying out of these improvements brought the finances of the place to disaster in 1817, but this has been long recovered, and at the present hour Aberdeen is one of the stateliest cities in the kingdom. Its especial glory is Union Street, the main artery running westward from the Cross. This thoroughfare, with its noble public buildings, banks, and hotels, all of clean grey granite, forms a vista as impressive and beautiful as anything architectural one would wish to see. One of its finest features is the colonnaded bridge over the Den ravine, with the stately Union Terrace running northward from its western end, and the leafy slopes of the gardens below rivalling those of Princes Street, Edinburgh, on a smaller scale. The city is rich in public parks, for, besides the Union Terrace Gardens, it has a Victoria Park at Rosemount, the Duthie Park close to the Old Bridge of Dee, and the Stewart Park at Woodside. It has also many fine statues, of which the most notable are those of Sir William Wallace, Robert Burns, and Prince Albert in Union Terrace, John Skinner, the author of "Tullochgorum," the ballad so much admired by Burns, in St. Andrew's Episcopal Cathedral, and the colossal granite statue to the fifth and last Duke of Gordon of the older line, near the Cross in Castle Street.

To-day Aberdeen is a busy and thriving seat of industry, and its sons are leaders of enterprise and builders of prosperity throughout the world. At the same time, the



THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND'S LODGING, ABERDEEN.

The Duke lodged here on his way to Culloden.

Facing p. 28.

city has not forgotten the pride of its heroic past, and its social atmosphere continues to be graciously tintured with the academic culture of its University, the principals of which have been a long line of men illustrious in letters and thought, from the historian Hector Boece in the fifteenth century to the profound theologian, Sir George Adam Smith, who so ably fills the historic office at the present hour.

AIRDRIE AND COATERIDGE

IT is a country of most striking contrasts that the traveller passes through a dozen miles east of Glasgow to-day—contrasts of the past and the present, the peaceful leisureliness of rural pursuits, and the roar and smoke of ironworks in full blast. On one side of a little valley one may find a farm with fowls clucking round its corn-ricks and cattle coming in to the milking, while on the other side stands a black row of great iron furnaces, amid whose smoke can be seen cataracts of fiery metal pouring forth, with human figures moving among them, like demons at the gates of hell. And from places where the ear is deafened with the roar of forges and the air is thick with pungent fumes, one may cast one's eye to a hillside at hand where the doom of heathendom was sealed in a great battle in the dawn of British history.

From time immemorial this district has been curiously crowded with human interest. George Chalmers, the greatest of Scottish antiquaries, in his *Caledonia* identifies Airdrie as the Arderyth of early times—the spot where, in the year 577, Rhydderch, king of Strathclyde, fought and won his epoch-making battle against Aidan of Kintyre. In that battle the pagan leader Gwenddoleu was slain, and his kinsman, the famous Merlin, was forced to flee to the wilds about the upper Tweed, where he was slain later, while Rhydderch was enabled to call home again from Wales Merlin's Christian rival, Kentigern, to resume his work at Glasgow, and become that city's patron saint. The spot corresponds with the description of the early historian Nennius—a rising ground sloping gently to the west between two rivulets. Even the topography, however, is being changed to-day, for the little dell down which one of these rivulets flows is being filled up with the refuse of the town, to have a public park laid out upon its site.

Even in those early days the people of the district must have made use of the outcrop of coal seams which they found by the burnsides, and in the middle of the twelfth century the monks of Newbattle obtained a grant of the region from



THE CROSS, AIRDRIE.

Facing p. 80.

Malcolm IV., and proceeded to turn its resources to account. The labours of these monks, with shallow pick and primitive furnace, or "bloomery," possibly even at that early day got the countryside here its somewhat equivocal title of the "Land of Fire." Certainly it got from them its more official name of Old Monkland.

The district, however, was still moorland and forest, we may believe, in the days of James I., the poet-king of Scots, when Sir Archibald of Drumpellier here went to the French wars with the great Earl of Buchan, to fight against Henry V. of England. And even in the latter half of the eighteenth century the countryside must still have remained almost entirely rural, when the famous "Douglas Cause" was fought out in the Scottish Courts and the House of Lords. When that cause ended in the declaration that the young Archibald Stewart was actual son of Lady Jane Douglas and her husband, and therefore heir to the vast Douglas estates, his protector the Duchess of Douglas is said to have rewarded her kinsman, Douglas of Mains, for his help by presenting him with the estate in Old Monkland, which she named Douglas Support in commemoration of the fact.

But by that time the growing city of Glasgow, to the westward, was coming to rely more and more upon the coal seams of the Monkland district to keep its home fires burning. Just then the idea of making canals was impressing the public mind. In 1761 the Corporation of the city, to save the long cartage over indifferent roads, took up the plan of making a waterway of its own, and employed the famous James Watt of steam engine fame to survey a route for it. The canal was begun as "a measure for securing to the inhabitants of Glasgow at all times a plentiful supply of coal." When twenty thousand pounds had been spent, however, without the canal being completed, the hearts of the civic authorities failed them. Private enterprise then stepped in. William Stirling & Son, in 1789, bought the bankrupt concern for some £500. On its development the firm spent £100,000. The canal opened up the resources of the countryside in a new and wonderful way, and the facilities which it afforded led directly to the development of the vast coal and iron industry

which forms its chief feature at the present hour. Before the railway came to supersede the waterway, as many as 50,000 passengers a year travelled between Airdrie and Glasgow on the Monkland Canal. Airdrie, which had been till then little more than a farm hamlet on the Edinburgh road, began development to the populous proportions which it boasts to-day. Though the countryside about it lies high and cold, the town itself, with its law courts, town-house, banks, hotel, and villas, has an air of neatness and prosperity. Nothing is to be seen now of the weaving industry which first made the place busy a hundred years ago, but the electric cars which link it with Coatbridge below to the westward make it a choice place of retreat and residence for the workers there. To the time of its prosperity as a weaving centre belongs the foundation of an institution which has had far-reaching effects on the welfare both of natives of Airdrie, and of incomers from a wide region around. The Academy was founded by the lord of the manor of that day, R. S. C. Alexander of Airdrie House. The town was made a free burgh of barony in 1821, and by a special Act in 1849 was endowed with all the necessary powers of police and municipal government.

Coatbridge, again, has been well named the Iron Burgh. It stands "in the very centre of the coal-fields and ironworks of Monkland, amid a region of railways, furnaces, din, and smoke." Within a mile it comprises five of the great ironworks of Scotland, and with foundries, tube-works, engineering shops, and other manipulators of iron, it is to-day probably the chief centre of the iron industry in Scotland. In days, or rather nights, gone by, before the furnaces were closed at the top to conserve the valuable gases and hot blast, the whole region was ablaze with lurid banners of fire. The town is really built about the spot where the Edinburgh and Glasgow road crosses the black waters of the Monkland Canal. No fewer than six iron bridges spanning these waters emphasise the original feature which gave name to the burgh, and at the centre of these—chief ornament of the place—a fountain of noble proportions dispenses its own crystal stream. Coatbridge is certainly not a beautiful place to look



THE FOUNTAIN, COATBRIDGE.
Centre of the steel industry of Scotland.

at, but it is one of Scotland's busiest centres, and, during the great war, when the life of the nation depended on our power to turn out iron and steel, this capital of the "Land of Fire," with its cohorts of brawny workmen, certainly proved its worth by its ability to "produce the goods."

ARBROATH

LIKE so many other of the ancient communities of Scotland into which men gathered in rude and perilous times for purposes of mutual protection, society, and comfort, Arbroath has a story which goes back to something like the dawn of authentic history in these isles. The Drosten Stone, now preserved in the porch of the new kirk of St. Vigean's, a mile inland from the heart of the present town, bears what is said to be the only legible inscription now existing in the Pictish language. When, in the sixth century, the Pictish race was being supplanted in this north country by the Scots from Ireland, largely by the help of Columba and his apostles of the Christian faith, one of these apostles seems to have made his way hither, and established a Christian place of worship. St. Vigeanus is the Latinised name of that St. Feochan from whom a loch on the West Coast, south of Oban, Ecclefechan in Dumfriesshire, and other widely separated localities derived their names. In the centuries which followed, the harbour afforded by the mouth of the Brothock Water no doubt attracted a little community of fishermen and traders to form the nucleus of the town, which takes its name from its situation at the "Aber," or mouth of the Brothock. In those early days the place must have been specially subject to attack by the wild Somerledi, or Norse adventurers, whose fashion it was to set out each summer from their own stern coast on such plundering expeditions, and who in course of time planted so many colonies upon the coast of Scotland itself and actually possessed themselves of a great part of the interior. Little evidence remains, however, of these invasions here, unless perhaps in the physical features of the people, the place-names of the coast of Forfarshire remaining not Norse but Celtic.

Arbroath, or Aberbrothock as it was then called, got its great lift into the sunshine of public fame by the action of William the Lion, the Crusader King of Scotland, in the latter half of the twelfth century. Following the fashion of

the kings and nobles of that century, William, about the year 1178, founded here the great red-stone abbey of which the vast ruins still remain to testify former grandeur. In course of time William himself was buried within these walls, as also, it is believed, was his queen. Though the actual site of the royal tomb is not quite certain, it was probably close to the high altar of the abbey church, and is believed to be at a spot walled in in more recent days as a private burying-place. In 1835 some workmen employed in clearing rubbish from the ruins came upon a stone coffin containing the skeleton of a woman which had been carefully wrapped in a leathern covering. By the people of Arbroath of the time this was believed to be the remains of William's queen.

The abbey was first colonised with monks of the Tyronensian order, brought from Kelso, and, owing no doubt to the repute of its royal foundation, the house grew rapidly in power and prestige. A charter still exists by which King John of England granted the monks and people of Arbroath exemption throughout every part of his kingdom except London and Oxford "a teloniis et consuetudine." And at a later day Pope Bennet at Avignon conferred on the Abbot the privilege of wearing the mitre and other ornaments.

The founder of the abbey is believed to have raised Arbroath to the dignity of a royal burgh about the year 1186, and the monks seem to have done their best to encourage the trading prosperity of the place. A document still exists recording an agreement in 1194 between the abbot and the burgesses as to the making of a harbour. This was situated further east than the harbour of the present day, at the spot known as the Old Shorehead, and, for the larger share which he contributed, it was arranged that the abbot should receive an annual payment out of the burgh lands.

In the centuries which followed, the abbots of Arbroath sometimes held the highest offices in the Government of Scotland, and events of the greatest importance took place within these walls. Perhaps most remarkable of these events was the meeting of the Scottish Parliament under King Robert the Bruce in 1320, when a dignified and reasoned protest regarding the national rights and position of Scotland was

drawn up and forwarded to the Pope. That document remains one of the noblest declarations of national right and the spirit of a free people which has come down to us from early times, and its composition within these walls would of itself be enough to entitle the place to the honour and reverence of Scotsmen for all time.

A very different event was that which took place outside the walls of Arbroath Abbey 125 years later. It was at the time when James II. of Scotland was fighting for his life and crown against the great house of Douglas and other families of overgrown power. If anything were needed to show that the king was on the side of popular right and freedom it was the event which occurred here on that 17th day of January, 1445-46. The Abbey of Aberbrothock had by that time become one of the wealthiest religious houses in the kingdom. Like other abbeys and bishoprics it was in the habit of appointing a lay bailie or justiciar to manage the civil part of its jurisdiction, and this office was, of course, one of very great power and value. In 1445 the monks had appointed the Earl of Crawford's son, afterwards known as the Tiger Earl, or Earl Beardie, to be their justiciar, but from his frequent quartering of himself and his followers upon the hospitality of the abbey, they found him much more of a burden than a support. They accordingly discarded him and appointed in his place Alexander Ogilvie of Inverquharity, nephew to John Ogilvie of Airlie. The two families were connected, for Crawford's mother was an Ogilvie, but the action of the monks caused a fearful feud between the houses. Each family raised its vassals and prepared to fight for the justiciarship. The Crawfords were supported by the vassals of the Earl of Douglas, whose treasonous league with the Tiger Earl afterwards led to the assassination of Douglas by James II. in the supper chamber at Stirling, and against their united power the forces of the Ogilvies seemed to have small chance of success. On the night before the latter set out, however, there happened to arrive as a guest at Ogilvie Castle no less a personage than Sir Alexander Seton of Gordon, afterwards Earl of Huntly, on his way home from court. Though in no way personally



Photo. W. Ritchie & Sons.

ST VIGEANS BRAE, ARBROATH.

St. Vigean is the St. Freochan of Ecclefechan in Dumfriesshire and of Loch Freochan near Oban.

interested in the quarrel, Seton was bound by a rude but ancient custom to take the part of his host so long as the food eaten under his roof remained in his stomach. He accordingly, with his small train of attendants and friends, joined Ogilvie as he set out to take possession of the bailiership of Arbroath.

They found the Lindsays drawn up outside the gates of the abbey to resist their entrance, and spears were couched on either side to begin the fray when an unlooked-for incident occurred. The old Earl of Crawford, whose wife was an Ogilvie, was anxious to prevent the conflict, and, with his white hair streaming in the wind, came galloping between the lines. Here an accident occurred. A private soldier, ignorant of Crawford's rank, and angry at his interference, loosed off an arrow, and mortally wounded the Earl. At this the Crawfords, doubly infuriated, attacked the Ogilvies, broke their ranks, and reduced them to disorder. The Ogilvies refused to flee, and as a result of their bravery were almost entirely cut to pieces. No fewer than five hundred men, including many of the barons of Forfar and Angus, were left dead on the field. Seton himself nearly lost his life, while one of his followers, Forbes of Pitsligo, was slain. And yet the worst was to follow, for the Tiger Earl, backed up by Douglas, swept over the estates of the Ogilvies, plundering, burning, and slaying, throwing their wives and children into captivity, and reducing them everywhere to ruin. The memory of that terrible conflict before the gates of Arbroath Abbey raised the most bitter and hostile feelings for generations, though six years later, at the battle of Brechin, Seton, now Earl of Huntly and the King's Lieutenant, avenged himself for his losses in the conflict by finally overthrowing the forces of the Tiger Earl and his friends.

The last Abbot of Arbroath of the old persuasion was the notorious Cardinal Beaton, who held this dignity along with the archbishopric of St. Andrews; and this fact did not lessen the popular feeling against the establishment when the archbishop was assassinated and the fires of the Reformation broke out. The more than questionable character borne by the

cardinal is testified by the fact that, though he was the head of the celibate clergy of Scotland, the old mansion-house of Colliston in this neighbourhood is said to have been built by him for his daughter and son-in-law. There are traditions also of signals passing between the cardinal at St. Andrews and fair ladies in other castles on the Forfar coast a few miles away. To-day, partly for the sins of the old churchmen and partly by the greed of those who came after them, the great old abbey of Arbroath is a ruin from end to end. At the Reformation John Hamilton, second son to the Duke of Chatelherault, and afterwards created Marquess of Hamilton, was made Commendator of Arbroath, and on 5th May, 1608, the domains were erected into a temporal lordship in favour of his (Hamilton's) son, James, second Marquess. The property was afterwards possessed by the Earl of Dysart, who sold it to Patrick Maule of Panmure, Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber to James VI. Its possession at that time included the right of patronage to no fewer than thirty-four parishes.

For long the tower at the north-west corner of the abbey enclosure was used as the Regality prison, and the smaller tower at the south-west corner as a steeple for the parish church. The latter, having become ruinous, was taken down in 1830, and the present handsome spire erected in its place. The stately porch on the north side of the abbey, which formed the main entrance, had its vaulting taken down about 1840, on the plea of insecurity. It was the portcullis of this entrance which afforded the design for the armorial bearings of the town. A postern at the south-east corner was known as the Darngate, or secret way. Among the remaining features of the place are the remains of the abbot's house, long inhabited as a private mansion, with, adjoining the south transept on the east, a building said to have been the abbey charter-house, consisting of two vaulted apartments, one above the other. Within these walls in 1907 was discovered a banner which was believed to be the long-lost sacred standard of St. Columba, once treasured here as a relic.

Still another relic of the ancient rule of the abbots of

Arbroath has its memory enshrined in the verse of the poet Southey. Far out in the North Sea, opposite the little harbour of the town, a dangerous reef rises to the surface. Here the monks fastened a floating bell, which, with the motion of the waves, sent a warning sound far along the deep. The warning of the Inchcape Bell, however, lessened the unholy gains of certain wild wreckers along the coast, and one of these at last was wicked enough to cut the rope and send the bell to the bottom. Retribution came later, when, in a wild storm, this miscreant, for lack of warning of the bell, saw his own vessel hurled upon the rock, and went down beneath the surges. In later days a lighthouse was built upon the reef, and it serves not only as a warning against the danger of the spot, but as a guide also to the mouth of the Tay westward.

A new harbour built at Arbroath in 1725 greatly helped the progress of the place. A long pier added to it in 1879 gave it the great advantage over all the neighbouring ports of being capable of entry in a storm; and when, in 1841, a still larger harbour was begun at an estimated cost of £40,000, a sum of £10,000 was paid to the community as compensation for the property and the shore dues.

Meanwhile, in 1736, a few gentlemen of property in the neighbourhood had begun an enterprise which was to have a still greater effect in developing the prosperity of the town. This was the manufacture of osnaburghs and brown linens. For seventy years these were spun and woven by hand, but early in the nineteenth century experiments were made at a flour mill at St. Vigean's to spin linen yarn by water power. These experiments proving successful, a sudden and astonishing development took place. Factories sprung up and streets of dwelling-houses were erected, and for some five years, between 1820 and 1825, the linen industry appeared to boom. Then came a financial crisis, and the whole business seemed threatened with ruin. Gradually, however, it gathered way again, and by the middle of the century afforded employment to some 1600 persons.

Accompanying the linen industry there also sprang up bleach-fields and callendering establishments, and Arbroath

became the seat of the largest tanning and leather trade in the kingdom.

While these industries were in their infancy the town had an experience which might be taken as a curious fore-taste of the experience of several towns situated on the east coast of the United Kingdom during the great war of 1914. It was on the evening of 23rd May, 1781, that the *Fearnought* of Dunkirk, commanded by one Fall, dropped anchor in the bay, and surprised the worthy burgesses by firing a few shots into the town. The vessel turned out to be a French privateer, and its commander sent ashore a letter ordering the magistrates to come on board and make terms, under threat of having the town set on fire. A quarter of an hour was allowed for this proceeding, but the magistrates, to gain time, sent a reply that no terms of ransom were mentioned, and begging that no injury should be done to the town till these were submitted. Fall then demanded £30,000 sterling, six of the chief men of the town to be detained on board as hostages for the payment. He concluded in the true spirit of the buccaneer, "Be speedy, or I shoot your town away directly, and I set fire to it. I am, gentlemen, your servant. I sent some of my crew to you; but if some harm happens to them, you will be sure will hang up the main yard all the prisoners we have aboard."

By this time the magistrates had managed to arm some of the inhabitants and to procure some soldiers from Montrose. They thereupon set Fall at defiance, and bade him do his worst, as they would not give him a farthing. At this the privateer opened fire upon the town, and knocked down some chimney tops, but, although he fired with heated shot, failed to set the place on fire. According to tradition, the burgesses, in default of cannon, mounted a wooden pump on a pair of cart wheels, and, dragging it to the river mouth, made a show of preparing to fire; whereupon Fall hoisted sail and made off.

A quarter of a century later a very different sort of visitor was to make acquaintance with Arbroath, and to cast a halo of literary glamour over the town and its neighbourhood. The place already possessed a literary memory. In Almerie

Close, in Arrot Street, had lived James Philip, author of *The Grameid*, that curious epic poem in praise of Claverhouse, which is one of the few literary efforts made to balance the Covenanting diatribes against James VII.'s brilliant general. Perhaps it was to visit the scene of Philip's labours that Scott came to the town, but the result was the composition of *The Antiquary*, perhaps the most polished and well-planned of all its author's works. All the world now knows, of course, that Arbroath was the Fairport of that novel. Here one may visit the actual "Kaim of Kinprunes" of the romance, crowned by the town's water tower, and may wander through the quaint mansion of Hospitalfield, the actual ancient hospice of the abbey, which was the "Monkbarns" of the story. A few years ago Hospitalfield was bequeathed to Arbroath, and is now most appropriately devoted to the purposes of an art gallery and museum.

The most thrilling scenes of the romance lie among the wonderful cliff scenery along the coast northward. The sea caverns here are among the most notable on the British coast. Here stands Ethie Castle, Scott's "Knockwinnock," haunted yet by the ghost of its former owner, Cardinal Beaton. And here the old-world fishing village of Auchmithie, clustering like barnacles on the sea face, has probably changed little since the days of Scott's "bluegown," Edie Ochiltree himself. Curiously enough, it was here that Sir Walter Scott made one of his most curious mistakes, by describing the sun as setting over the ocean towards the east!

To-day Arbroath, with all its memories, is a busy, thriving place of manufacture and coasting port. Before the war of 1914 it was a tourist resort of no little interest and attractiveness, and, though the war brought it many strange new sights and experiences, it did not diminish its energies as a scene of industry, or the spirit of its inhabitants as seafarers, manufacturers, and merchants. On the common tongue of the people of Forfarshire these inhabitants are known curiously as "Red Lichties," for what reason does not seem to be quite clear. Perhaps the harbour mouth may at one time have been marked by a beacon of the colour named. But

whatever the by-name by which they are known, the inhabitants of this ancient Scottish burgh are to the full as well endowed as the inhabitants of most other royal burghs in Scotland with the kirks, schools, libraries, and other institutions and amenities of cultured existence, and to the full they make as efficient use of these advantages. With regard to the appearance of the town, the impression of the learned Dr. Samuel Johnson of nearly a hundred and fifty years ago is not yet out of date. That didactic individual was not too apt to look with favour upon anything Scottish, and it was no light praise on his part when he stated that he should scarcely have regretted his visit to Scotland had it offered nothing more than the sight of Arbroath.



MAIN STREET, SALTCOATS.

Facing p. 42.

ARDROSSAN AND SALTCOATS

IT is part of the charm of the little harbour towns round the coast of Scotland, to which city folk resort in summer, that they are places with real business to do. The great watering-places of the English coast, like Blackpool and Southport, Brighton and Eastbourne, are too obviously mere pleasure resorts. Holiday enjoyment there is partly spoiled by the consciousness that vast expenditure has been lavished in directly preparing for it. Our little Scottish sea-coast towns, on the other hand, are only pleasure resorts, as it were, by chance. About their old-world harbours and in their sunny, sandy, crooked streets the holiday-maker takes his pleasure with the added tang of seeing other people going, not too strenuously, about their daily work. Happiness, after all, is a by-product, which cannot be manufactured of set purpose. The warning, "He that seeketh his life shall lose it," is as true to-day as it was two thousand years ago, and holiday enjoyment, accordingly, is to be tasted at its best in places that have not been deliberately created for it. Our little Scottish sea-ports are interesting in themselves from the fact that people have gone about the useful business of their lives there for hundreds of years. Like most of these sea-ports, Saltcoats, on the open Ayrshire coast, still keeps about it something of the look and atmosphere of an older time. Northwards, of course, towards South Beach and Ardrossan, it is as modern as any "improver" could wish, with its broad avenues and villa-bordered boulevards. But in its southward part, with the narrow, crooked streets and the old sea-walls, along which the green tides leap into columns of foam, there lingers yet the look of the little mariner towns that lived on the export trade of salted fish and hides, and welcomed the carvels bringing red wines from France, and saw the Darien expedition setting sail. At the same time few Scottish harbour towns can rival it in its panorama seaward of the splintered peaks and purple glens of the magnificent Island of Arran, and the far-off dome of Ailsa Craig.

Saltcoats is a place with a more interesting history than it usually gets credit for. As long ago as June, 1484, there is mention in a sasine in favour of Hugh, Lord Montgomerie, of the "Fishing of East Saltcottes," believed to be the salmon fishing still carried on. The village was made a burgh of barony by King James V. before 1542, at the instance of the Earl of Eglinton, and was even then a seafaring and shipowning place. In 1555 the vassals of the Earl of Glencairn here owned nine ships; and in the year 1600 the Burgh Records of Glasgow mention the coming of Saltcoats boats to the Broomielaw. The inhabitants were mostly fishermen, and their boats carried fish and cattle to Ireland, and brought home corn and butter in return. For the purpose of curing the fish the people engaged in the making of salt, which they accomplished by boiling down the sea-water in shallow pans; and it was from this industry that the little groups of houses got the name of Salt-cots, which the place bears to the present hour. The fuel for their purpose the folk gathered easily from the numerous outcrops of coal in the neighbourhood. Salt was also sold to the neighbouring towns and villages, whither it was carried by the women round their bodies in a pouch made by turning up their outer petticoats, and bringing the back edge over their head.

But the whole parish of Stevenston, in which a third of the village lay, was purchased by Sir Robert Cunningham in 1658, and when that laird was succeeded by his nephew a new era dawned on the place. Mr. Cunningham established pans for the manufacturing of salt upon a larger scale, opened up several coal pits on the estate, and in 1685 set about the building of the harbour. He had grants of the excise duties of the two parishes to help the work, but in addition had to sell considerable parts of his estate for the purpose. After his death the shipmasters of the place leased the coal and iron works at a rent of £250, and for the pumping of the pits set up the second steam engine in Scotland—half a century before the days of James Watt. The engine, however, was not powerful enough, and the company failed in 1728. The works languished till 1770, when John Reid

Cunningham succeeded to the estate, and took the management into his own hands. He extended the harbour, and, to connect it with his coal-fields, formed a canal two miles in length. This was finished in 1772, and was the first on which business was done in Scotland.

As a result of this energy Saltcoats soon became a thriving seaport. It also acquired a wonderful vogue as a watering-place. As long ago as 1791 upwards of five hundred strangers were in the habit of resorting thither during the summer months; and at the Fair, on the last Thursday of May, the bay was alive with smacks, bringing folk from Arran and elsewhere, to enjoy the merrymaking, which included a procession of townsfolk and sailors in the evening, and a dance at night.

Those were picturesque days, when the summer sojourners made their way from Glasgow and Paisley, either by sailing smack or herring wherry, which sometimes spent a week on the way, or by the carrier's cart, which took a full long summer's day to jog the distance. There was a primitive charm about the place, with the queer old salt-pans and the magnesia-work on the rocky point, the roofless windmill behind, and all around the grassy knowes and sandy hollows, bright with yellow broom and blue harebells, and fragrant with banks of sweet wild thyme. There were weavers' looms going click-clack in every second house, and most of the women and girls made money by the delicate flowering of the hand-sewn muslins then in high demand. Down by the harbour there was the rumble of trucks on the old horse-railway, the "Ye-ho, ahoy," of the sailors working the windlass as they filled the hold, and the pungent smell of Archangel tar from the sides and rigging of the brigs blistering in the sea air and sun. There was the sight sometimes of cattle being landed—the boat anchoring off-shore, and the beasts, one after another, being tumbled into the sea, to make their way with glistening eyes and snorting nostrils in a bee-line to the beach. And on a low'ring afternoon the Arran herring-wherries might come in, lifting on the waves with their tan-brown sails, and swooping like sea-birds through the storm.

It was not till the beginning of the nineteenth century that Saltcoats began to be rivalled by its neighbour Ardrossan, on the opposite horn of the fine sweeping bay to the north. In 1796 the Earldom of Eglinton was inherited by Colonel Hugh Montgomerie of Coilsfield—Burns's "Sodger Hugh," in whose house near Mauchline Highland Mary was a dairymaid—and he presently began several great enterprises. He rebuilt Eglinton Castle as it stands to-day, a few miles inland, near Kilwinning, and he began the building of a harbour at Ardrossan, which he proposed to make the seaport of Glasgow.

The two places were to be connected by means of a canal across country. The canal, it is true, never got further than Johnstone, and is chiefly remembered now by the name it gave to its starting-place in Glasgow—Eglinton Street; but Ardrossan harbour gradually became a place of importance, and drew away the coal and shipping trade from Saltcoats. To form attractions for his new town the Earl built a pavilion, baths, and a hotel; and the story is told how, after laying the foundation stone of the hotel, and adjourning to the Saracen's Head Inn at Saltcoats for dinner, his Lordship said to Campbell, the innkeeper, that he and his friends had been discussing what name should be given to Saltcoats after Ardrossan had become a populous place. They thought no name would suit it better than "The Byres of Ardrossan." "Well, my lord," replied Campbell, who was a noted wag himself, "if Saltcoats is to be the Byres of Ardrossan, we will hope to have the benefit of milking the kye as they gang through."

If one wish to recall more of the memories of the region he may climb to Ardrossan Castlehill, and from the ruin-shell of the old stronghold cast an eye over the whole scene. The castle itself has many dramatic memories. The seat of the Barclays in the thirteenth century, it was the home of that Deil o' Ardrossan, whose name lingers yet in local legend. He lies buried, in a bull's hide, below tide mark on the shore at Kildonan in Arran. It was also the fastness of that Sir Fergus of Ardrossan, the comrade of Wallace, and "a knycht richt corageous," who accom-



Photo. T & R. Annan & Sons.

ESPLANADE BETWEEN SALT COATS AND ARDROSSAN.

panied Edward Bruce to Ireland, and fell at the battle of Arscoll there in 1316; and it is said to have been captured by strategy by Wallace himself, who threw the carcasses of the English garrison into one of the vaults, which still, in consequence, bears the name of the Wallace Larder. Through female heirs the place passed successively to the Eglintons, the Montgomeries, and the Setons, who are Earls of Eglinton at the present day. On the beach below one may picture the shooting of the great tenth Earl of Eglinton by Mungo Campbell, the Saltcoats Excise officer, whose poaching he had excused a short time before, and from whom he was trying to take a loaded gun. And at the Castle Craigs, which ran down to the sea where the railway station now stands, one may conjure back the landing of many a cargo of contraband, to be stored in the vaults of the Castle ruin itself. Only a little time, indeed, before the great tragedy of the neighbourhood, Mungo Campbell had seized, at Parkhouse, a quarter mile to the north-east, a horse and cart belonging to a servant of the Earl, laden with sixty gallons of smuggled rum.

There are, indeed, endless interests, besides bathing and boating and the ubiquitous golf, to attract the summer visitor to Saltcoats and Ardrossan.

AYR

“ Auld Ayr, wham ne’er a toun surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses.”

BY these lines the poet Burns set an imprimatur on the character of the Ayrshire capital and its inhabitants which has needed no argument for its support down to the present day. The honesty of the men of Ayr is never likely to be impugned by anyone who knows the straightforward, hearty, genial spirit which animates the sons of this west-coast county town; while for the good looks of its daughters one has only to walk along the High Street or Sandgate of an afternoon when the gentler half of the population is abroad, to have the pleasant anticipation excited by the poet’s line confirmed and fulfilled to the utmost. Little thought is needed to suggest the idea that the town which has for centuries bred a race so virile and debonair must possess specially favourable features of atmosphere and custom and a story of more than ordinary human interest. A little knowledge only is required to show that both of these suppositions is true. There is nothing finer of its kind in Scotland than the great sweep of the Bay of Ayr, with the picturesque Heads of Ayr, ruin-crowned, to the south, its two noble river mouths of the Doon and the Ayr, its miles of firm, level, yellow sand along which a horse may gallop as on the finest turf, the faint smoke of the town of Troon away to the north, and, in the offing, the splintered peaks of Arran dominated by the summit of Goatfell. The rich warm country that rises inland, containing some of the loveliest river gorge scenery in the Scottish Lowlands, has contributed not less than its seaward magnificence to form the physique and character of the people of this ancient district of Kyle. As for the town of Ayr itself, which forms the chief feature in the splendid amphitheatre, no one who has lived there for any time is ever likely to forget either the charm of its aspect, the mellow softness of its atmosphere, combined of inland clover scent and the subtle salt tang of the sea, or the reminders of old romantic story which meet the informed

eye at every turn as one makes one's way about these pleasant streets, along the harbour quay, and out upon the noble tree-shaded roads which lead into the country in all directions. Ayr is a pleasant place to stay in, whether for a summer or a winter holiday or for a lifetime, and one can easily understand how the town and its neighbourhood seem always to have exercised an attraction upon people fortunate enough to be able to choose the place of their abode.

The name of the district at once carries back the mind to remote antiquity. Kyle, or Coyl, and the river Coyl, commemorate in their name an early king of the British tribes, that Coyl or Coylus who is immortalised otherwise as the "old King Cole" of the nursery rhyme, and who, as an actual chief of the sixth century, fell in battle against the forces of the invading Gael from Kintyre, led by the doughty Fergus Mac Erc, who may be regarded as the first founder of the Kingdom of the Scots. The tumulus under which "auld King Coyl" lies is still to be seen at the back of Coylsfield House, where Burns's Highland Mary once was a dairymaid. The fact of her living there probably made the poet choose the name of Coyla for his muse.

Even before the days of old King Cole, Ayr itself must have been a place of note, for the Roman road from Galloway by way of Dalmellington seems to have ended at the mouth of the river in a military station or seaport. Cooking vessels, urns, and other Roman relics have been found here deep in the earth.

Compared with the date of the Romans and old King Cole, that of William the Lion seems almost modern. It is on record that this king built a castle near the mouth of the river Ayr, which he mentioned five years later, in 1202, as "Novo meo castello de Are," in the charter by which he erected the place into a burgh. This burgh must soon have grown into importance, for it stood upon the main highway north and south along the coast. To carry the road, some time in the reign of Alexander III., two sisters of the name of Lowe are said to have built the narrow high-arched bridge across the river which happily remains to our own time. Another work of the same kind, built about the same period,

is the great old bridge across the Nith at Dumfries, erected by the Lady Devorgilla, heiress of the ancient Lords of Galloway and mother of John Baliol. Who the sisters Lowe were no one now can tell. Their effigies are said to have been carved on a stone of the eastern parapet, but the bridge itself forms a sufficient monument of their public spirit.

The stones of the Auld Brig, if they could speak, could tell many a dramatic tale. Over their causeway must have come the young William Wallace, when, tired of retirement with his uncle at Riccartoun, he came to the fair at Ayr, accepted the challenge of the English "strong man," and with the stroke of a staff broke the fellow's back. One can easily picture the sudden hubbub which arose—the rush of the English garrison from the Castle, the astonishing resistance put up by Wallace single-handed, till hemmed round and borne down by the twelve-foot spears; then his imprisonment and dysentery in the town's dungeon, till he was cast out for dead on the dunghill. The Wallace Tower at the head of the Mill Vennel, rebuilt in 1830, with the old "Dungeon Clock" and bells alluded to by Burns in its top, and a statue of the hero by the self-taught sculptor Thom in front, is said to have been the building in which the patriot was imprisoned. Here one may picture his old nurse finding the corpse, and, amid her grief, suddenly discovering that he was still alive, then begging the body and having it conveyed across the bridge to her dwelling in the Newton of Ayr, where she and her daughter were to nurse him slowly back to strength.

This was by no means Wallace's last heroic appearance in the town. Another dwelling with a statue of Wallace in front is said to occupy the site of the court-house of that day. Here it was that the Scottish lords, invited to attend a "Justice ayre," were admitted two at a time, to be treacherously noosed and strung up to the rafters. Not a mile away has been identified the spot where stood the Barns of Ayr, the barracks of the English garrison, in which the patriot exacted his terrible retribution by burning the whole English force in their beds.

Still in a space of its own near the harbour stands part



Photo. Alex. Monnickendam, Ayr.

ST. JOHN'S KIRK TOWER, AYR.

Restored by the late Marquess of Bute. Within the walls of the Kirk Bruce held the Parliament that settled the crown on his brother Edward.

Facing p. 50.

of the old parish kirk of Ayr which was dedicated to St. John the Baptist. After being long occupied as a private house, it was, by the munificence of the third Marquess of Bute, acquired to be converted into a museum. Within the walls of that church, in the April after the battle of Bannockburn, gathered the Scottish parliament in which King Robert the Bruce, till then without a son, settled the succession to the throne of Scotland on his brother Edward, Earl of Carrick. That brother, alas! possessed too much the spur in his restless blood. Not content with the assured inheritance of a throne, he determined to conquer one for himself, and shortly afterwards, with a brilliant following, set sail from this same harbour of Ayr, on his romantic expedition to drive the English out of Ireland.

There is another interesting association of the neighbourhood of Ayr with King Robert the Bruce. In the adjoining Newton of Ayr, and at Prestwick, a mile or two farther north, are still to be seen certain lands divided into small holdings, and possessed by descendants of the men to whom King Robert the Bruce presented them in recognition of their services at the battle of Bannockburn. At Prestwick, also, the King is said to have sojourned when stricken with leprosy, in order to benefit by the curative properties of a spring there, still known as the King's Well, and he endowed there a leper sanatorium for the support of eight afflicted ones less happily situated than himself.

Three hundred years after King Robert the Bruce, another great historic figure cast its shadow across the story of the town of Ayr. Oliver Cromwell in 1651 had defeated General Leslie and the Scottish army of the Covenant at the battle of Dunbar, and, to secure his rule in Scotland, he built four great fortresses or citadels in different parts of the country, at Leith, Perth, Inverness, and Ayr. Considerable and interesting remains of the citadel at Ayr are still to be seen by the harbour side. The area of twelve acres which the fortress covered included the old parish kirk of St. John, which was mostly demolished in consequence. To make up for the damage, however, the Protector was magnanimous enough to pay the burgh a thousand merks,

with which it purchased ground farther up the riverside and proceeded to erect the church still standing on the spot. Almost on the same spot in earlier times stood a monastery of the Grey Friars, and the ancient archway at the head of the Kirk Port, or passage, has in its day seen the passing out and in of these old Franciscan brethren.

Ayr had its martyrs in the "Killing Times" which followed the restoration of the Stewarts and the accession of James VII. and II. A monument of seven of them is to be seen in the kirkyard, along with many other tombstones bearing highly quaint epitaphs. It is appropriate enough, therefore, that the man who reared the earliest monument in Scotland to King William, the sovereign who put an end to these barbarities, should have been a native of the town of Ayr. James Macrae is said to have been the son of a poor washerwoman in the town. Overcome, like so many boys, by that strange fascination which works so strongly in the British blood, by reason perhaps of our Viking ancestry, he ran away to sea, and was not heard of again for forty years. When he returned he was one of the richest men in Scotland, having been Governor of Madras, and having shaken the pagoda tree with singular success. One of his first endeavours was to discover the cousin who had befriended his mother in her last days. This cousin, he found, had married a wandering fiddler named Maguire. The pair had four daughters, and James Macrae undertook their education. Lizzie, the eldest of them, he married to the Earl of Glencairn, and dowered with the estate of Ochiltree. For another he purchased the estate of Alva, and under the title of Lord Alva her husband afterwards became a judge of the Court of Session. A third sister he married to Dalrymple of Orangefield; and the fourth to a nephew or natural son of his own, for whom he acquired the estate of Houston in Renfrewshire. He is chiefly commemorated to-day by the fine equestrian statue of King William II. and III. which he set up at Glasgow Cross in 1734, and which was the first of Glasgow's possessions of the kind.

James Macrae is linked up with the story of another and greater son of Ayr, Robert Burns, in rather an interesting

way. As is well known, when the poet went first to Edinburgh in 1786, it was through the good offices of Dalrymple of Orangefield that he was introduced to the Earl of Glencairn, whose friendship played so large a part in making his debut a success. There is still, however, another link between the nabob and the poet. When Lizzie Maguire was a barefoot girl she was employed, it is said, at the farm of the Tennants, a few miles southwards out of Ayr. One evening, on her way to the farm, as she passed the old kirk of Alloway, she became aware of a fearsome uproar going on within. With much boldness for a girl, she went over the graves to the window of the ruined kirk, and there in the dim light was met with a fearsome spectacle—nothing less than “Auld Cloutie” himself, with great horns and staring eyes, wrestling among the giant ivy, and uttering sounds of the most terrifying sort. Fear lending her wings, she sped home to the farm, and told her master what she had seen. The news was highly welcome to him, and the apparition was soon explained. A stirk had been missing for a day or two, and Lizzie’s “vision” revealed its whereabouts. When Lizzie Maguire became Countess of Glencairn she did not forget her old friends, but appointed one of the Tennants factor of her estate of Ochiltree. The family, as has been said, was friendly with Burns, and the story of the incident at Alloway kirk, told him by them, afterwards suggested the central episode in his immortal tale, “Tam-o’-Shanter.”

Another incident which suggested the machinery of the poem is said to have occurred at the door of the quaint old Tam-o’-Shanter Tavern which still stands in the High Street of Ayr. The farmer who became the hero of the poem had, it is said, tied his gray mare to the ring at the tavern door while he proceeded to refresh himself inside. The tail of the mare excited the cupidity of the boys of the town, and they proceeded to pull out the long hairs for the purpose of making fishing lines. So late did the farmer sit “housing at the nappy” that every hair was carried off, and next morning at Shanter farm, a good fourteen miles away, when his wife asked him how the mare had lost her tail, he tried

to cover his own delinquency with a wonderful story of escape from an attack of witches as he rode home past Alloway kirk.

The chief attraction of Ayr to-day to hundreds of thousands of sightseers is its association with the memories of Burns. More worshippers every year make a pilgrimage to the thatched cottage at Alloway, where the poet was born, than pay a visit to the birthplace of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon. And few who have felt the human interest and power of the poet's works can stand unmoved in the kitchen of the "auld clay biggin," with its enclosed bed, in which, in the beginning of the year 1759, "a blast of Janwar win' blew hansel in on Robin." A few hundred yards along the road rises the ruin of Alloway kirk, with the grave of the poet's mother, Agnes Brown, in its quiet enclosure; and still a little way farther the poet's monument looks down on the picturesque old brig of Doon, across which the eye of imagination must ever picture the fleeing figure of Tam-o'-Shanter on his steed escaping from the hell fury of the witches at the cost of his good mare's tail.

Burns owed much to his early memories of Ayr, but Ayr owes much also to Robert Burns. Not least of its indebtedness to the poet is the preservation of its "auld Brig," which for his sake and not for its historic memories was rescued from destruction a few years ago at a cost of £12,000 publicly subscribed. During the agitation for its preservation, which was led by Lord Rosebery, *Punch* published a poem which might almost have been written by Burns himself. Of this the first verse ran—

" Meant for a poet, born an earl,
His lordship, like a pawky carl,
Has ta'en a spiggot frae his barr'l,
And let it run
In gowden thoughts and words o' pearl
Weel oiled wi' fun."

Ayr has an interesting association with another man of letters only less famous than Robert Burns. In the chancel wall of the little Episcopal church a tablet commemorates Major Smith, Thackeray's step-father, who is understood to

have been the original of Colonel Newcome in the famous novel that bears his name.

The town to-day has many amenities for the attraction of the sight-seer and the resident. Its Academy is said to have been famous as a place of education since the thirteenth century, and Ayr Races have long been a great national institution. More recent of the town's amenities are its Carnegie Free Library, its public and private bowling-greens, its golf courses—there are some six of these in the immediate neighbourhood—its tennis greens, and its model yacht pond. Bathing and boating go on all the summer through, on the beautiful waters of the bay, and the sandy beach affords a world of endless delight for children and their guardians. In the matter of hygiene Ayr is well provided with all modern requirements. Its streets are well made and kept, its water supply is abundant, and its drainage perfect. It is lit with electricity and furnished with excellent tramways, and its houses and shops are modern and substantial. Its public walk for two miles up the river Ayr provides a ramble of unwearying charm; its well-paved esplanade, running for a mile along the sea front, affords a delightful meeting-place; and its Low Green on the sea front and its Old Race Course a little way inland afford public recreation grounds which are always attractive. Last but not least, it may be mentioned that abundant and excellent accommodation is to be found in the hotels, boarding-houses, and apartments of the place.

BANFF

FEW pleasanter places of residence could be imagined than some of the old county towns of Scotland. For the most part, these towns are not disfigured by the utilitarian ugliness of factories, works, engineering shops, and the like appurtenances of our modern forms of industry. Their industries, when they have them, are mostly of the older, more individual, and more picturesque sort, rope-making, leather tanning, cattle selling, and the like. Their social atmosphere is kept up to an intellectual standard by the residence of a professional class, a sheriff with his court of lawyers, a body of clergy of good standing, the rector of an academy with his staff of teachers, a community of bankers, and generally a number of retired officers of the Navy and Army.

Banff, on the Moray Firth, is one of these delectable places, and, in addition, it had till recently the frequent residence, almost in its midst, of the semi-royal family of Fife, with its household and entourage. Added to all these social advantages, the ancient burgh at the Deveron's mouth possesses the charm of a lovely situation along with the amenities of a pleasant sunny climate and an atmosphere ever freshened and vitalised by the ozone from the open sea. It is little wonder that, their hearts full of the memory of these things, the good folk of Banff when they have travelled afield to greater industrial centres, have been keen to cherish memories of their place of origin by the formation of Banffshire societies.

In addition to the social attractions above mentioned, Banff has associations with the past which render it a place of storied interest of highly varied and suggestive sort. For the origin of the place one must go back to an unknown antiquity, and some of its features at the present day have a tale to tell of times and manners strangely different from our own. Like many similar places, for instance, along this coast, the town really consists of two communities, the town proper, on the landward side, and the sea-town close upon



Photo. W.ITCHIE & SONS.

DUFF HOUSE, BANFF.

Former residence of the Earls Fife, presented to the town of Banff by the late Duke of Fife.
Facing p. 56.

the shore. The inhabitants of these probably represent to the present day entirely separate races, those of the Norse or Danish invaders who colonised the coast from the seventh century onwards, and those of the Scottish conquerors from the south and west who finally overcame them. One of the great deciding conflicts of that racial war, the battle of Mortlach, was fought and won by Malcolm II. no very great distance to the south of Banff itself.

The town no doubt took its origin from the natural harbour facilities of the Deveron mouth. After the conquest by the Scottish kings it formed part of the thanedom of Boyne, from which its name seems to be derived. That name itself probably represents the outstanding feature of the district, the mountain known as the Binn in the neighbourhood of Cullen. In some old charters the name of the town is spelled Boineffe and Baineffe, and the name survives in that of the neighbouring parish of Boindie and the burn of the same designation which forms one of the ancient boundaries of the burgh.

At a very early date Banff attained importance as a residence of the Scottish kings. In the castle which stood on the small tableland between the town and the sea-town Malcolm IV. is understood to have resided in the year 1160 while engaged in putting down the rebellion of the ancient inhabitants of Moray. Some of his charters are dated from this place. While residing here he is believed to have founded the Carmelite monastery which afterwards grew to great importance and brought further prosperity and dignity to the town. So wealthy and commodious did it become that the kings themselves are said sometimes to have resided within its walls, and in later days it became known as the "palace" or "place." The Knights Templar also acquired property in the town. A relic of their hospice is believed to remain in the name of Spital Mire, a short distance from the burgh, and altogether at that early time Banff must have been a place of imposing pageantry and far-reaching influence.

Probably the town was made a burgh by Malcolm IV. In 1165, at any rate, William the Lion gave a toft and

garden in the burgh of Banff to the Bishop of Moray, and the privileges of the place were confirmed a century and a half later by King Robert the Bruce. In his charter of 1324 the great king confirmed to the Carmelite monks of Banff the beautiful and fertile valley of 500 acres now included in the park of Duff House, for the procuring of bread, wine, and wax for the exercises of divine worship.

The castle of Banff long continued to be a royal stronghold, the residence of the king's thane, and the occasional residence of the king himself. In 1364 David II. made a grant of the lands of Blairshinnoch upon condition that they should furnish a soldier to attend the king when he held his court *apud castrum de Banffe*. The burgh also possesses a charter granted by King Robert II. in 1372, the year after that first of the Stewart kings came to the throne. For long the thanes of Banff held office only during the king's pleasure, but when James Stewart, Earl of Buchan, half-brother of James II., married Margaret Ogilvie, heiress of Auchterhouse, the thanedom was made hereditary to him and his heirs, and the castle of Banff with its appanages was made a messuage of his earldom.

At that time the burgh itself was possessed of considerable property, but in 1470 it began to find its affairs embarrassed. Among other things required were the "infetting and foundation makkin of a perpetual chaplenary, to sing in the peil heife of the burgh, for our sovereign lord the King and Queen, their predecessors and successors,—for all Christian soules—for the theiking of the kirk with sclate, and the bigging of the tolbuthe,—and for quhat the burgh has not substance." To meet these expenses Banff proceeded to lease its possessions to certain of the burgesses. For a hundred years the lands continued to be leased in this way; then came the great upsetting turmoil of the Reformation. In that turmoil much of the landed proprietorship of the country fell into the melting pot. The monastery of the Carmelites at Banff was broken up, and much of its property was acquired by the Ogilvie family, the head of which was in 1642 ennobled with the title of Lord Banff. About the same time the property of the burgh, including the salmon

fishing of twelve nets and the public land, was disposed of under feu charter, the greater part of it being acquired by the ancestors of the families of Fife, Findlater, and Banff. Amid the turmoil of that time, on 9th May, 1581, the town secured from the Crown its governing charter, which it took care to renew eleven years later, when King James VI. attained the age of twenty-five.

This was the position of affairs at the time of the Civil War of Charles I. Then in 1640 General Monro, son of the "Black Baron," with an army of the Covenant, descended upon the place, and demolished Lord Banff's residence in the precincts of the ancient monastery. Four years later the town suffered from the opposite party. The lairds of Gight, Newton, and Ardlogie, with forty horsemen and musketeers—all, as Spalding says, "brave gentlemen"—raided the town, plundered it of buff-coats, pikes, swords, carbines, and pistols, grievously mulcted the bailies, and compelled them to subscribe a document renouncing the Covenant. Worse was to follow. Only next year the Royalist Marquess of Montrose plundered the town, burnt some worthless houses, carried off everything he could lay hands on, and left "no man on the street but what was stripped naked to his skin."

About that time, the Buchan family having become embarrassed, the castle of Banff was sold to Robert Sharp, Sheriff-clerk of the county, elder brother of the famous archbishop, who himself was born in the town in 1613.

Following the murder of Archbishop Sharp in 1679, the castle twice changed hands, being finally purchased in 1683 by the Earl of Findlater, descendant of the family of Auchterhouse, which had held it under the Crown before it passed through an heiress in the fifteenth century into possession of the Earl of Buchan. The later mansion on the spot was built by the Earl of Findlater, and afterwards passed to the Earl of Seafield, who as heir-female inherited the Findlater estates.

In 1713 tragedy visited another of the great families of Banff. Within the walls of the old stronghold of Inchdrewer, four miles south of the town, the death took place in highly

suspicious circumstances of Lord Banff. Probably the mystery of that event is never now likely to be cleared up.

Meanwhile the great family of Duff, founded by Adam Duff, tenant of Clunybeg, early in the seventeenth century, which was afterwards to attain to the earldom and dukedom of Fife, had been increasing in prosperity and power. In the year 1700 the head of the house, Alexander Duff of Braco, arrested with his own hand at a country fair the famous James MacPherson, fiddler, freebooter, and poet, who, as a kind of northern Rob Roy or Robin Hood, had held the countryside in terror for years. On 7th November, MacPherson and his followers were tried by the sheriff of Banff, found guilty "by ane verdict of ane assize, to be knaive, holden and repute, to be Egipcians and vagabonds, and oppressors of His Majestie's free lieges in ane bangstrie manner," and condemned to be hanged. MacPherson alone suffered the penalty, and his fate is the subject of a well-known ballad. According to this, "he played a spring and danced it round beneath the gallows tree." He then offered his fiddle to anyone in the crowd who cared to have it, and, no one accepting it, broke the instrument across his knee, and turned bitterly to meet his fate.

Alexander Duff's nephew and ultimate heir, William Duff of Braco and Dipple, M.P. for Banff, was in 1735 created Baron Braco, and in 1759 Earl Fife. With a fine taste for building, he in 1724 erected the new castle of Balvenie, and between 1740 and 1745 built the noble mansion of Duff House, Banff, at a cost of £70,000. At that time, on the site of an old chapel of the Virgin Mary overhanging the Deveron, which had been part of the gift of Robert the Bruce to the monks of Banff, the Earl erected a mausoleum for his family, and all the bones dug up from the ancient monkish burying ground were enclosed in a great stone urn set on a hillock in the park.

During the Jacobite rising of 1745, when Duff House was just completed, the Earl joined the Duke of Cumberland and made an offer of his free services to Government in any way that might be desired. In the following spring, when the Duke's army passed through Banff on its way to Culloden,



Photo. W. Ritchie & Sons.

LOOKING TOWARDS THE CROSS, BANFF.

it signalised the event by destroying the episcopal chapel, and hanging a poor fellow suspected of being a spy.

A few years later, in 1759, the town was threatened with another touch of war, by the appearance of a French frigate off the coast. So much did this alarm the peaceful and defenceless burgesses that they secured the erection of a battery for their future protection.

The chief events in the later annals of the place are connected with the great floods of 1768, 1799, 1829, and 1835. On the first of these occasions the bridge over the Deveron at the town was swept away, and in 1829 the splendid new structure which had taken its place was in great danger, while in the park of Duff House at hand the water rose to a height of fourteen feet.

Meanwhile, on the opposite bank of the Deveron, at its mouth, Banff had seen a rival town gradually come into existence. In 1732 this place was merely a collection of fishermen's huts, but under the fostering care of its proprietors, the Earls of Fife, it gradually became a place of considerable size and importance, with an excellent harbour and a thriving trade. Till 1783 it was known by the name of Down, but in that year the Earl of Fife procured for it from the Crown a charter of *Novodamus*, erecting it into a free independent burgh of barony with the name of MacDuff. As the harbour dues were about half those of Banff, and the harbour itself was better in position, depth, and size, it soon attracted a larger share of trade, exporting herrings to Prussia, and salmon, cod, cattle, and pork to London and other places, while it imported iron and timber from Sweden, hemp from Russia, and flax from Holland, as well as coals, lime, and bone manure from British ports.

The harbour of Banff itself has suffered from time to time by the shifting of the river's banks and shoals. What was, for instance, once the "peil heife," or Pool-haven, in which small craft were moored, became later the burying-ground of the town. Nevertheless Banff itself remained for custom's purposes the official port, and included the harbours of MacDuff, Fraserburgh, Gordonstown, Portsoy, Port-Gordon, and Garmouth, as its "creeks." With its

weekly market, its Brandon Fair in May, and its hiring fairs at Lammas and Martinmas, the burgh still keeps its place, besides, as the centre of a rich agricultural district.

Within recent years the most outstanding events in the annals of the town have been those connected with the Duff family. When in 1889 Alexander William George, sixth Earl Fife, married Her Royal Highness, Princess Louise Victoria, daughter of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward, and herself afterwards Princess Royal, the event brought back to Banff its ancient connection with the royal house of these realms. The Earl was then created Duke of Fife and Marquess of MacDuff in the county of Banff, besides being invested with other titles, and Duff House, and Banff itself, outside the walls of the great park, from time to time saw the comings and goings of the greatest in the land. The Duke, however, and the Princess Royal preferred for their Scottish residence their simpler and more sequestered seat of Mar Lodge on the Upper Dee, and some dozen years later the Duke presented Banff with the magnificent gift of Duff House and policies. For a time this splendid gift seemed to be something in the nature of a white elephant to the burgh, which was reduced to an attempt at running the place as a hotel, with the attraction of golf in the great park, and angling in the famous reaches of the Deveron. It is to be hoped that some more dignified function may be permanently fulfilled by this noble eighteenth century mansion with its almost unsurpassed accommodation and amenities.

BATHGATE

“**W**ESTWARD the tide of fashion ever pours” is a saying that naturally holds good in the case of towns and cities in which the prevailing winds come from the west, and in which that end of the place accordingly enjoys the freshest atmosphere. But in places where other considerations come into action the rule does not always hold. Bathgate, on the higher lands of Linlithgowshire, is one of these spots. The older part of the town stood on a high ridge running east and west, with most of its houses clustering about crooked lanes on the northern side. When a new prosperity came to the town in the nineteenth century, with the discovery of rich coal and iron deposits and the opening of the railway, the more thriving inhabitants proceeded to build houses on the southern side lying pleasantly to the sun. This newer residential part has been laid out on a more regular plan, with wider streets, and lines of houses running into the country, with gardens and greenery to please the eye. The town, therefore, combines many obvious residential amenities with the quaint interest which belongs to the crooked lanes and red-tiled roofs that bespeak antiquity.

Like many old Scottish towns and cities Bathgate probably owed its beginnings to the neighbourhood of a baronial stronghold. The old castle of Bathgate, moated and formidable, stood on the haugh to the south of the town, now used as a golf course, and traces of its earthworks are still to be seen near the crossing of the road and the railway. On this spot it was proposed to erect a memorial to Walter, the sixth High Steward of Scotland, but the outbreak of war in 1914 delayed the project for the time.

When the young Stewart in 1316, the year after the battle of Bannockburn, married the Princess Marjory, daughter of King Robert the Bruce, the castle and lands of Bathgate passed into his possession as part of her dowry, and from that time formed one of his chief seats. Unfortunately the happiness of the wedded pair did not last

long. Within a year Marjory was thrown from her horse while hunting near Renfrew, and died almost immediately, the life of her son, afterwards King Robert II., being saved, it is said, by the Caesarean operation. When that event occurred the Stewart was only some twenty-four years of age, but he was already one of the most distinguished of Bruce's lieutenants. At Bannockburn he commanded, along with the Good Lord James of Douglas, the right wing of the Scottish host, and when the battle was over, along with Douglas and a small body of Scottish cavalry, he pursued the fleeing Edward II. to the gates of Dunbar. Bruce evidently held the young Stewart in the highest esteem, and doubtless already thought of him as a possible son-in-law when he sent him to the Border at the head of the gallant cavalcade which met the Queen and her daughter and other noble ladies on their return from imprisonment in England. Marjory was dead when the Stewart performed his next great feat of arms, the successful defence of Berwick against the whole might of England. That defence in 1319 remains one of the most notable military achievements in Scottish history. Still later, at the battle of Biland Abbey in Yorkshire in 1322—almost as great a victory as that of Bannockburn itself—the Stewart played a chief part in routing the forces of the English king, and almost succeeded in capturing the monarch himself. With but five hundred men at his back he thundered at the gates of York, and after the fashion of the time, challenged the bravest of the English knights to mortal combat. But neither king nor noble accepted the challenge. Such were the exploits of Walter, the sixth High Steward, who, on 9th April, 1326, at the age of thirty-three, died in his moated castle of Bathgate, amid the mourning of Bruce himself and the whole Scottish nation.

Bathgate no doubt also derived some of its consequence in early times from the neighbourhood, at Torphichen, two and a half miles to the north, of the headquarters in Scotland of the famous order of Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Coming to Scotland in the first years of the twelfth century and obtaining a settlement here, these Crusader knights almost at once began the building of their religious house,



BATHGATE ACADEMY.

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of which a considerable part still remains in ruins. Within those walls Alexander de Wells, Preceptor in the latter part of the thirteenth century, entertained Sir William Wallace and the Scottish Parliament when they met to decide on action to defend the country on the eve of invasion by Edward I. The only extant charter signed by Wallace as Guardian of Scotland, was executed here on that occasion. Shortly afterwards, in 1298, the stout Preceptor, De Wells himself, was among the slain at the disastrous Battle of Falkirk. Among later Preceptors was Sir William Knollis in the fifteenth century, who was a great trader and ship-owner of those days, and carried on the export of coal from Bonnytown. He was also a warrior and statesman, and Keeper of Linlithgow Palace and Blackness Castle, as well as Treasurer of Scotland in the time of James III. and James IV. A Preceptor of a still later day was Sir Walter Lindsay, cousin of the famous poet Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, the Lyon King, who wrote of him in his *Squyer Meldrum*:

The wise Sir Walter Lindsay they him call
Lord of Sanct John and Knicht of Torphichane,
Be sey and land ane vailyeant capitane.

The last Preceptor was Sir James Sandilands, second son of Sandilands of Calder. He was a zealous Reformer, and when the Order of St. John was suppressed in 1563 and its lands confiscated by the Crown, he obtained a grant of them to himself for an annual payment, as the Barony of Torphichen. The present Lord Torphichen is descended from his elder brother.

The neighbourhood of these great houses, and of the royal palace of Linlithgow, $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the north, must have made Bathgate a well-known place in early times. In those days the town with the lands around it formed a sheriffdom in itself, probably owing that distinction to the fact of its royal ownership. When hereditary jurisdictions were abolished in 1747, John, Earl of Hopetoun, claimed £2000 for his right to the office, and in law the sheriffdom still exists, though it is always held by the Sheriff of Linlithgow. Bathgate also no doubt derived some prosperity from its position on one of the great routes from Edinburgh to Clydesdale and the West of Scotland.

Of the comings and goings of a later day which Bathgate saw, not least notable was the flight of the Covenanters in 1666. After abandoning the passage of the Clyde at Lanark, and avoiding a conflict with the Government troops under Dalziel of Binns, the little force of Dumfriesshire rebels pushed on here. Along with them was Sir James Turner, the king's officer, whom they had captured in his bed at Dumfries, and regarding whose fate ever and anon they held discussion. Turner, who was an old soldier of the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, survives for us in Sir Walter Scott's romance as the Dugald Dalgetty of *The Legend of Montrose*. A strange sight the Covenanting force must have made, as, travel-sore and dispirited, under their leader Colonel Wallace, they trailed into Bathgate. It was 26th November, about "two hours within night," pitch-dark and wet. The rebels were about eleven hundred strong, horse and foot, armed with muskets, pikes, scythes, pitchforks, swords, some only with "staves great and long." No quarters could be had for such a number, so they were forced to stand in a field, with a great snow coming on. The leaders went into a house, and "after prayer did consider what we should do next." The matter was decided for them. Suddenly an alarm was raised that Dalziel was at hand. "And though it was a dreadfully dark (though but a little past the height of the moon) and foul night, yet after that long wearisome march that day before, we were necessitated to draw forth, and calling in the guards, to march at twelve o'clock at night, on one of the darkest nights (I am persuaded) that ever any in that company saw. Except we had been tied together, it was impossible to keep together; and every little burn was a river." That night, according to Kirkton, "It was believed they lossed more than the half of their poor army, who stuck in the clay and fainted by the way." A day and a half later, at sunset on 28th November, these poor bedraggled folk reached the end of their weary marching at the little plateau of Rullion Green in the Pentlands, where Dalziel and the king's forces at last came up with them and cut them to pieces.

The town chiefly thrived on its weekly corn-market and its



BROWN SQUARE, BATHGATE.

seven annual cattle and hiring fairs. In the neighbourhood also is still to be seen a silver mine which contributed its wealth in early times. With the improvement of roads in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and the consequent development of industry, Bathgate increased considerably in size and population, but it was not till 1824 that it was made a self-governing burgh of barony by Act of Parliament. On that occasion all who subscribed one pound and upwards towards the expense of procuring the Act were declared burgesses, while the baronial proprietor retained some curious rights of nominating a bailie and the procurator fiscal. A little later a new impetus was given to the prosperity of the place by the discovery of a very rich bed of cannel coal at Boghead, and by the working of a rich iron ore on the Couston estate by the Carron Company. Further advantage was derived from the opening of the railway to Edinburgh, which brought the town into the main stream of national progress, on which it continues to thrive and develop at the present hour.

In addition to its character of physical well-being Bathgate has also from time immemorial enjoyed some character of religion and learning. It had a church before the days of Malcolm IV. in the thirteenth century, when that monarch gave the benefice with a portion of land to the monks of Holyrood. And early in the 19th century John Newlands, a native of the town who had realised a fortune in Jamaica, bequeathed a handsome sum for the foundation of a grammar school which, under the name of Bathgate Academy, forms the most classic feature of the burgh, and has given the country not a few highly notable physicians and divines.

BLAIRGOWRIE

BLAIRGOWRIE takes its name from an ancient characteristic which may well have brought the place its earliest repute as a health resort. The word means the "Field of the Goat," and points to a time when that animal was common on many of the foot-hills of Scotland. There are several similar spots in the country to which, a century and a half ago, people resorted for the benefits to be got from drinking goat's milk. With the coming of a vogue for the planting of trees the goat flocks were abolished, for the animal is the most destructive enemy of young plantations, and at that time no existing fence could keep it out.

Whatever its early reputation may have been, the fame of Blairgowrie to-day is that of one of the most fruitful orchard regions in Britain. Throughout the season raspberries, strawberries, and other small fruits are dispatched from the railway station in train loads. Around the town the fields for miles are one great garden of luscious ripeness, and nowhere in the country is there a spot where it seems so natural to revel all the summer through in the rich delights of strawberries and cream.

This, however, is only one of the countless attractions of the sunny hillside town, and forms only part of the reason for the immense vogue as a holiday resort, which has made Blairgowrie spread itself in all directions, with villas and gardens running far into the orchards and clover-fields. It is a gay little place in itself all summer long, its streets bright with light-clad youths and laughing girls, to whom tennis and golf and other out-of-door games form an absorbing interest for the time. It is seen at its best, perhaps, when its "Games," once a year, come on. Then there is a wonderful concourse of holiday folk thronging the place, with a playing of pipes and waving of tartans enough to prove beyond all question that the place lies on the Highland line.

But there are quieter and less energetic pleasures also



CRAIGHALL ON THE ERICHT ABOVE BLAIRGOWRIE.

Sir Walter Scott was a frequent guest here, and the house is identified as the Tullyveolan of "Waverley."

to be enjoyed. In all directions there are delightful roads for the rambler, with spots of wonderful natural beauty and of storied interest for the goal of pilgrimage. The old mansion of Ardblair, at hand, for example, was the seat of the ancient family of Blair, which no doubt took its name from the spot. Latterly it was a residence of the Blair Oliphants of Gask, and had certain associations with the early life of Caroline Oliphant, Baroness Nairne, the sweet singer of the lost Jacobite cause. Newton House, again, once the seat of the lords of the barony, was built on the foundations of an older fortalice said to have been taken and burned by Cromwell. Tradition runs that at the burning a number of gentlemen who had been defenders of the place took refuge in a vault below and miraculously escaped destruction.

Some three or four miles to the south, before the road to Coupar-Angus crosses the Isla, there are the famous beech hedges of Meiklour on Lord Lansdowne's estate. These hedges are sixty or seventy feet high, and their green wall of foliage on each side of the road as it runs down to the silver river ford has a beauty peculiarly its own. The pruning of the "hedges" every seven years entails the importing of a high moving scaffold and special apparatus from their owner's estate in the south.

A few miles further eastward along Strathmore lies Meikle, the oldest village in Scotland, with its wonderful carved stones and its astonishing traditions. The memorials here, indeed, form one of the most interesting proofs that the great Cymric King Arthur—the Arthur of history, upon whose career have been embroidered all the wonderful imaginings of romance—fought his battles and lived his life for the most part within the region of what is now known as the Lowlands of Scotland. A tumulus in Meikle churchyard is said by tradition to be that of Queen Wandor or Vanora or Guinevere, the erring wife of the great sixth century King. The historian Boece narrates the tradition, which was heard in the neighbourhood also by Gray, the poet, during his travels, that the Queen was drawn asunder by horses, by her husband's order, on Barry Hill at hand, "for

nae guid that she did"; and one of the wonderful carved stones in the churchyard, which represents a woman being attacked by animals, is supposed to be a memorial of the event.

Due east of Blairgowrie lies the old Ogilvie country, with Cortachy and Airlie Castles, and far up in the heart of the hills the ancient family stronghold of Forter Castle, famous in song as the Bonnie House o' Airlie, burned by Argyll in 1645 on account of its owner's support of Montrose and the cause of Charles I.

But most famous, perhaps, of all is the road due northward from Blairgowrie. This is the well-known pass by the Spital of Glenshee, through the wildest part of the Grampians, to Braemar on the Dee. The road winds upward at first through a warmly-wooded and winding valley, which narrows rapidly till the highway climbs along the side of the stupendous chasm of the Ericht. There on a wild crag on the opposite side of the gorge appears the old house of Craighall, seat of the Rattrays, with many interesting memories of Sir Walter Scott. It is one of the houses which are said to have afforded a model for the Tullyveolan of Waverley, and with the cliff dropping sheer away for a hundred feet or more from its drawing-room balcony windows it is certainly one of the most picturesquely situated mansions in Scotland.

Thence, with many fine views of the wild chasm on the right, the road ascends to a charming spot with a fine old inn, the Bridge of Cally, where, amid majestic scenery, the Ardle and the Blackwater join to form the Ericht. The sequestered nook is a favourite place for picnics and honeymoons. Thence the coach road ascends Glenshee, by the Persie Inn and the famous Spital, till at Cairnwell the summit of the pass is reached, neighbouring the Grampian summits of Glasmeal, Tolmount, and Lochnagar. From that point there is a pleasant ten-mile descent to Braemar at the head of the royal valley of the Dee, the heart of another rich region of romance.

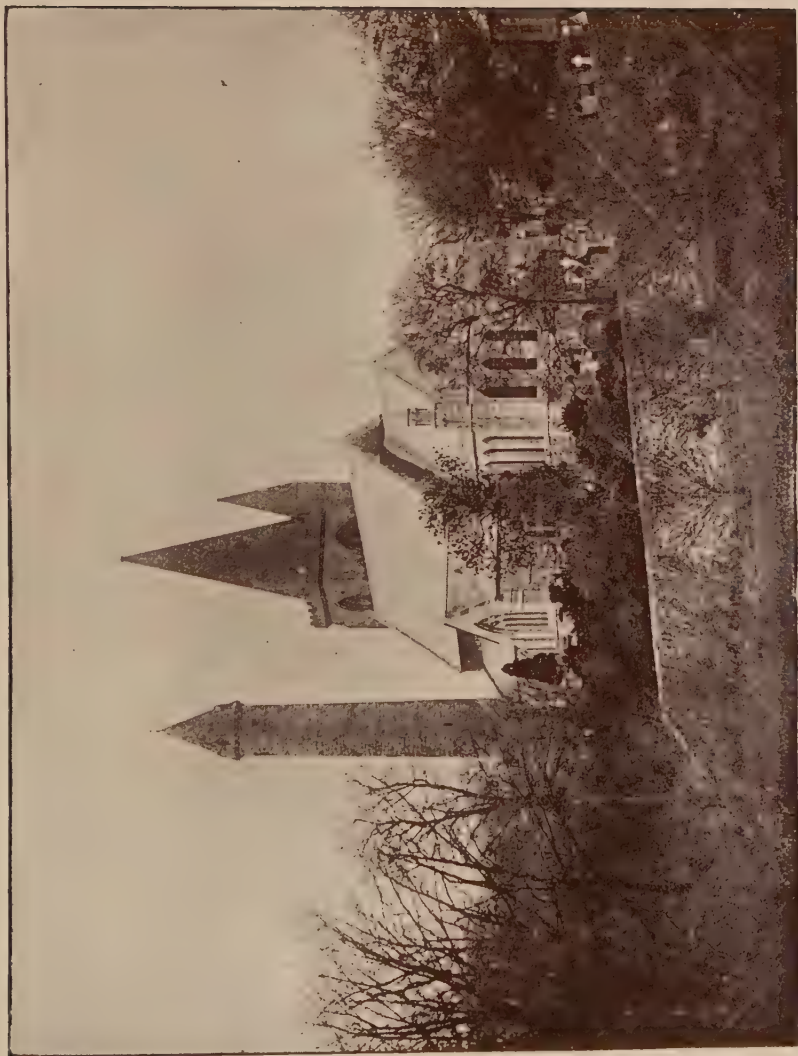
Westward also the charming road to Dunkeld forms one of the most delightful coach drives in Scotland. It runs

through a rich wooded country by the shores of the chain of lovely lochs that are threaded like jewels on the course of the Lunan Burn. Each of these lochs has its tale—Stor-mont and Fingask, Marlie and Clunie, and the Loch of the Lows, are all names with memorials in the pages of Scottish history. Clunie Loch, in particular, it may be remembered, has an island reputed to have been the birthplace of that sixteenth century prodigy, the Admirable Crichton; and though the tradition is disputed by Dumfriesshire, the islet has its own interest notwithstanding. Then at Dunkeld, amid the richest scenery on the Highland border, there are a score of thrilling memories to recall. It was to the little cathedral here, secure in the heart of his Highland kingdom, that, about the year 838, Kenneth II.—MacAlpine, as he is called—brought the bones of St. Columba from far-off Iona for safe keeping from the wild Norwegian hordes who were burning and destroying the shrines of the Western Isles. Here, two centuries later, the soldiers of Macduff and Siward cut branches from Birnam Wood to shield themselves from the sun when they were setting out across the strath to attack the grim Macbeth in his stronghold on Dunsinnan Hill. And here, some three hundred years later still, after a life of ruthless burnings and slaughterings and defiance of the laws of God and man, King Robert II.'s son, the terrible Wolf of Badenoch, was laid to rest at last by the holy hands he had so often wronged.

BRECHIN

MOST pleasantly situated of all the linen-making towns of the East of Scotland, with the South Esk running at its foot, and the neighbourhood richly wooded, Brechin can pride itself upon attractions which are enjoyed by few communities that live by manufacture. The population of the place has doubled during the last half-century, and is now between nine and ten thousand, while its area has extended and its prosperity has grown at an equal rate. Though its cathedral suffered from the execrable taste of its "restorers" in 1807, it has its own special attraction from its romantic situation on the edge of a ravine and for other reasons, and many of the other buildings of the town, public and private, are really good pieces of architecture. Brechin has been fortunate in the character of its industries. In addition to linen-making, these consist chiefly of nurseries, distilleries, paper-making, and the quarrying of freestone, and are therefore not of the grime-producing sort. The air of the place, halfway between the sea and the Grampians, is naturally good, and, with other amenities to correspond, the inhabitants of this interesting and picturesque old town to-day may be regarded as fortunate indeed.

Like most places of any importance, Brechin probably took its first beginnings from the facts of its situation. It stands in the midst of the passage to the north-east of Scotland between the eastern end of the Grampians and the sea. Before the building of Brechin itself that pass appears to have been guarded by the strong prehistoric fortresses known as the Brown and the White Caterthuns, of which cyclopean fragments are still to be seen on the eastmost mountain spur five miles north-west of the town. No record remains of the great racial struggles, the invasion and defence in early centuries, of which these remain the silent monuments, but it is obvious that such works would not be undertaken without strong reason in the fears of a people who had wives and children, homes and freedom, to defend.



Photo, W. Ritchie & Sons.

BRECHIN CATHEDRAL AND ROUND TOWER.

When Brechin itself first came into existence, it was probably as an outwork of defence against the invasions of the North Sea rovers of the eighth and ninth centuries, whose natural routes to the heart of the country lay up the waterways and river valleys. No better harbour for the ships of these Vikings could be looked for than the great tidal basin of the South Esk estuary at Montrose, and from that harbour they could easily penetrate both the fertile plain of Strathmore to the south-west and the hardly less desirable country of Kincardine and the Grampian valleys to the north-west and north. Accordingly the country's defenders of that time appear to have built on the edge of the ravine here the famous high round tower of defence which stands at the present hour impregnable as when it was erected, though Brechin itself was burned by the Danes in the year 1012. The similar round tower at Abernethy on the Tay and the square tower of St. Regulus at St. Andrews, both appear to belong to the same period, and to have been built for the same purpose. Doubtless they had their examples in the well-known Round Towers of Ireland. To these towers the Christian priests of the Culdee Church looked for their defence against the devastation of the Norse worshippers of Woden and Thor, and under the protection thus afforded they set up the three chief seats of their faith in Scotland. Brechin Cathedral of the present day is the direct successor of the Culdee church of those early times. As a matter of fact, the Culdee communities at St. Andrews, Abernethy, and Brechin were the last to submit to the new order when the Christian Church in Scotland was reformed, and the Roman clergy introduced in the eleventh and twelfth centuries by Malcolm Canmore and his sons. At Brechin, falling in with the march of events, the old Culdee convent and its prior soon submitted to reform, and became the electoral chapter of the new bishopric, founded by David I. in 1150, though the Culdee community of St. Andrews still maintained its separate existence till 1332.

Meanwhile history of another kind had been in process of making at the little town on the Esk. At the time of the Wars of Succession and Independence, Brechin Castle was

a stronghold to be reckoned with. Here it was that in 1296 the unlucky King John Baliol, having yielded himself weakly to Edward I. of England, and having been despoiled of his robes, crown, and other insignia at Stracathro, was compelled to make his shameful resignation of kingdom and independence into the hands of his conqueror. That was on 16th July. Edward Longshanks did not stay in the castle on the occasion, though he seems to have done so on his return journey from the north on 4th August. This, however, was not the last the English king was to see of Brechin.

It was in 1303, after the meteoric rise and fall of the patriot Wallace and the defeat of three English armies in one day by Sir John Comyn and Sir Simon Fraser at Roslyn, that Edward over-ran Scotland for the last time. As he marched northward to Aberdeen and Moray, devastating as he went, all the strongholds of the country submitted to him except the castles of Stirling and Brechin. The latter, on its perpendicular rock overhanging the river, was almost impregnable, and when Edward laid siege to it, it defied his utmost efforts for three weeks. This it might have continued to do until its provisions ran out, but for an untoward event. Its brave governor, Sir 'Thomas Maule, defied with scorn the efforts of Edward's battering engines, and himself, standing on the battlements, wiped off with a towel the dust raised by the English missiles. At last, however, he was struck by a stone from a catapult. As he lay dying, the soldiers of the garrison asked if they should now surrender, and with his last breath he cursed them as cowards if they should do so. But no sooner was the breath out of his body than they gave up the place.

In the critical years that followed, when Bruce was struggling for the crown and independence, one of his worst opponents was his own nephew, Sir David de Brechin. It was this lord who, with Comyn, Earl of Buchan, and Sir John Mowbray, attacked the little army of the king as he lay sick at Inverurie, upon which Bruce suddenly rose from his litter, mounted his horse, and, leading a furious attack, routed his enemies. Sir David then shut himself up in his

own castle of Brechin, but it was besieged and taken for the king by the Earl of Atholl. Bruce then pardoned his nephew, but before long Sir David again took the English side, and in 1312 joined with William de Montfichet in garrisoning Dundee against the king. Finally, in 1320, having long been in the pay of England, he was one of the chief movers in the great and dangerous conspiracy of Sir William de Soulis against Bruce, and with three lesser barons suffered the punishment of a traitor, as he well deserved.

At a later day Walter Stewart, second son of King Robert II., by his second wife, Euphemia Ross, was made Lord of Brechin, but in 1452 the Lord of Brechin was John Lindsay, brother of the Tiger Earl of Crawford, and when James II., after slaying William, Earl of Douglas, with his own hand in Stirling Castle, sent Huntly to punish the Tiger Earl, Douglas's fellow rebel in the north, the deciding conflict took place on Brechin Muir, and John Lindsay, with sixty other lords and gentlemen, was slain.

In the following century, when the struggle was going on between the party of Mary Queen of Scots and that of her infant son James VI., Brechin was again a scene of carnage. On 5th July, 1572, Sir Adam Gordon of Auchindown, of the Queen's party, was besieging the castle of Glenbervie when he heard that a party of the King's friends were in Brechin. Setting out by night he surprised them next morning, and cut off the entire detachment.

Again, on 25th March, 1645, Brechin was to have yet another taste of the penalties of war. On that day, the Covenanting General Baillie having retreated from the town, the Royalist Marquess of Montrose marched in. "On hearing of his approach," says Browne, the historian of the Highlands, "the inhabitants of the town concealed their effects in the castle and the steeples of the churches, and fled. Montrose's troops, although they found out the secreted goods, were so enraged at the conduct of the inhabitants that they plundered the town and burnt about sixty houses."

Still another dramatic chapter of Scottish history was

linked up with Brechin when, in 1616, Patrick Maule, the descendant of that Sir Thomas Maule who was slain on the walls of Brechin Castle in 1363, was created Lord Maule of Brechin and Earl of Panmure. When in 1715 the Earl of Mar raised the standard of Jacobite Rebellion on the Braes of Mar, the fourth Lord Panmure proclaimed James VIII. and III. at Brechin. When he rode away to join Mar, he ordered the gates at Panmure House to be shut, and not to be opened till he came back. He never came back, and the gates there are closed yet. For his action in the Rebellion his titles were forfeited. The extensive estates, however, descended through Jane, his niece, to William, second son of the eighth Earl of Dalhousie, who took the name of Maule, and at the coronation of George IV. was created Lord Panmure. His son, Fox Maule, afterwards became eleventh Earl of Dalhousie, and the Brechin estate is therefore possessed by the Earl of Dalhousie of the present day.

Meanwhile the Bishops of Brechin had contributed to the making of the country's history. Notably, when James I., the poet-king, sent his daughter Margaret to her unhappy marriage with the Dauphin of France, afterwards Louis XI., the first personage in her escort was the Bishop of Brechin.

Strangely enough, the Cathedral of Brechin seems never to have been finished. Its eastern end was seriously devastated at the Reformation, and its western end is now the parish church. Its finest parts are the tower with its short spire, a doorway with a cinquefoil niche, and a window, all in good Decorated style. Many very old tombstones make the churchyard interesting, but it is a modern one which bears the inscription:

Ye children who this motto read,
I pray you to your ways take heed,
And do not do as some have done,
Hurry your mother to her tomb.

The little cathedral city was formerly walled round, but the last traces of the walls and their ports or gateways disappeared early in the nineteenth century. With its steep

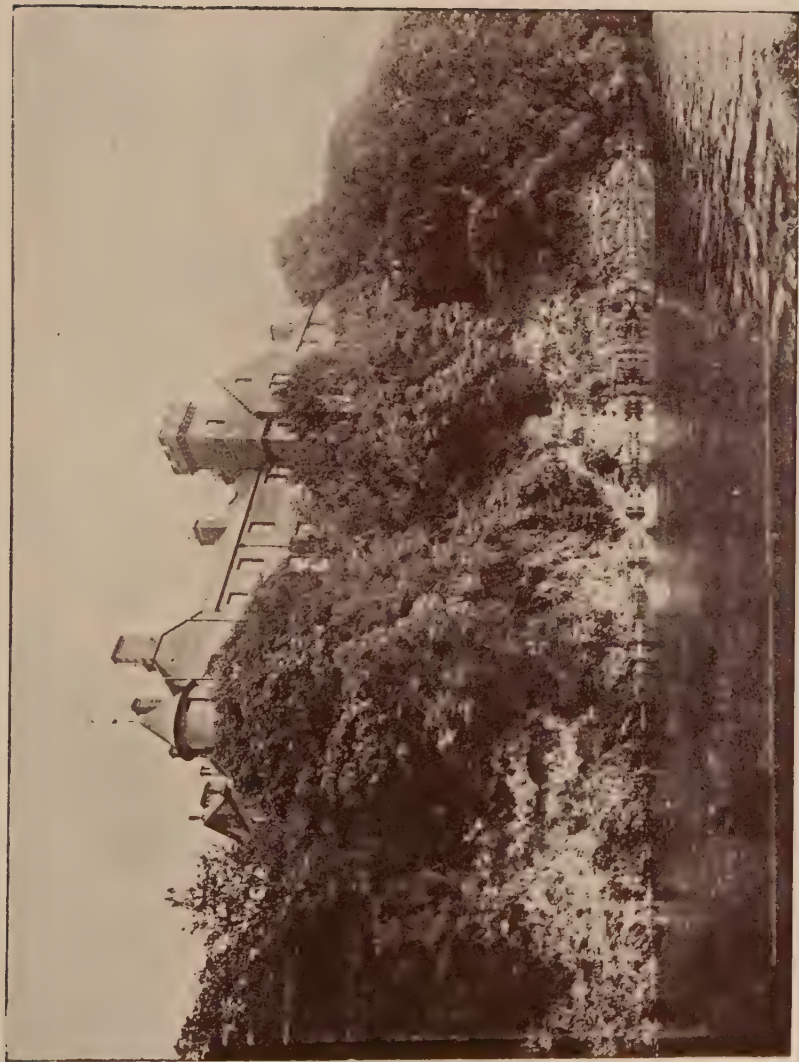


Photo. W. Ritchie & Sons.

BRECHIN CASTLE.

Ancient seat of the Maules, Earls of Panmure, now of their descendants, the Earls of Dalhousie.

streets and quaint corners, however, the place would even yet be awkward for an attacking force.

Among the town's other relics the most interesting, perhaps, are the remains of its Maison Dieu, founded by William de Brechin in 1256. The town-house was rebuilt at the end of the eighteenth century, and the fine Elizabethan Mechanics' Institute, on the site of the old Academy, was erected and endowed by Lord Panmure when these institutes were in vogue, in 1838. The existing Brechin Castle, which is a mansion on the site of the ancient stronghold, keeps among its treasures many valuable manuscripts, including the chartularies of St. Andrews, Brechin, and other religious houses, also an original portrait of the Great Marquess of Montrose by Honhorst, and the correspondence of Robert Burns with his friend George Thomson.

Among distinguished natives of the town and parish may be counted Adam Gillies, lord of justiciary and judge of Exchequer, his brother Dr. John Gillies, Historiographer Royal and historian of Greece, Dr. Tytler, the translator of Callimachus, and his brother James, famous as Balloon Tytler, the first British aeronaut, and one of the chief compilers of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Finally it may be remarked that the beauties of Brechin have furnished inspiration to at least one weaver of rhyme. Three-quarters of a century ago this poet gave his opinion in verse:

The finest view of Brechin may be got
From a soft rising ground beyond the bridge,
Where you may see the county every spot,
And the town rising up a sudden ridge,
The castle, old cathedral, and what not,
And the spire's griffin 'minished to a midge.

CRIEFF

ONE of the loveliest districts in all Scotland to-day is the sun-steeped, mountain-walled strath of central Perthshire, watered by the silver reaches of the winding Earn. It was a royal hunting ground of the Stewart Kings for several centuries, and the charms which drew James IV. and Mary Queen of Scots to the district remain unspoiled to attract the visitor and delight the resident at the present hour. Of all this fair region, Crieff is the capital, and from its seat on the sides of that spur of the Grampians known as the Knock, it looks southward over wood and water, mansion and moor, like the eyrie of an eagle or the stronghold of some robber-baron of the Rhine.

Within the last half century the little town on its sunny hill-side has become a chosen place of residence and retirement for people of means. Lines of villas in bosky grounds have sprung up along the hill-side to east and west, and in summer, when visitors flock thither in considerable numbers from the cities of the south, it becomes a gay and busy place. Among the elements of its refinement are several beautiful churches, and for more than a generation it has been the seat of notable schools. Apart from Morrison's Academy, which since 1860 has had a scholarly reputation, there was established here some seventy or eighty years ago an episcopal seminary for young ladies, St. Margaret's College, and at the present hour Crieff is the seat of a preparatory school for boys which has earned high repute. Its industries are all of the pleasant rural sort which do not obtrude themselves in undesirable ways. A century ago its chief pursuit was cotton weaving, and there were as many as five hundred weavers' looms in the parish. Among its other industries have been the making of linens and worsteds and the tanning of leather, while by reason of the abundant water power at hand, it has been the seat of mills for oat-meal, barley, flour, bark, flax, linseed, and wood. It has also to-day a flourishing preserve industry. But at no time can it be said to have had the character of a manufacturing town.



KING STREET, CRIEFF.

Facing p. 78.

The chief streets of the place, which take the form of a Roman cross on the hill-side, are lined with well-built banks and high-class shops. Its ancient square at the point of intersection contains for ornament both the old Square Well and the more decorative modern Murray Fountain. And on the hill-side above the town, reached by steep winding lanes, the houses in which could tell their own tales of Jacobite times and Bonnie Prince Charlie, rises the famous Strathearn Hydropathic, one of the most popular and successful of such establishments in Scotland. Crieff has also no end of charming amenities. Besides the Macrosty Park in its western environs, and Lady Mary's Walk, the charming rustic pathway by the river-side below the town, it lies within easy access of a score of places all equally interesting as scenes of natural beauty and of historic associations. Altogether to-day the town of Crieff, with its golden air, its abundant water supply, its social amenities, and the charm of its surroundings, must be regarded as one of the most attractive of residential spots and places of resort in Scotland.

In the earlier centuries Crieff was a place of consequence by reason of the fact that it commanded the passes through the Grampians to north and west in several important directions, and for this reason the old Earls of Strathearn held a position of great power and consequence. The last of that race, by betraying this great trust, brought not only ruin upon her house but punishment upon herself as terrible as her position had been great. This lady, Joanna, daughter of the last Celtic Earl of Strathearn, had married the English Earl de Warenne, and the exact story of her treason remains one of the mysteries of Scottish history. All we know is that in 1320, six years after the Battle of Bannockburn, she was one of those who conspired with the great Lord Soulis against King Robert the Bruce. The conspiracy was discovered partly through her confession; at the Black Parliament at Scone the lady was condemned to imprisonment for life, and she forthwith disappeared from public ken. About the year 1840, however, when the monument to Sir David Baird was being erected on Tom-a-Chaistle, a

short distance up the strath, the workmen broke into a dungeon of the ruined stronghold of the Earls of Strathearn, which had once stood upon the spot, and there on the floor, among ashes and dust, with a few household articles and female ornaments of gold and silver, found the remains of ancient bones. These told their own tale of the treason and tragedy of five centuries before. The Earldom of Strathearn from Bruce's time became an appanage of the royal house of Scotland, and after many vicissitudes, and a blood-stained story which involved the massacre of King James I. himself at Perth in 1437, it remains so at the present hour, for the Duke of Connaught is also Duke of Strathearn.

The Earldom of Strathearn was the only county palatine in Scotland, and it was ruled through a local steward or bailie. The duties of such a bailie had always a tendency to become hereditary, and the position was of course one of much authority and value. Accordingly we find that in Strathearn its possession led to serious feuds between the two leading families of Drummond and Murray. The town of Crieff happened to be built partly upon the lands of both of these families, and both of them therefore laid claim to be superiors of the place. In 1681 the Murrays obtained a charter for their own portion of the town under the name of the burgh of Crieff, and, bringing an ancient carved cross from the neighbouring estate of Strowen, set it up in the market square. But in 1687 the Drummonds also set up a cross for their own part of the town, which was to be called the burgh of Drummond. This cross, which now stands beside the Court-house, long lay neglected near the old stocks in the heart of the place.

Meanwhile the Drummonds had almost constantly the successful side of the family rivalry. Their original seat after their removal from Drymen in Stirlingshire, from which they took their name, was at Stobhall on the Tay. One lady of the house, daughter of Sir Malcolm Drummond and widow of John de Logie in Perthshire, was the second wife of King David II., and her niece, Annabella Drummond, was the Queen of Robert III. and mother of King James I. The head of the house was made Steward of



FERNTOWER, CRIEFF.

Prince Charles Edward stayed here on his retreat to the North when the house was the seat of his adherent, Lord John Drummond. It was at a later day the residence of Sir David Baird, the hero of Seringapatam.

Strathearn in the time of this last king, and a century and a half later the Drummond chief was raised to the peerage as Lord Drummond, and proceeded to build Drummond Castle two miles south of Crieff.

At that time occurred the most noted collision between the two families. In 1490, Murray of Auchtertyre was asked by the Abbot of Inchaffray to assess for him the Drummond lands in his parish. This he did rather strenuously, and the Drummonds carried a complaint to Drummond Castle. Lord Drummond was from home, but William, his eldest son, gathered his followers and marched to vindicate the rights of his clansmen. The Murrays met him at Knockmary, south of Crieff, and were at first victorious; but the Drummonds were reinforced by a party of MacRobbies, and in the end drove their enemies from the field. The pursuit was carried to Ochertyre, but the fugitives had taken sanctuary in the little kirk of Monzievaird, and the Drummonds were returning home, when a Murray foolishly shot an arrow from the kirk and killed one of their men. Thereupon the Drummonds turned back, heaped combustibles round the heather-thatched building, and, setting fire to it, burned to death the eight score Murrays within.

For this act the Master of Drummond was afterwards tried and executed, but the event did not interfere with the rising fortunes of his house. For fourteen years his sister, the "Mild meek mansuet Margaret," mistress or wife of the young James IV., helped that gay and brilliant monarch to spend the hoarded treasures of his father, who had fallen at Sauchieburn, till the terrible morning came when she and her two sisters, after breakfast with the family physician at Drummond Castle, were seized with sudden sickness and cut off in a few hours. The sisters lie under three blue marble flags in the choir of Dunblane Cathedral, and their secret lies buried with them; but the death of the fair Margaret Drummond cleared the way for the marriage of King James to another Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. of England, and the ultimate union of the crowns and peoples of these two countries.

The Drummonds, however, continued to administer the

Earl's justice at the Skait or Stayt of Crieff, a green knoll which stood till 1860 on the lands of Broich, south of the town, and their awards were carried out at the "Kind gallows of Crieff" on the Gallow Knowe by the Ford Road to the westward. That Kind Gallows was possibly the "Tree," Gaelic "Croabh," from which the burgh appears originally to have taken its name. At any rate the Breadalbane Highlanders, as late as the year 1850, are said to have referred to Crieff as the "Town of the Tree," and the hillmen in general, who were always too apt to raid the rich plain of Strathearn, are said never to have passed the "Kind Gallows" without touching their caps and muttering an imprecation on the fatal character of the spot.

Not only Highlanders, however, were hanged here. In 1682 the Gallows Knowe was the scene of execution of the Rev. Richard Duncan, minister of Kinkell, southward in the Strath. Duncan had quarrelled with his heritors, who first of all got him deposed for gross ignorance in baptising a child, and afterwards secured his conviction at the Skait of Crieff before James, fourth Earl of Perth, Steward of Strathearn, for the murder of a child said to have been found under a hearthstone in his manse. It was known that the Earl's son was endeavouring to obtain a reprieve, and as the time of execution approached a horseman was seen galloping at full speed towards the spot. Popular feeling, however, was against the poor minister; the execution was hastened, and the reprieve arrived a few minutes too late. This was the last authenticated execution which took place at Crieff, and it gave rise to the local rhyme:

O ! what a parish, a terrible parish,

O ! what a parish is that o' Kinkell—

They hae hangit the minister, drowned the precentor,

Dung down the steeple, an' drucken the bell !

These events all actually took place, the precentor being drowned while fording the Earn, and the kirk bell being sold to the parish of Cockpen and no account rendered of the money received for it. Part of the Gallows, showing the well-worn holes through which the hanging ropes were pulled, is still to be seen in the county court room at Crieff,

while outside lies another relic, already referred to, of the bygone methods of administering justice here, in the shape of the iron stocks in which the legs of minor culprits were wont to be confined.

From time to time the town had experience of Highland aggressions on a greater scale than could be controlled by the use of the stocks and the Kind Gallows. In 1645, during his lightning campaign throughout the country on behalf of the falling fortunes of King Charles I., the great Marquess of Montrose paid a flying visit to the place. It was after he had taken Dundee, when his troops, in the act of plundering that town, were all but surprised by the army of the Parliament. Montrose by means of tremendous exertion had managed to get his men together and leave one side of the town as his enemies entered the other. Making a forced march westward, he paused at Crieff, and the earthworks of his camp are still to be seen on Callum's Hill, close by. Seventy years later, when the Jacobite clansmen under the Earl of Mar had been defeated by the Duke of Argyll on the Sheriffmuir, to the south of the strath, they retreated eastwards towards Perth, and, in order to hinder the pursuit of Argyll, they burned the villages of Muthill, Blackford, Auchterarder, and Crieff. The fate of Crieff, it is said, was partly a result of the fact that no more than four men in the place had been got to join the rebellion.

By way of restoring the fortunes of the town, James Drummond, titular Duke of Perth, established a linen factory there; but when the next Jacobite rising under Prince Charles Edward occurred in 1745 this was demolished by the soldiers guarding the place.

At news of the latter rebellion Sir John Cope, Commander-in-chief in Scotland, marched northward to put down the rising, and on 20th August encamped in the park of Ferntower, near the town, where a spring is still known as Cope's Well. Here he had the mortification of being told that the Duke of Atholl and Lord Glenorchy would not be able to send him support, and accordingly he sent back 700 stand of arms to Stirling Castle. A few months later, on his retreat from Derby, Prince Charles and his Highland army

in turn encamped at Crieff. On 1st February the Prince slept at Drummond Castle. Next day he reviewed his troops, held a stormy council of war in the old Drummond Arms Hotel, still represented by the well-known modern hotel of the same name at the top of James Square, and as a result saw his troops march off by two separate routes towards the north. He had his horse shod, it is said, at a smithy near the top of King Street, where the Police Station stands, and he spent the night at Ferntower House, then known as Fairnton, the seat of Lord John Drummond, who was one of his chief officers.

Of the Duke of Perth, who went with him, the story is told that at the outbreak of the Rebellion the Government, knowing his Jacobite sympathies, sent his neighbour, Captain Murray of Ochertyre, to Drummond Castle to arrest him. The Duke, guessing his errand, would not hear of business till after dinner. When the meal was over, and he proposed to join the ladies, he held the door politely open for his guest, and Captain Murray, thinking no harm, passed out before him. But the Duke did not follow. Closing and locking the door, he left the Castle by another way, and in a few minutes was galloping northward to join the Prince. When the Rebellion was over the Duke's mother, it is said, caused the loch in the great deer park to be formed to cover for ever the stables which had been desecrated by the pursuing soldiery of the Duke of Cumberland.

For at least a century Crieff was the scene of the great annual cattle tryst, at which many thousands of Highland cattle and Lowland guineas regularly changed hands. At the Michaelmas tryst of 1723 at least 30,000 cattle were sold. From its place on the Highland line Crieff was eminently suitable for the purpose, and during the tryst, with its gathering of vast numbers of Highland gentlemen and Lowland drovers, all more or less armed with formidable weapons, Crieff was a scene of picturesque and often stormy intercourse. It was a sad blow to the prosperity of the place when in 1770 the scene of the cattle trysts was removed further south, to the neighbourhood of Stirling. A relic of



ENTRANCE GATES TO THE PARK OF DRUMMOND CASTLE.

These gates are of Italian workmanship, and 300 years old.

Facing p. 84.

the old trade still exists in the neighbourhood, the railway station of "Highlandman" taking its name from the Highlandman's Road, the chief route by which the Highland drovers made their way south to deliver the cattle which had been sold by their masters.

Perhaps the most famous incident which occurred in the neighbourhood towards the latter end of the eighteenth century was the visit of Robert Burns to Ochtertyre in the autumn of 1887. The present mansion was built by his host, Sir William Murray. Here Burns met Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, afterwards Lady Methven, whose charms, along with those of the district, he has celebrated in several sets of verses. Still later the neighbourhood became the residence of Sir David Baird, hero of Seringapatam, who in 1810 married Miss Campbell Preston of Ferntower, niece of Preston of Valleyfield. Here Baird died in 1829, and three years later his widow erected the monument on Tom-a-Chaistle at a cost of £15,000.

Around Crieff in all directions, as has already been said, lie spots famous for their natural beauty and historic interest. From the Knock above the town, with its knoll on which poor Kate MacNiven was burned for a witch, one may look northward past Monzie, towards the Sma' Glen, marching place of armies and tempests; westward by Comrie with its Roman remains, to the lovely village of St. Fillans, bowered in roses and tropeolum, on the shore of Loch Earn; eastward by Innerpeffray, with its little ancient library, and by Inchaffray Abbey, whose abbot blessed the Scottish troops at Bannockburn, towards Methven, where Robert the Bruce suffered his first disastrous defeat; and southward by Drummond Castle and Tullibardine Moor and the ancient Forest of Gask, over a country which was the cradle of the great houses of Murray and Oliphant and Graham, and the scene of incidents like the birth of Malcolm Canmore, the escape of William Wallace, and the overthrow of the Scots by Edward Baliol, known as the Battle of Dupplin. Such are some of the scenes and memories of this fair Strathearn, of which Crieff, the Montpelier of Scotland, remains justly the capital and social centre.

DALKEITH.

LIKE all places of natural origin and growth in Scotland, Dalkeith, "the narrow valley," takes its name from its site. Set on the promontory between the two Esks, in one of the most picturesque parts of picturesque Midlothian, it has for centuries been famous for three things. No other town in Scotland, perhaps, has so many seats of great nobles and lairds in its immediate neighbourhood. It has long been famous as a centre of education. And no place in the country has probably been so great a market for the sale of grain, meal, and other agricultural products. Before its covered market-place was built in the middle of last century, there might be seen here in the open street, on a full market day in winter, as many as 1000 carts of grain brought in for sale, and disposed of on the spot for ready money. Dalkeith stands near the centre of Midlothian, and is easily accessible from all directions, besides being conveniently placed for the grain merchants and millers of Edinburgh itself. It is not difficult, therefore, to understand how the place became so great a resort for the sellers and buyers of meal, pot barley, and grain of all kinds.

Naturally these regular weekly markets on Mondays and Thursdays brought custom to the place, and before railways made a run into the city so easy an undertaking, it is little marvel that the shops of Dalkeith rivalled those of the capital itself both in their stocks and their trade.

The trade of Dalkeith was also helped greatly by the resort of families to the place by reason of the excellent schools which it contained. Among these the chief was the grammar school, which has long held a distinguished place among the seminaries of Scotland, alike for mathematics, classics, and modern languages. Besides this there were four endowed schools, and quite a number of others. With such aids to advancement it is little marvel that Dalkeith can point with pride to a long array of distinguished men who have been its natives, or intimately connected with the place. Among these have been John Rolland, the sixteenth century poet; Lord Polton, the eighteenth century Lord of Session; Lord



Photo. W. Ritchie & Sons.

PORT LODGE, NEWBATTLE ABBEY, DALKEITH.
A seat of the Dukes of Buccleuch.

Melville, Dr. Pitcairn, Principal Robertson, Lord Loughborough, and others.

But the original prosperity of Dalkeith was no doubt owed to the residences of many great families near the town. Most noted among these are Newbattle Abbey, the seat of the Marquess of Lothian; Dalhousie Castle, residence of the Earl of Dalhousie; and Dalkeith Palace, one of the chief seats of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry. As a matter of fact, the town appears to have been originally nothing more than an appanage of the last-named. Its main street leads directly to the gate of Dalkeith Palace, and from early times it was governed by a baron-bailie appointed by the feudal owner of the domain.

Originally Dalkeith belonged to the Graham family, and passed from it to the family of Douglas. Within the walls of its castle in 1364 the Earl of Douglas entertained for several weeks that picturesque chronicler, Froissart, to whom is owed the romantic account of many events of early Scottish history. In early times Dalkeith Castle was a stronghold of importance. Standing on a perpendicular rock, unapproachable on any side except the east, where it was defended by a moat through which the river is said to have run, it was able to stand a formidable siege. In the reign of James II. John Douglas, Lord of Dalkeith, attached himself to the cause of the King. It was shortly after the murder of William, Earl of Douglas, by the young monarch at Stirling Castle, and the brother of the murdered man, who was himself to be the last of the Black Douglas Earls, laid siege to the stronghold here. He swore not to raise the siege till he had taken the castle; but the latter was so stoutly defended by its castelan, Patrick Cockburn, that in the end the Earl had to give up the attempt.

A hundred years later, in 1547, when the Scottish army was defeated at Pinkie, numbers of the defeated host took refuge in the Castle of Dalkeith. Among these was its owner, James Douglas, Earl of Morton, who was afterwards to become Regent of Scotland, and Sir David Home of Wedderburn. The English laid siege to the place, and although it was stoutly defended, forced it to surrender, as it

did not contain provisions enough to support the garrison and the large number of refugees who had flocked into it.

It was the husband of this earl's youngest daughter, James Douglas of Pittendreich, brother of the seventh Earl of Angus, who became next Earl of Morton, and who, with his cousin, Archibald Douglas, parson of Glasgow, took the chief part in the murder of Queen Mary's husband, Lord Darnley, at the Kirk o' Field. After Queen Mary's overthrow, when matters went against him, he retired to his castle of Dalkeith, where he occupied himself in making gardens and terraces, and tried to make the country believe that he had given up all ambitions of statecraft. The common people, who had had too good reason to know his real character, set little store by these professions, and in passing that way gave a wide berth to the stronghold, which, from the character of its occupant, they called the Lion's Den. Nor was their instinct untrue. Within the castle—in Morton's bed-chamber, in fact, where he lay sick—on 9th October, 1572, he with the Regent Earl of Mar and Henry Killigrew, Queen Elizabeth's emissary, held the council which discussed the policy of bringing Queen Mary to trial in Scotland, pronouncing her guilty, and having her executed. Morton was in the pay of Elizabeth, and did his best to foment disturbances in Scotland. The burning of villages, the massacre of men and women, the hanging and branding of peaceful countrymen, made a dark impression on the mind of Scotland, hardly less sinister than the massacre of St. Bartholomew had that year made in France. Among the dark deeds of that year, which must for ever stain the name of Morton, is that of his treachery to the Earl of Northumberland. When Morton was an exile in England, Northumberland had been his kindest friend, and when the time came in which Northumberland had to flee from the vengeance of Queen Elizabeth, he threw himself upon the hospitality of Morton in Scotland. Instead of a return of benefits, however, Morton sold him to the English Queen, who shortly afterwards had him executed at York.

On the death of the Regent Earl of Mar, not without suspicion of poison, Morton came forth from his retirement

at Dalkeith and possessed himself of the Regency. Morton's reign of avarice and plunder in this capacity, which lasted six years, had a dramatic end. He had threatened the young King James at Stirling that if certain things were not done he would resign his regency, and he was much startled when on a day in 1578 Lord Glamis, the Chancellor, and Lord Herries, arrived at Dalkeith with the information that his resignation was accepted. One can picture him riding from the gates of Dalkeith to the Cross of Edinburgh to hear his own resignation proclaimed to the people, and to deliver up the seals of office. He managed to seize the power again in the following year, but it was not for long. His chief opponent, the Earl of Athol, died, like the Earl of Mar, by poison, and an accumulation of other crimes, including a plot to seize the boy-king himself and carry him to Dalkeith, brought retribution on his head. At length the blow fell. The King was sitting in council on the last day of December, 1580, and the Earl of Morton was present, when Captain James Stewart son of Lord Ochiltree, and brother-in-law of John Knox, craved an audience. Declaring that he came to reveal a wickedness which had been too long obscured, he pointed to Morton, with the words. "It was that man who conspired your royal father's death. Let him be committed for trial, and I shall make good my words." On this accusation Morton was at once thrown into prison, first in Edinburgh Castle, and afterwards at Dumbarton. Queen Elizabeth tried to save him, but he had no friends, and presently he was executed under the knife of the primitive guillotine, known as the Maiden, which he had himself introduced to Scotland.

As a result of Morton's downfall the barony of Dalkeith was forfeited to the Crown, and though it was afterwards restored to a later Earl of Morton of the Locheven family, that family did not keep it long. In 1642 the estate was sold to the chief of the Scott family, the second and last Earl of Buccleuch. A few years later, during Cromwell's government of Scotland, the castle was the residence of the Protector's lieutenant, General Monk, until that astute personage moved south to effect the restoration of Charles II., and to be rewarded with the Dukedom of Albemarle. During those

days there must have been many momentous comings and goings at the castle of Dalkeith over the project of restoring a Stewart King to the throne.

Dalkeith Castle was next connected with one of the romantic tragedies of British history. The second Earl of Buccleuch was succeeded first by his elder daughter, Mary, married at the age of eleven to Walter Scott of Highchester, aged fourteen, who was created Earl of Tarras. Upon her death without issue, the earldom of Buccleuch passed to her sister Anne, esteemed the greatest heiress and finest woman of her time. In 1663 she was married to the Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II. and Lucy Walters, and the pair were created Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. After the rebellion and execution of the Duke in 1685, the Duchess continued to live in much state at Dalkeith, where she effected great alterations. Notably, she demolished the ancient stronghold, and built the present Dalkeith House or Palace on its site. At that time the moat was filled up, and the castle rock was covered with earth sloping gently to the river, and planted with shrubs and trees. From that day to this it has been the residence of the descendants of the Duchess Anne, the noble family of Buccleuch. Among its treasures it contains a number of fine pictures and relics.

Again and again castle and palace have sheltered royalty. Charles I. in 1633, George IV. in 1822, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in 1842, have all been entertained within these walls. Their choice of a residence was decided, no doubt, not only by the hospitality of their hosts and the nearness to Edinburgh, but by the sylvan retirement of the spot in its great park of more than a thousand acres, which, with the two rivers Esk meeting within it, and the profusion of its woods, walks, and glades, is one of the finest in Scotland. Dalkeith itself, with other scattered lands, was confirmed as a regality by King James V., and when hereditary jurisdictions were abolished in 1747 the Duke of Buccleuch obtained £3400 for his rights.

To-day, with its historic memories and the fine amenities, both of town and situation, between the lovely glens of the Esk, Dalkeith is one of the most favoured and interesting places in the three shires of Lothian.



Photo. W. Eitchie & Sons.

DALKEITH PALACE.

Built on the site of the ancient Douglas stronghold by Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and widow of the unhappy Duke of Monmouth.

Facing p. 90.

DUMFRIES.

FROM its lovely position in a loop of the Nith, with its picturesque High Street sloping pleasantly to the sun, Dumfries amply justifies its well-known designation of "The Queen of the South." A place of storied interest from the earliest times, and a prosperous place of business and hospitable county town at the present day, it forms a delightful Mecca for pilgrims of many tastes and many different interests. It is the town of most consequence in the South of Scotland, and by a happy combination of shrewdness and good taste it has managed to develop to a very considerable extent the means of modern prosperity without destroying the charm of its mediaeval and more recent associations. From its position near the English Border it was subject, in the old and evil days, to the hardships of many an English invasion, and again and again the shout of "A'Loreburn! A'Loreburn!" echoing through its streets and wynds, has brought the stout burgesses running with sword and buckler to their gathering-place, and has sent them crashing into conflict with the forces of the "auld enemy." Not less strenuously have the descendants of those burgesses thrown themselves to-day into the more peaceful arenas of professional, manufacturing, and commercial life, and as a result Dumfries has every reason to be proud of the visible achievements of its sons.

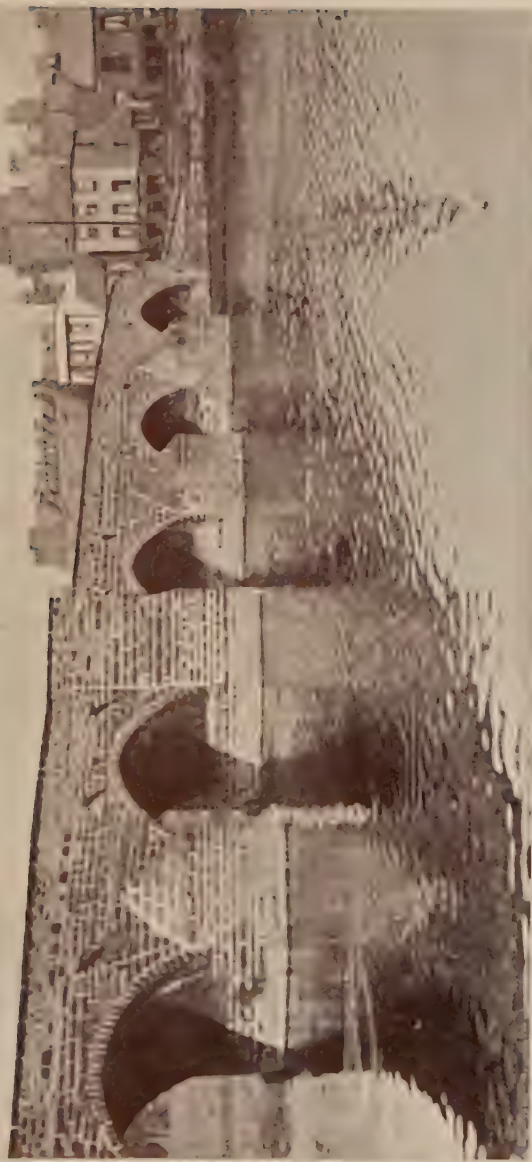
The story of this brave old Scottish burgh might be made the matter of many volumes, but a few outstanding incidents suggest the character of its memories from stage to stage.

The oldest of Dumfries monuments, and one of which the townsmen are justly proud, is the great stone bridge across the Nith, connecting Dumfries and Maxwelltown in Kirkcudbrightshire. This is said to have been built about the middle of the thirteenth century by the famous Lady Devorgilla, heiress of the great ancient lords of Galloway, and mother of the luckless Scottish king, John Baliol. Among this lady's many other works of public beneficence

was the endowing of Baliol College at Oxford, through which so many Scottish students throughout the centuries have made their way to eminence and fame. And she was also the builder of the monastery of the Minorites or Greyfriars at Dumfries, in which one of the most pregnant tragedies of Scottish history was presently to take place. The chronicler Wyntoun details the quaint fashion in which she mourned her lord, and how at her own death she was buried in her own abbey of Dulce Cor—Sweetheart Abbey, as it is called to-day—with the heart of that lord in an ivory casquet upon her breast.

Next in order of time among the greater incidents of Dumfries' history was the slaying of the Red Comyn here by Robert the Bruce in 1305. The church of the Minorites in which the event took place has long disappeared, but visitors are sometimes privileged to stand at a spot in a wine merchant's cellar, where the high altar of the church once stood, and to recall there the fierce deed which made Bruce at once an outlaw and a king. Not far away, in the grounds of Castledykes, by the Glencaple road, the remains of moat and mound mark the site of the castle in which the English justiciaries were holding their Justice ayre on that February day, when Bruce, his henchman, Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, and other friends, attacked them, set fire to the building, and forced them to surrender. These deeds were terribly avenged when Bruce's brother-in-law, Sir Christopher Seton, was put horribly to death by the English on the spot long known as Kirsty's Mount at hand, and now occupied by St. Mary's Church.

Then came the centuries of raid and ravage when, notwithstanding the formidable barrier of the Lochar Moss, which stretched its miles of swamp and peat hag to the eastward, Dumfries suffered again and again the onsets and burnings of Border war. The Lords Maxwell, whose seat was the stronghold of Caerlaverock, eight miles to the south, were the champions of the town. On one occasion in 1536, to avenge an English burning of the place, Lord Maxwell marched into Cumberland, and laid Penrith in ashes. About the same time he built the latest stronghold of Dum-



DEVORGILLA'S BRIDGE, DUMFRIES.

Built in the middle of the thirteenth century by the mother of King John Balliol

fries, and within its walls twenty-six years later Queen Mary was received, when she rode into the town at the head of her troops to chastise certain disaffected nobles.

In 1617 that Queen's son, James VI., visited the town, and presented it with a prize for the annual Wapinschawing, in the shape of the "Siller gun" still cherished, which was made the subject of his most famous poem by John Main, who was for a time a resident of the place.

In the times of Charles II. and James VII., Dumfries, as the metropolis of the south-west of Scotland, was a headquarters of the Covenanters, and here in 1666 on the occasion of the Pentland Rising, a small body of these men seized in his bed the king's officer, Sir James Turner, the Dugald Dalgetty of Sir Walter Scott's *Legend of Montrose*, whom they carried about with them, every day debating the advisability of his execution, till their little force was finally overwhelmed at Rullion Green, south of Edinburgh. Nineteen years later occurred the shooting of James Kirk, a Covenanter, on the White Sands, at the spot marked with a cross of light-coloured stones in the pavement. And, later still, in 1705, a band of Cameronians marched into the town and burned at the Cross the articles of Union with England because these articles took no account of the Solemn League and Covenant. A large number of quaint memorials of the Covenanters may be seen in St. Michael's Churchyard, and in the town the site is pointed out of the house in which died the noted persecutor, Sir Robert Grierson of Lag.

With such sympathies the townsmen of Dumfries could hardly be expected to favour the Jacobite risings of the following century. In the autumn of 1715, when the Jacobite Viscount Kenmore encamped on the Tynwald Hill, the burghesses rose, with their battle-cry of "A' Loreburn!" and, marching out, forced him to retire. Thirty years later, when Prince Charles Edward was marching into England, they seized part of his baggage train, and by way of punishment on his return he set his clansmen to live at free quarters in the town, and inflicted on it at the same time a heavy fine. The room is still to be seen in the Commercial Hotel in which

the Prince dined and held his council on that occasion. It is an interesting apartment well worth seeing.

The romance of Dumfries and its neighbourhood was turned to account with signal success by Sir Walter Scott in some of his most famous creations. He himself had visited the neighbourhood when, as a young advocate, he was getting up his first case, the defence of a certain minister of Girthon named MacNaught against charges of lewd behaviour. Caerlaverock Castle, which he no doubt visited on that occasion, is said to be the model of Ellengowan in *Guy Mannering*, while a certain Yawkins, whose smuggling exploits were well known along the coast, was the original of Dirk Hatteraick in the same story.

An incident, again, of the second Jacobite rising at Dumfries furnished Scott with the chief idea for the plot of this romance. This was the story of Sir Robert Maxwell of Orchardston. This young man's father had left his estate to be managed by a brother, and that brother had formed a plan to secure it for himself. To get rid of the heir he sent him when a child to a Jesuit College in France, with instructions to make him a monk, and at the same time gave out that the boy was dead. The latter, however, escaped at the age of sixteen, and joined a French regiment. After fighting at the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy, he was with the French troops who came to Scotland to help the cause of Prince Charles Edward in 1745. Wounded at Culloden, he slowly made his way, ragged and starving, to Dumfries, where he hoped to find a ship to carry him to France. Falling sick, however, he was made prisoner, and would probably have been hanged had not his commission as a French officer been discovered in the lining of his coat. His case attracted much interest in the town, and the excitement was doubled when a woman who had been his nurse as an infant identified him by a birthmark. His uncle, with all the means at his disposal, was preparing to resist his claim, when he suddenly died, and the lad found himself in unquestioned possession of his father's baronetcy and estates, with a rent roll of £10,000 a year.

Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*, too, was founded on an inci-

dent associated with the town, the trial in May, 1738, of a young girl, Tibby Walker, for child murder. Tibby Walker is the Effie Deans of the novel. At the trial in the old Mid Steeple, which still ornaments the High Street, Tibby's life could have been saved by the simple declaration of her sister Helen that she had given any hint beforehand of her condition. Helen, however, refused to perjure herself, and she must have been cut to the heart when her young sister exclaimed as she was removed from the bar, "O Nellie, you've been the cause of my death!" But that night the heroic Helen was on her way to London, performing the whole journey on foot. Arriving there, she waited three days at the door of the great John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, victor of the battle of Sheriffmuir. At last she succeeded in presenting a petition, and, through the duke's good offices, procured her sister's pardon. Tibby afterwards married the man who had brought her so near the gallows, and went to live in the north of England; but Helen lived on unmarried in a little cottage by the banks of the Cluden, where she taught a few children, knitted stockings, and reared chickens. When she died in 1787 she was buried in Irongray Churchyard, where Sir Walter Scott afterwards erected a stone to her memory.

Caerlaverock figures strikingly in another of Scott's romances. The famous siege of the stronghold by Edward I., in which a garrison of a small handful of Scotsmen held out for three whole days against the entire might of England and Wales, afforded the model for the graphic description of the siege in *Ivanhoe*.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century a still more vivid interest and striking personality than any that had gone before became associated with the town. The poet Robert Burns, having received an appointment as an excise officer, gave up his farm of Ellisland, a few miles to the north, and moved into the place. As a matter of fact, Dumfries is the locality of most intense interest in the life of Burns. While hundreds of thousands of pilgrims go every year to look at the cottage at Alloway, where he was born, few seem to remember that he spent only the first seven years

of his childhood there, and that the essential drama and tragedy of his career were played out in the county town of Dumfriesshire.

In 1791, when he first moved in from Ellisland, Burns took up house in the Wee Vennel, now Bank Street, but after eighteen months he removed to the Mill Vennel, now Burns Street, where he spent his last feverish years and died. The house now belongs to the town of Dumfries, and the visitor may stand in the little closet room above the door where he wrote much of his latest poetry, and may linger in the adjoining room where his eyes at last closed to this life, of which he had tasted so keenly alike the joys and the regrets. Not far off, in its narrow entry from High Street, is still to be seen the Globe Tavern, where the poet's last convivial evening was spent. There, in the wainscoted lower room, one still can see the wooden armchair in which he sat, while upstairs on a window pane still appears a verse inscribed in his handwriting. One of the attractions here was that "Anna wi' the gowden locks," niece of the landlady, who inspired some of his most daring verses, and here it was that visitors to Dumfries, eager to enjoy a "nicht wi' Burns," were wont to invite him for a few hours' intercourse. Another tavern, the "Hole i' the Wa'," in a quaint passage off the upper part of High Street, contains the largest private collection of Burns relics in the south of Scotland, including many of the poet's MSS. and personal effects.

When Burns died his body was removed to the old Mid Steeple in High Street, and on the day of the funeral the great concourse of mourners followed his coffin down the street to St. Michael's Kirkyard. At a later day the remains were removed to their present resting-place under the domed mausoleum with its marble sculpture by Turnerelli, and there he lies with his wife beside him and his eldest son.

Around Dumfries are many spots associated with the memory of the poet. The ruined college of Lincluden by the waterside, a mile out of the town, was a place where he loved to linger. The music of the name is enshrined in his verse, and one may picture there his meetings with the fair forsaken wife, Jean Lorimer, the "lassie wi' the lint-white

locks," to whom he addressed some half-dozen of his songs. Seven miles to the north, again, lies Ellisland, with its rustic walk by the riverside, little changed from its aspect in the early happy days of his married life when he wrote such matchless things as "O' a' the airts the win' can blaw" and "Tam o' Shanter." Not far away lies Friars' Carse, where the incident of "The Whistle" took place. Four miles west of Dumfries is Woodley Park, now Goldielea, where one of the most bitterly regretted incidents of his life took place; and a few miles southward, near Ruthwell, on the shore of the Solway, may be seen the Brow Well, with the thorn tree near it under which he sat in these last July days which he spent there alone in the forlorn hope of recovering the health of body and peace of mind which had gone from him for ever.

In later days Dumfries erected a statue in honour of the poet, and this now forms one of the chief ornaments of the town. Others are the fine modern church of Greyfriars behind it, the old Court House or Mid Steeple in the centre of the street, which dates from 1705, and was designed by Tobias Backup of Alloa; and the fine old Parish Kirk of St. Michael, which dates from 1745, at the town foot. There is also the monument to the Duke of Queensberry and Dover in Queensberry Square, on the site of the stronghold known as the New Wark, erected in the fifteenth century.

But Dumfries does not live only upon its memories of the past. Its great Crichton Royal Institution, a mile south of the town, is one of the most famous hospitals for the treatment of mental disease in the country, and the farms attached to it are hardly less famous for their achievements as pioneers of agriculture. The industries of Dumfries are also extensive and growing. The great tweed mills of Troqueer and Rosefield employ several thousands of work people; the hosiery factories begun by Robert Scott in the eighteenth century afford employment to some two thousand women and girls; and the great motor factory of the Arrol-Johnston Company, a couple of miles out of the town, is perhaps the most complete and up-to-date automobile factory in the country. This enterprise occupies 160

acres of land; its foundry contains the most modern machinery; for its supply of water an artesian well has been sunk; and it has tanks containing thirty thousand gallons; while part of its plan has been the building of hundreds of workmen's dwellings for the housing of its employees in the most healthy and advantageous circumstances.

Among its notable institutions Dumfries counts a noble Royal Infirmary dating from 1777, an important Roman Catholic college of the Marist Brothers, Mount St. Michael's, and a Roman Catholic seminary, St. Joseph's College, to which students come from all parts of the world. It has also a handsome Academy, occupying the site of an older building which dated from 1801, in which Lord Young, the Scottish judge, and Sir James M. Barrie, Bart., the popular novelist, were educated, and a Ewart Public Library, which contains a large collection of books open to the general public. Along the banks of the Nith stretch the public parks and open spaces known respectively as the Green Sands, the White Sands, long the site of the greatest weekly market for store cattle in Scotland, and the Dock Park, in which are the public bowling greens.

Believed to date from the eighth century, this "Stronghold of the Copsewood," as the name Dumfries implies, was the seat of the judges of Galloway in the days of William the Lion, before the year 1214, and from then till now it has been the place of chief consequence in the South of Scotland. From what one can judge of its spirit of enterprise and energy, it appears destined to maintain this position for many a century to come.

DUNBARTON

NATURALLY, from the very earliest times, the double-crowned rock, all but surrounded by water, at the meeting of the Leven and the Clyde, which is known to-day as Dunbarton, would be sought as a place of refuge and a stronghold. A fastness so impregnable was not likely to be overlooked by the keen eyes of the Roman generals. Though the great earthen rampart of Antoninus ended at Kilpatrick or Dunglass, a few miles to the east, they occupied and fortified the rock, and gave it the name of Theodosia. On one of its summits to the present hour may be seen their pharos or beacon, one of the line of signal stations which carried news from the outer islands of the firth. After the withdrawal of the legions in the fifth century it became even more important as the capital of the Cymric or British kingdom of Strathclyde, which stretched from Loch Lomond to the Derwent in Cumberland. Within its walls is believed to have been born, about the year 516, the earliest British historian, Gildas, who was also perhaps Aneurin the bard, composer of the epic Gododin, which records the defeat of the Britons by the invading Saxons at the Cattraeth. Here also in the sixth century was probably born the poet Taliesin, of whom many tales are told. Most notable of all, in that brilliant time, Dunbarton was the capital of the historic Arthur, and according to the historian Nennius, was the scene of one of the great king's battles. In an Act of Parliament of the time of David II. it is called "Castrum Arthuri." By the Scots who began to come over from Ireland in the sixth century it was known as Dunbriton, the "fort of the Britons," since corrupted to Dunbarton. Later invaders were the Norse pirates, who, according to the *Annals of Ulster*, burned the place in the year 780.

With the failure of its line of native princes in the person of Eogan the Bald, who fought alongside Malcolm II. at the great Scottish victory of Carham in 1018. Strathclyde became an appanage of the Scottish crown, and when

Alexander I., son of Malcolm Canmore, became King of Scots, his younger brother David, afterwards King David I., became Prince of Strathclyde. David, however, seems to have lived, not at Dunbarton, but at Cadzow. To defend his principality against the Norse aggression he planted it with Saxon and Norman knights. In this way the Shropshire knight, Walter Fitz Alan, first High Steward of Scotland, was settled at Renfrew, and Arkil, son of Egfrith, a Northumbrian chief, was settled at Dunbarton. Arkil's son or grandson, Alwyn or Alan, was the first Earl of Levenax or Lennox—the Leven or Lomond district—with Dunbarton Castle for his chief stronghold. Arkil and his successors do not appear to have distinguished themselves as Fitz Alan did in thrusting back the Norsemen, and, probably for this reason, when Malduin, the third earl, received his charter of confirmation from Alexander II. in 1238, the king withdrew from him the Castle of Dunbarton. After that time the Earls of Lennox had their chief seat at Balloch. Two of Earl Malduin's brothers, Aulay and Gilchrist, were the founders respectively of the Macaulay and Macfarlane clans.

The stronghold is encrusted with pregnant later memories. Above the narrow stairway in the cleft of the rock the cell is pointed out in which the patriot Wallace was secured after his capture at Robroyston by "the fause Menteith." A face carved in the wall with a finger in its mouth, the signal for Wallace's capture, is said to be that of Menteith himself. A quarter of a century later, worn out with his hardships and attacked by leprosy, King Robert the Bruce was here, building ships and sailing them on the Clyde. He did not live in Dunbarton Castle itself, but in a palace on the Castle-hill of Old Cardross on the other side of the Leven. There with his young second wife, Elizabeth de Burgh, and her infant son, afterwards David II., he amused himself by keeping a lion and falcons and Peter the Fool; and there on a June day in 1329, with the Good Lord James of Douglas and his other trusted comrades in arms weeping around him, he passed peacefully away.

During the two and a half centuries that followed, Dun-



DUNGLASS CASTLE, ON THE CLYDE.

Ancient seat of the Chiefs of Colquhoun.

Behind the modern house in a quaint garden rises the monument to Henry Bell, projector of steam navigation on the Clyde.

barton, as one of the keys of the kingdom, saw many great comings and goings, and not a few of the stormy incidents of war. From its water port the boy-king David II. sailed for safety to France in 1334, and Mary Queen of Scots, six years of age, with her four Maries, did the same in 1548. After Murdoch Duke of Albany with two of his stalwart sons and his father-in-law Duncan, Earl of Lennox, had been beheaded by order of James I. on the "fatal mound" at Stirling, a third son stormed and burned Dunbarton, and slew within its walls "the Red Stewart," Earl of Donaldald, uncle of the king. In 1489, following his victory over his father at Sauchieburn, the boy-king James IV. besieged the first Stewart Earl of Lennox here, and after six weeks the stronghold surrendered to him. Then, having purchased a ship from the Laird of Luss, and caused a number of galleys to be built at Dunbarton, he sailed from the port to subdue the Western Isles. In 1544, when Henry VIII. was demanding the guardianship of his grand-niece, Queen Mary, with the intention of marrying her to his son Edward, the renegade Earl of Lennox of that time, sailing up the Clyde with an English fleet, demanded the surrender of the stronghold. The governor, Stirling of Glorat, was a vassal of his own, but stoutly refused to be a traitor, and as he threatened to open his guns on the ships, Lennox was forced to retire, and resume the role of dependent at the English court for twenty years longer.

Last and most famous of Dunbarton's warlike episodes, however, was its escalade by Captain Thomas Crawford of Jordanhill. Lennox had been recalled from his long exile by Queen Mary, had seen his son Darnley married to the Queen and murdered at the Kirk o' Field, had seen the Queen take his place as an exile in England, and now, himself Regent in Scotland, was the most bitter of her enemies. Two fortresses, Edinburgh and Dunbarton castles, still held out for Mary, and the capture of one of these, he knew, must prove a knock-out blow to her cause. The stout Captain Crawford was his henchman, and acted for him as Provost of Glasgow. He had been Darnley's gentleman, and it was largely his evidence of what took place at the

Queen's last visit to Darnley when he lay sick in Glasgow that settled Mary's fate at the enquiry at York. Crawford therefore was entrusted with the attack on Dunbarton Castle. One Robertson, a soldier of the castle, whose wife had been whipped by the Governor for theft, agreed to show a place where the rock could be scaled. and Crawford, having made his arrangements, with this man leading his company, set out from Glasgow after sunset. It was the first of April, 1571. At midnight they reached Dumbuck, where they were joined by Cunningham, laird of Drumquhassel on the Endrick, with a hundred men. The remaining mile to the foot of the rock they covered in single file, crossing several fosses and a deep moat bridged by a single plank. The top of the rock was covered with mist, and the sentinel must have been asleep, for the first ladder fell with the men on it, without raising an alarm. From the top of the sixty foot ladder Crawford and his guide climbed twenty feet to a tree, and by means of cords drew the others up. Then a man on the ladder was seized with a fit; but Crawford, tying him to the ladder, turned it round, and the others climbed over him. When Alexander Ramsey, Crawford's ensign, topped the wall he was at once seen by the sentinel, who gave the alarm; but he leaped down, slew the man, and kept three others at bay till Crawford and the rest came up. The old wall then gave way, the assailants rushed in, and, capturing the guns, turned them on the garrison. In the mist, Lord Fleming, the governor, scrambled down a precipice and escaped in a fishing-boat, but Archbishop Hamilton was captured in mail shirt and steel cap, carried to Stirling, and promptly hanged and quartered. Only four of the garrison were slain, and the assailants lost not a man. The exploit altogether was one of the most daring in history.

Among prisoners who have languished within these walls have been the sinister Regent Earl of Morton before his execution, and the French captives taken in the Napoleonic wars, and among the later scenes in which the fortress has played a part were the visits of Dr. Samuel Johnson in 1773 and of Queen Victoria in 1849.

By the Act of Union Dunbarton Castle was one of the

strongholds in which a garrison was always to be maintained. But the garrison gradually dwindled to a single sergeant; even "Wallace's sword," treasured there for many years, was removed at last to the monument on the Abbey Craig, and the place was mostly ruinous, when the great war of 1914 broke out. Then suddenly the old stronghold became alive again with men, as the depôt of the 9th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and from its walls the bugles rang out the reveille, the last post, and other points of war.

Cromwell's commissioner, Tucker, who visited Dunbarton in 1655, described it as "a small and very poor burgh at the head of the firth." Nevertheless a few years later the magistrates refused to let it become the port of Glasgow, its ancient rival, "lest the influx of mariners should raise the price of butter and eggs to the townsmen." These townsmen probably derived their chief livelihood from the river at their doors. Camden, who came here on his travels in 1690, describes the salmon fishery on the Leven at that time as the best in the West of Scotland. Dunbarton was also a boat-building place. In the nineteenth century it developed a great shipbuilding industry, and the names of Denny and Macmillan have long been a guarantee of good workmanship all the world over. Here in 1818 was launched David Napier's "Rob Roy," of 90 tons, the first ocean-going steamship, and in 1901 the "King Edward," first vessel to be propelled by turbine engines.

To-day, besides the castle, Dunbarton possesses only one relic of the past, an arch of the Collegiate Church established in the town in 1450 by the Duchess Isabella, widow of Murdoch of Albany; but, with its great shipyards and engineering works, its Sheriff Courts, fine new Academy and Burgh Buildings, it is a busy and thriving place. In September, 1922, its inhabitants celebrated the seventh hundredth anniversary of Dunbarton's charter as a royal burgh.

DUNDEE

IT is a curious and significant fact that the cities of Scotland which are most noted for their business energy and enterprise at the present day are likewise most notable for the distinguished part they have played in Scottish history from the most remote times. This is remarkable in the cases alike of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, and it is not less remarkable in the case of Dundee. Possibly there is something in the position of these cities which has made them play a conspicuous part in the national history at all times, but the fact is worthy of note not the less, both for the consideration of to-day and for the promise of the future.

The name of the city itself speaks of importance in early warlike times, for Dundee means Dun-Tay, the fort or stronghold guarding the mouth of what was the most important river of the early Scottish kingdom, and Dundee Law, the name of the level-topped hill above the city, speaks likewise of a time when the Lia, or Stone of Judgment, stood there, and the primitive national assembly perhaps met on the summit.

Dundee first comes into the limelight of history in the year 834, when a Scottish army, defeated by the Picts, had the humiliation of seeing its king, Alpin, beheaded before its eyes on Dundee Law. Malcolm Canmore, the famous monarch who overthrew Macbeth, and was the contemporary in Scotland of William the Conqueror, is said to have built a house in Dundee for his English queen, the saintly Margaret; and here, in 1106, their eldest son, King Edgar, breathed his last.

The next outstanding episode in the story of the place belongs to the times when the great romances of chivalry, recited by knightly minstrels, formed a chief entertainment of the people, and gave their own cast to much of the life of the period. The tradition runs that David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of King William the Lion, on his return from the Crusade in which he took part with Richard Cœur de

Lion, was at last, after many adventures, on his return, approaching the Scottish shore, when his vessel was overtaken by a tempest, and in danger of going down. In his extremity he is said to have made a vow that, if his life were spared, he would found a chapel at the place of his landing in Scotland. Having been brought ashore safely at Dundee, he is said to have founded a chapel there, and even to have built the great tower which still stands as the noblest architectural feature of the city. Experts are inclined to make the tower later in date, but no doubt it and the four great churches which in time grew up around its base, owed their first suggestion to the pious foundation of Earl David. This prince, it will be remembered, figures as the Scottish hero, Sir Kenneth, in Sir Walter Scott's romance, *The Talisman*.

A hundred years later, another and greater Scottish hero gave the first promise of his future prowess at Dundee. According to his rhyming historian, Blind Harry, Sir William Wallace was brought by his mother to attend the grammar school here. His studies were cut short in tragic fashion. One day the son of Selby, the English governor, snatched at his sword, with the taunt, "What does the Scottish dog with such a knife?" By way of reply Wallace drew the whinger, and illustrated what he used it for by slaying his insulter on the spot. In consequence of this, the youthful Scottish hero had to leave the neighbourhood at once; but he was here again in after days, and, among other acts, demolished the castle of Dundee, which stood on the crag at the east end of High Street, to prevent its falling into the hands of the English.

It is interesting to remember that Scrimgeour, the Constable of Dundee, ancestor of the later Standard-bearers of Scotland, was one of Wallace's chief supporters.

Dundee had to suffer severely by the deeds of both sides in the War of Independence. In 1291 Edward I. of England was here, burning churches, destroying houses, and carrying off the town's records. And he was here again in 1303, when he signalled his visit by destroying the noble Church of St. Mary, said to have been that founded by the Earl of Huntingdon.

On the other hand, here, as elsewhere in Scotland, the saintly Lady Devorgilla, daughter of Alan, Lord of Galloway, left a memorial of her piety and public spirit. As already said, she had founded the convent of the Minorites and built the great old bridge at Dumfries, and had founded Baliol College at Oxford; and here at Dundee she founded the convent of the Greyfriars. She was the mother of King John Baliol, and, strangely enough, it was in her church of the Minorites at Dumfries that King Robert the Bruce stabbed the Red Comyn, and it was in her convent of the Greyfriars in Dundee that Bruce was acknowledged king by the Great Council of Clergy in 1309, those two being the most salient acts by which the pretensions of the House of Baliol to the crown of Scotland were brought to an end for ever.

At the great turning point of the Reformation, again, Dundee had the proud distinction of being the first town in Scotland to embrace the new doctrines. George Wishart, who was to seal these doctrines with his life at the stake, was for a time minister here, and his name is still attached to the last of the town's gates, the East Port in Cowgate, where in a time of plague he is said to have preached to the citizens, the uninfected standing on one side of the port and the infected on the other.

Hardly less notable for their zeal in furthering the doctrines of the Reformation were the brothers Wedderburn of Dundee, whose "Gude and Godlie Ballats for avoiding of sin and harlotrie" are among the most characteristic literary productions of the time. The idea of these ballads was to wean the people from worldly pastimes by converting popular songs into pious hymns. The literary result was not always of the highest class, but the pious intention was beyond reproach.

Dundee still possesses another tangible memorial of Reformation times, Queen Mary having, on the occasion of her visit in 1565, given the orchard of the old Greyfriars monastery to be used as a burying-ground by the citizens. It lies to the north of Earl David's great tower, and contains the dust of many of Dundee's most famous sons. Among

others who are buried here is Admiral Duncan, victor at the great naval battle of Camperdown. At a later day this burying-ground became known as the Howff, from the fact that it was used as an exchange or meeting-place by the Dundee merchants and craftsmen, many of whom sleep their last sleep together under its sod, and are commemorated in the quaint and curious designs and epitaphs of its tombstones.

At the time of the Reformation, Dundee appears to have been a place of very considerable wealth and splendour, both temporal and ecclesiastical. Among churches which it possessed, the most notable was the cathedral-like group clustering round Earl David's tower. Altogether there were four churches here, and they existed much in their original state down to 1841, when a great fire destroyed two of them. Besides these there were St. Paul's, between the Murraygate and Seagate; St. Clement's, on the right of the old Town Hall in High Street; St. Salvator's, on a rocky rising ground on the north of the High Street, which was probably the chapel of the royal palace, which stood at hand in St. Margaret's or the Maut Close. There was the chapel of St. Roque, which gave its name to St. Roque's Lane, or Semirookie. There was the chapel of Kilcraig, or the Holyrood, east of Carolina Point, commemorated in the name of the Roodyard. There was the chapel of Our Lady, at the foot of Hilltown, which gave name to the Ladywell. To the west of the harbour, on Nicholas Rock, afterwards known as the Chapel Craig, stood the chapel of St. Nicholas. East of Couttie's Wynd the chapel of St. Mary was represented by a vestige of basement wall down to our own times. And besides four or five other chapels, three priories, and two nunneries, there was probably a chapel dedicated to our Lady of Placentia, represented now by the quarter known as the Pleasance, near the western approach to the barracks.

At the same time, attracted perhaps by the royal residence already alluded to, there were several town mansions of the great nobility. Whitehall, now represented by Whitehall Street, besides being a residence of the kings of Scotland, is said to have been frequently the meeting-place of

the Conventions of Estates and Burghs and of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. A little westward from it stood the town residence of the powerful Earls of Crawford, said to date from the thirteenth century, with its gardens stretching downward to the shore of the Firth. Within its walls, early in the fifteenth century, Archibald, Earl of Angus, better known as Bell the Cat, was married to the Earl of Crawford's daughter, Maud Lindsay. And in Greenmarket Square, at the foot of Crichton Street, there stood till a few years ago a very notable mansion, with circular turrets and other aristocratic features, latterly used as the old custom-house, which figures in James Grant's romance, *The Yellow Frigate*, as the town house of Lord Drummond, and the place where the fair Margaret Drummond was courted by her royal lover King James IV. There was also, above the town, where it still stands on a lordly site at the foot of Dundee Law, the stronghold of the Scrimgeours, within which James V., Mary Queen of Scots, James VI., and other noted visitors, were entertained, and to the door of which, at a later day, Charles II. was to come galloping on his short-lived escape from his Covenanting masters, which was known as The Start.

There was a shady side also to the life of the town in those early years; for just about the time when the gay James IV. was wooing Margaret Drummond, there died penniless in Dundee, in a common lodging-house, it is said, an old man who had once been the great John, Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross, who had been virtually an independent sovereign, the ally of the English king against Scotland, and partner with the Earl of Douglas in his famous bond against James II.

In those days the town must have worn an air of picturesque attractiveness, and to that time belongs the name which it has since borne, of Bonnie Dundee. This is said to have arisen from the custom of the French garrison besieging Broughty Castle in the childhood of Queen Mary, their salutation being, it is said, *Bon dondè*. At any rate, the original song of "Bonnie Dundee," which Burns contributed to the *Scots Musical Museum*, dates from 1598,

though it was afterwards turned to account by Sir Walter Scott in celebration of the famous royalist of James VII.'s time, who took his title from the town.

The town wall of Dundee is said to have been completed by the French garrison of Queen Mary's time, but it did not save the place from the horrors of storm and sack which it was to suffer three-quarters of a century later. In 1645 King Charles I.'s Lieutenant-General, the Marquess of Montrose, stormed and burned the place as a stronghold of the Covenant and the king's enemies. His small army was scattered in the act of sack when word arrived that the Covenanting army was close on the place, and Montrose only succeeded with the utmost exertion and generalship in getting his troops together and withdrawing them to safety. Five years later, when Montrose was being carried ignominiously to his doom at Edinburgh, Dundee repaid him with singular kindness. Again, in 1651, in the course of Cromwell's usurpation, General Monk stormed and sacked Dundee. The garrison, driven at last to take refuge in Earl David's tower, made a gallant defence, but was in the end forced to surrender, whereupon the English general had them butchered in cold blood in the churchyard. Tradition relates that the slaughter of the townsfolk on that occasion was only stopped when a baby was seen drinking from its dead mother's breast in the Thorter Row. When the old Wedderburn mansion at No. 4 Nethergate was taken down about 1880, many bullets fired into the house by Monk's soldiers were found embedded in the panelling of an upper room.

There is a tradition that at the time of Cromwell's invasion, her mother having retired here for safety, there was born in the Luckenbooths at the west end of High Street, Anne Scott, Countess of Buccleuch in her own right, who was to become the bride of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, and who appears as the central figure in Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

Thirty-nine years later Dundee was to come into prominence again through the brilliant achievement of one of its most famous sons. A mile east of the city may still be

seen the ancient stronghold known as Mains Castle, with, on the opposite side of the Dichty Water, a model building marking the spot where Claverhouse Castle once stood. Both of these were seats of the Graham family from which sprang John Graham of Claverhouse, created Viscount Dundee by James VII., who was to strike the last blow for that monarch in Scotland, and to fall gloriously in the moment of victory at the battle of Killiecrankie in 1689.

The famous royalist general's town house in Dundee was the old royal residence in St. Margaret's Close, which, before his time, had been inhabited by the Scrymgeours of Dudhope, and before them by the Earls of Angus, after it had ceased to be a royal possession.

Twenty-six years after Killiecrankie Dundee again had associations with the Jacobite cause. During his visit to Scotland in 1715, in the course of his half-hearted support of the Earl of Mar's rising, the Old Chevalier, or, as the Hanoverians called him, the Old Pretender, spent some time in the town, lodging in the Luckenbooths, already referred to, at the east end of High Street, where also, it is interesting to remember, General Monk had taken up his quarters during his sack of the town in 1651. Curiously enough, the adjoining narrow Overgate originally bore the name of Argyllgate, from the mansion it contained belonging to the great family of Argyll, whose head, the famous John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, played the chief part in the overthrow of the Earl of Mar's forces and the hopes of the Chevalier at the Battle of Sheriffmuir.

A hundred and thirty years after the visit of the Old Chevalier, Dundee was again graced by the presence of royalty in the persons of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, who landed here in September, 1844. The event is commemorated by the great memorial arch in Anglo-Saxon style which forms a conspicuous object on the river front. The structure is 84 feet high by 82 wide, but somewhat jars on the æsthetic sense from the fact that it appears as a great gateway leading to nowhere in particular.

Meanwhile, independent of the comings and goings of kings and nobles, Dundee steadily progressed in the fulfil-

ment of its destiny. Originally a small place, it probably consisted of only two streets, the Seagate next the Tay and the Cowgate parallel to it a little farther inland, occupying the low ground between Tod's Burn, near the middle of the modern town, and the Wallace Burn a quarter of a mile east. Gradually, however, the modern town spread away east and north and west, till to-day it climbs on the skirts of Dundee Law, and its wings spread far on the way to Broughty Ferry on the one hand and towards the Carse of Gowrie on the other. A notable feature is the fine old Town Hall in High Street, built in the eighteenth century to the design of the celebrated William Adam. This has now been superseded by a stately erection, the gift of a public-spirited citizen of Dundee, Sir James Caird, in the lower part of the city. The stately front of the High School is a hardly less notable feature of Dundee, and the institution itself, combining three earlier seminaries, testifies to the scholarly tradition of the town, which dates from the days of William Wallace himself; while the Albert Institute, facing it across the square, speaks, with its fine collection of pictures, its library, and museum, for the artistic and otherwise cultured spirit of the people.

Perhaps, however, the most outstanding features of Dundee are the Tay Bridge, the Esplanade, and the University. The original Tay Bridge, completed in 1878, and commemorated by the row of piers which still stretch from shore to shore alongside the later structure, will for ever remain associated with one of the most appalling of railway tragedies. On the evening of Sunday, 28th September, 1879, a terrific gale swept over Scotland, and, as the evening train left Newport for Dundee, it rose to its worst. Suddenly, in the gathering darkness, as the train reached the high girders at the centre of the bridge, a cataract of fire was seen, and train and bridge together, carrying seventy-four souls to their doom, plunged into the black waters of the Firth. Months afterwards the door of one of the first-class carriages was picked up by a fisherman off the Norwegian coast.

The noble Esplanade, stretching along the riverside for a mile or more west of the harbour, occupies ground slowly and perseveringly reclaimed by the citizens from the sea. The method and the result of this undertaking afford an admirable object lesson on the splendid possibilities of such work to other communities in Scotland.

The University, again, founded within the last thirty years, while the youngest of these institutions in Scotland, is in several respects the most interesting, not only for the promise of achievements to come, but also for the work already done within its walls.

For long, however, Dundee has been chiefly famous as a manufacturing centre. In ancient times its main industry was bonnet-making, and its Bonnet Hill and Bonnet-maker Corporation still commemorate the fact. Among other industries coarse woollens were at one time exported. At a later day the making of coloured sewing thread gave employment to sixty-six twisting mills. There were also the making of soap and cordage and the brewing of ale, as well as the tanning of leather, the last of which still survives in the only seal-skin tannery in the country. Dundee kid gloves also were once famous, and, helped by a duty on imports, the linen manufacture increased to a prodigious extent between the middle of the eighteenth and the middle of the nineteenth century. Latterly, however, linen has been largely replaced by jute as the staple industry of Dundee; and though of late years a strong rivalry has been experienced from the jute mills of Calcutta, with their low-priced Indian labour, Dundee still remains the chief jute manufacturing centre of the world.

Some twenty years ago the status of Dundee was raised from that of a town to that of a city, though the place was never the seat of a bishop. At the same time, the dignity of its chief magistrate was increased by the change of his title from Provost to Lord Provost. Dundee is to-day the third town in Scotland in population, and probably as prosperous as any in proportion to its size. Yet amid the whirr of its spinning-wheels, it does not fail to remember with pride that among its sons have been Hector Boece, the historian;

Robert Patullo, captain of the Scots Guards of Charles VII. of France; Sir George MacKenzie, the Bluidy MacKenzie of popular tradition, author of the *Institutes of Scots Law*; and James Bowman Lindsay, projector of wireless telegraphy; in addition to Admiral Duncan, the victor of Camperdown, already referred to.

DUNFERMLINE

UNTIL the Forth Bridge was opened in May, 1878, Dunfermline still remained a remote place, far in the heart of Fife, to which access was gained more or less romantically by passage over the firth at the old Queen's Ferry, the very name of which carried the mind back to the eleventh century and the comings and goings of the saintly Margaret, Queen of the famous Malcolm Canmore. By such an approach the visitor was more or less prepared for the old-world and romantic character of a considerable part of the town to which he was making pilgrimage. At the same time the people of Dunfermline themselves, shut off more or less by difficulty of access, formed a community of distinct Scottish character and pursuits. They were still more or less burghers as of the bygone days, following their own interests in their own way, and little moved by the stir and travail of the outer world. Though changes have occurred, and the town is now on the direct railway route to London, with a wealthy Carnegie Trust developing its amenities, and making it more or less a model place of residence, it still remains a shrine of many memories, and possesses relics in ruined palace and abbey and quaint old mottoed houses with historic names, which carry the mind back in vivid fashion to the dreams and deeds of many a bygone century.

Whether or not a village existed among the present woods on the hillside here in earlier times, the story of Dunfermline really begins in the latter part of the eleventh century, with the coming of that founder of a new dynasty in Scotland, Malcolm III., better known as the wise and vigorous Canmore or Big-head. Previous to his time the royal capital of Scotland had been Forteviot on the Earn, a few miles west of Perth, and there, no doubt, Canmore was himself born, the son, according to tradition, of "the gracious Duncan" and the miller's daughter in the haugh below. But, with the overthrow of his cousin Macbeth at Dunsinnan and Lumphanan, Malcolm seems to have thought



DUNFERMLINE ABBEY CHURCH, FROM PITTENCRIEFF GLEN.

Burial-place of Malcolm Canmore and Robert the Bruce.

it desirable to begin all things anew, and he chose for his royal residence the high rocky mound which rises, an almost impregnable peninsula, in the middle of Pittencrieff Glen. There one still may see a fragment of the stronghold which, according to tradition, was his capital seat. The village of Dunfermline at hand is believed to have come into existence by reason of the neighbourhood of the castle.

Malcolm was by no means the mere rough warrior described by many of our popular historians. He had been bred at the English court amid the same influences as his future wife and queen, and one of the things he did during the early days of his residence at Dunfermline was to establish there a church of the Culdees, who were then the national clergy of Scotland. This also, no doubt, helped the place to grow into importance.

The circumstances of Margaret's coming to Scotland are well known. She was the daughter of Edward, son of Edmund Ironside, King of England, and when Edmund's brother, Edward the Confessor, died in 1066, and the English throne was seized, first by Harold, son of Earl Godwin, and afterwards by William, Duke of Normandy, she, along with her brother, Edgar the Atheling, her mother, Agatha, and her sister, Christian, fled to the north, to seek refuge at the court of the young Scottish king with whom they were already intimate. Their ship put in at the little bay in the Firth of Forth still known from that event as St. Margaret's Hope, and forthwith the forlorn little royal party made its way to Dunfermline. At the roadside, near Pitreavie, two miles from the town, a stone used to be pointed out—it may still be there—on which Margaret is said to have rested, and there are many stories as to the meeting and wooing of the royal pair. Above a part of the glen which winds about the town a spot is still known as Wooer's Alley, and a rough cavern is still pointed out as the place where the two came to an understanding. Malcolm, it is said, had become jealous on account of certain mysterious absences of the Princess from his court, and, fearing an assignation with another lover, at last followed her through the recesses of the glen. He surprised her in this cave, and

there discovered her, not in the arms of a rival, but upon her knees praying for the welfare of himself and his kingdom. Such a discovery could have only one result, and Margaret became the wife of the ardent young Scottish king. They had many sons and daughters, including Edgar, Alexander, and David, all three of whom became in turn Kings of the Scots, and it is interesting to note that through this marriage the royal line of Alfred the Great came to be directly represented by the royal house of Scotland. They were a virile race, these princes and princesses of the Royal House, who were born in the old stronghold here, and they made good marriages. One of the daughters, Matilda, married Henry I., son of William the Conqueror, while another, Mary, married Eustace, Count of Boulogne, their daughter becoming the wife of King Stephen.

From Malcolm's time the church at Dunfermline became the burying-place of the Scottish kings and princes. Here was buried Malcolm's eldest son, Edward, who was killed in Jed Forest, also his second son, Edmund, and another named Ethelred, and here Malcolm himself was interred after his fall at the Battle of Alnwick. Here also was laid his English queen, Margaret, who by that time had brought about the first Reformation in Scotland, the supplanting of the Culdee Church by the feudal Church of Rome.

Wyntoun the chronicler records a curious tradition to illustrate Queen Margaret's devotion to her royal spouse. At a later day the church of Dunfermline had been extended, and it was desired to remove the dust of the royal pair to a more honourable place before the new high altar. The workmen proceeded first to remove the queen's sarcophagus, but their utmost efforts failed to lift it. They then turned to that of the king, which they carried to its new resting-place. After this was done they found no difficulty in removing the queen's remains. A loyalty which endured thus after death, though it might only be in popular fable, must have been in life unquestionable indeed.

Malcolm's sons, Edgar and Alexander I., both conferred lands on the church at Dunfermline, and both were buried

there. Their brother, David I., made it a Benedictine Abbey, brought monks from Canterbury for the purpose, and created its head, Gotfried, who had been Prior of Canterbury, a mitred abbot. By the time of the death of Alexander III., Dunfermline had become one of the greatest monasteries in Scotland. According to Matthew of Westminster "Its boundaries were so ample—containing within its precincts three carrucates of land, and having so many princely buildings—that three potent sovereigns with their retinues might have been accommodated with lodgings here at the same time without incommoding one another."

Alas! the grandeur of the place served only to excite the malice of one potent sovereign who came to reside within its walls. Edward I. of England quartered himself here from 6th November, 1303, till 10th February, 1304, being joined by his queen, the much loved Eleanor, and receiving the submission of a number of the Scottish nobles who had hitherto resisted his usurpation. On leaving the place, after the manner of the Germans by whose savagery the world was shocked and outraged six hundred years later, he caused it to be destroyed by fire, on the pretext that the nobles of Scotland had been accustomed to meet within its walls to devise measures for the defence of their native land. Only the church was spared, and a few of the monks' lodgings.

After the battle of Bannockburn the monastery was rebuilt by Robert the Bruce, and upon his death that great king was himself buried here with great sorrow and ceremony, along with his queen, Elizabeth, and his daughter, Christian, widow of Sir Andrew Moray.

As in the case of Malcolm Canmore, the tomb of Bruce had a subsequent history which is well described by Sir Walter Scott in his *Tales of a Grandfather*. When the present parish church came to be rebuilt, on the foundations of the old abbey church choir, the workmen, in February, 1818, came upon a royal tomb containing a skeleton wrapped in lead, with shreds of cloth of gold about it, which was recognised as that of the great king. A watch was set over it, and on a later day, in the presence of the Barons of

Exchequer and other notables, the tomb was again opened, a cast was taken of the skull, the stone coffin in which the remains lay was filled with melted pitch, and the whole was built over with mason-work. The sight greatly impressed the onlookers, who, after five centuries had passed, were, in the words of Sir Walter, privileged to look upon the head that had planned the destinies of Scotland, and the bones of the right arm which with one blow had slain the haughty De Bohun on the eve of the battle of Bannockburn.

According to Froissart, when Richard II. in 1385 invaded Scotland and burned Melrose, Dryburgh, and Edinburgh, he penetrated as far as Dunfermline, "a tolerably handsome town," and lodged in the "large and fair abbey," and upon departure his army burned both abbey and town. While he was here the Scots raided England and repaid themselves ten times for their losses.

Following the fashion of the early kings, many of the great nobles of Scotland of those days were buried in Dunfermline Abbey. Among them were the great Macduff, Thane of Fife, who played so memorable a part in bringing Malcolm Canmore to the throne; and Randolph, Earl of Moray, nephew and lieutenant of Bruce, and afterwards Regent of Scotland, with Robert, Duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland, the ambitious brother of King Robert III., at whose door is laid the starving to death at Falkland of Robert III.'s elder son, the Duke of Rothesay, and the betraying to a long imprisonment in England of that Duke's younger brother, the Earl of Carrick, afterwards James I.

It is not known at what date the old stronghold of Malcolm Canmore in Pittencrieff Glen was abandoned, but at an early period the royal residence appears to have been transferred to the site of the present palace adjoining the monastery. It was probably from the latter seat that Alexander III. sent his daughter to her marriage with Eric of Norway, as described in the earliest Scottish historical ballads, *Sir Patrick Spens*—

"The King sat in Dunfermline toun, drinking the bluid-red wine."

Within its walls, also, were born Bruce's son, David II., and



Photo. W. Ritchie & Sons.

PITTENCRIEFF HOUSE, DUNFERMLINE.
Now a Museum of the Carnegie Trust.

Scotland's poet-king, James I. This royal residence James IV. appears to have greatly enlarged, if he did not indeed entirely rebuild it, and he often resided within its walls. James V., also, and his daughter, Mary Queen of Scots, frequently dwelt here. In their time palace and abbey must have made Dunfermline a place of great magnificence.

Though the Abbey had probably never quite regained its grandeur of the days before the burning by Edward I. of England, it enjoyed a princely revenue in money and kind, and its great estates, rich vestments, jewels, plate, and other treasures had become a tempting prize for the spoiler. At the same time, if the word of the enemies of the old faith is to be believed, the lives of the prelates and men of religion who dwelt within these walls had come to be by no means above reproach. Accordingly, when the storm of the Reformation broke out, Dunfermline Abbey suffered along with the other religious houses of Scotland. In 1560 its great properties passed into the hands of Robert Pitcairn as Commendator. His tomb is still to be seen near the Abbey church. In 1589, the Abbey, with its lands and privileges, was erected into a temporal lordship, and conferred upon Anne of Denmark, Queen of James VI. Four years later the Queen made Alexander Seton, fourth son of the sixth Lord Seton, and a Lord of Session, heritable bailie of the Lordship, and he was afterwards created Earl of Dunfermline. In 1665 the Earl of Dunfermline assigned his rights in the Abbey to John, Earl of Tweeddale, for a debt, and the descendant of the latter, the Marquess of Tweeddale, still remains heritable keeper of the Palace, and Constable, Mayor, and Sergeant of the Lordship.

Meanwhile the ancient monastery buildings fell to ruin, and what remains of them to-day affords only a trifling glimpse of the former grandeur of the place. The chief fragments are the ruins of the ancient Fraternity, or dining-hall of the monastery, from the south windows of which one may still enjoy the magnificent view which formerly greeted the eyes of the religious brotherhood; and one may still admire in the west gable the exquisite sculptured proportions of perhaps the finest pointed window remaining in Scot-

land. Another fragment of former grandeur, also a fine specimen of the pointed style, is the ancient gateway of the Abbey, now known as the Pends. A further relic still remains in the nave of the old Abbey church. This is believed to date from the time of David I., and its curious pillars, with their zig-zag device furnishing an ocular deception, are probably unique.

The Palace, however, has several interesting memories of later date than the Reformation. Before his accession to the English crown, James VI. seems often to have resided here, and the window is still preserved of the room in which his son Charles I. was born. Here also was born Charles' sister, the Princess Elizabeth, who married Frederick, Elector Palatine, and became Queen of Bohemia, and whose daughter Sophia married Ernest Augustus, Elector of Hanover, and became mother of George I.

It was at Dunfermline that in 1581 James VI. and all his household subscribed the first National Covenant. In 1586 he built the spire which still adorns the western end of the Abbey church. In 1588 the king made the place a royal burgh. It had previously been a burgh of regality holding of the monks. And so much does James's queen, Anne of Denmark, seem to have been enamoured of the town that she built here in 1600, for her own separate residence near the Palace, a mansion which was known as the Queen's House, and which stood till 1797.

In July, 1633, Charles I. paid a visit to Dunfermline, held a court there, dubbed five gentlemen knights, and created Sir Robert Ker Earl of Ancrum. Seventeen years later, during his adventurous stay in Scotland, the young Charles II. resided in the palace for a few days, and it was here that he subscribed that remarkable document known as the Dunfermline Declaration, confirming the oath he had previously taken to adhere to the Scottish Covenant. But after Charles's time the building was allowed to fall into neglect. In 1708 the roof fell in, and soon the whole place became a ruin. Only the south wall, with its projecting windows, arched recesses, and ivied buttresses, now remains to recall the scenes of historic interest which have taken place within its apartments.

In the fifteenth century, while Palace and Abbey were still in their utmost glory, a literary lustre was added to the charm of the town by the dwelling here of the Scottish "makar," Robert Henrysone. The poet was master of the Sang Schule, and probably a notary public in the town. His *Testament of Cresseide* rivals the poem of Chaucer to which it is a sequel, while his pastoral, *Robene and Makyne*, remains unique in literature. His *Abbey Walk* reflects the charm of the old cloisters and the woodland paths in Pittencrieff Glen at hand, and his Fables contain a quiet humour as shrewd as it is delightful. At an earlier day Dunfermline had another interesting literary personality. This was Arnold Blair, a monk of the Abbey, who was chaplain to Sir William Wallace, and is said to have written a record of his times in two Latin books, which furnished the facts for the famous metrical narrative of Henry the Minstrel. David Ferguson, also, the author of the *Scottish Proverbs*, was the first Protestant minister of Dunfermline. His triangular-backed tombstone is to be seen between Kirkgate and the door of the church. Again, at a later day, in the eighteenth century, there was Elizabeth Halket of the family of Pittferrane, who married Sir Henry Wardlaw, first baronet of Pitreavie, also at hand, and who, obviously inspired by the ballad of *Sir Patrick Spens*, and the associations of Alexander III. with Dunfermline, as well as by her own acquaintance with the town of Largs on the Ayrshire coast, where her father owned a small estate, became author of the poem *Hardyknut*, dealing with the battle of Largs, which for so long passed as a genuine ancient ballad, and a rival in antiquity with *Sir Patrick Spens* itself. In Dunfermline also may be seen the house in which the hectic young divine, Robert Pollok, "the Scottish Milton," revised the proofs of his *Course of Time*, while in Pittencrieff Street is pointed out the early home of Robert Gilfillan, author of "Oh, why left I my hame."

Dunfermline was almost wholly destroyed by fire in 1624, and the inhabitants were so overwhelmed by the event that they were compelled, in the fashion of that time, to implore public aid from the towns and parishes of the

kingdom. The place was then little more than a rural village with about 1000 inhabitants, and it continued so till the beginning of the eighteenth century. Its prosperity came with the rise of the weaving industry. In 1740 this was important enough to allow the formation of an association of weavers in the town, but five years later, when Prince Charles Edward levied a contribution of eighty pounds from the place, it was only with the greatest difficulty that the sum could be raised. In 1749, however, the British Linen Company, then recently established, began to employ looms in the town; by 1763 Dunfermline table linen was finding its way to the London market; and from that day to this the business has prospered and developed so as to be one of the greatest industries of the kingdom.

It was amid this rising prosperity, in the middle of the seventeenth century, that Dunfermline became the scene of the earliest of the great movements of religious dissent for which Scotland has become notorious. This was the movement headed by Ralph Erskine, who had been appointed successively in 1711 and 1716 minister of the first and second charges in Dunfermline Abbey church. In 1721 he became known as one of "the twelve apostles" of the new movement; in 1737 he seceded, and in 1740, along with his colleagues, he was deposed by the Church of Scotland. His supporters built for him a gaunt new church in Queen Anne Street, and he became the founder of the body known as the Original Seceders. A stone statue of him was erected a hundred years later in front of the church, and his pulpit in the old Abbey was still later acquired by Sir Walter Scott, and converted into two small side-tables now in the hall at Abbotsford.

At the present hour the chief monument of the past in Dunfermline is the Abbey Church. This suffered both at the Reformation and at the hands of Cromwell's soldiery, and only the nave of the older building now remains. The newer part, rebuilt in 1818, on the site of the ancient choir, forms the present parish church, and by way of intimation that it forms the shrine of the great liberator of Scotland its tower bears in openwork masonry round the top the words "King Robert the Bruce."

The old market-cross of Dunfermline, which was similar to those of Edinburgh and Aberdeen, was removed in 1752, but its surmounting pillar, crowned with a lion rampant, was preserved by being built into the corner of a house. Dunfermline, however, has also a number of other old buildings which, in the style of their architecture, recall the life and manners of bygone times. Perhaps the most interesting of these is the Abbot's house in Maygate, which shows traces of French influence. It bears over its doorway an inscription which Sir Walter Scott quoted at the head of a chapter in one of his novels—

“ Sin vord is thrall and thocht is fre,
Keip veill thy tonge I coinsell the.”

This last-named feature is perhaps more common on the old Dunfermline houses than in any other place in Scotland except Edinburgh, and many of the mottoes are peculiarly shrewd and quaint. Similarly, the inscriptions on the tombstones in the Abbey church graveyard are sometimes not a little suggestive. A typical specimen is that of a deceased spoonmaker, who evidently survived his two wives and large family. The names of the latter entirely fill one side of the family gravestone, and when the head of the house at last passed away his name had to be inscribed on the back. Accordingly his inscription runs: “ Here lyes the bodye of William Spooner, husband to the two females on the other side of this stone.”

Of late Dunfermline has figured largely in public view through the endeavours of one of its most famous natives to make it a model town. The humble birthplace of Dr. Andrew Carnegie, the American steel magnate and millionaire, late of Skibo, is still to be seen. Among the earliest of his gifts on his return to Scotland was a Free Library and Reading-Room for Dunfermline, to which were added later through his munificence three handsome branch libraries with well-kept bowling greens. He also provided baths and a gymnasium for working men at a cost of £45,000. Finally, he established a Trust with a revenue of £25,000 a year for the improvement of the place. By this Trust the High School and the Technical College

have been so developed and equipped as to be amongst the best in the kingdom, and a School of Music has been established as a representative of the old Sang Schule of monkish times, which is making Dunfermline famous as a music centre; while a College of Hygiene, with hostel and gymnasia, is making the place hardly less famous as a centre of physical culture. But most popular of all the achievements of the Trust has been the acquisition of Pittencrieff Glen, the adaptation of its quaint old mansion-house to the purposes of a museum, and the laying out of its grounds as a public park. Here one may still enjoy to perfection the sights and sounds so charmingly described by that old haunter of the precincts, Robert Henryson:

“ Sueit was the smell of flouris quhyt and reid,
 The noyis of birdis rycht delitious;
 The bewis brod blwmyt abone my heid;
 The grund growand with grassis gratus,
 Of all pleasans that place was plenteous,
 With sueit odours and birdis armonie;
 The mornynge mild my mirth was mair forthy.

 The roseis reid arrayit rone and ryss,
 The primrose and the purple viola;
 To heir it was a poynt of paradyss,
 Sic myrth the mavyss and the merle cowth ma:
 The blossoms blyth brak up on bank and bra;
 The smell of herbis, and of foulis the cry,
 Contending quha suld have the victory.”

With all these benefactions and advantages Dunfermline has every reason to congratulate itself that its character and atmosphere of the nineteenth century bred the boy who was to become the developer of the great steel industry of America.

At a later day another chapter seemed to be opening in Dunfermline's history. As the coming of the Princess Margaret to the shore of the Firth below began a new era in the annals of the place and of Scotland, the planting near the same spot of the great Naval Base of Rosyth seemed likely to mean a development, the ultimate extent of which it was impossible to foretell. In that direction the town of Dunfermline extends half-way across the Forth, and includes the

whole of the Rosyth establishment. With the removal of the German menace from the shores of the North Sea, however, has come a change in policy that may mean much to the fortunes of the place.

DUNOON

AS a place of resort, during the great war with Germany, Dunoon possessed the advantage of lying within the protected area of the Firth of Clyde. For this reason it suffered less than some others of the firth-side towns, its means of communication being less liable to interruption by reason of naval operations in the Firth. As a matter of fact, while some classes of its visitors probably diminished, others increased, since the war sent money circulating in new channels, and the bright little shoreside town accordingly remained as bright and popular a place of resort as ever in the summer months. If excursions from the place by road and steamer were somewhat curtailed, the interests and charm of Dunoon itself remained unchanged. In these it is richer than many a place of greater fame, and one has only to know Dunoon in the latter part of May or the beginning of September to understand the attraction which draws so many thousands of pleasure-seekers to the place year after year in the height of the season.

Within recent times Dunoon has shown itself to be one of the most enterprising and progressive of watering-places. Its modern story as a holiday resort began with the rise of steamboat enterprise on the Firth of Clyde a hundred years ago. The new facilities then offered for reaching the western shores of the Firth induced several of the great Glasgow merchants to build mansions along these shores, and while the famous Kirkman Finlay employed David Hamilton, architect of Glasgow Royal Exchange, to build for him the noble house of Castle Toward five miles to the south; and at Camus-Reinach, "the bay of ferns," a few miles in the other direction, Hunter of Hafton built Hafton House and the pier from which the spot takes its present name of Hunter's Quay: James Ewing of Strathleven, West India merchant, Lord Provost and M.P. for Glasgow, built at Dunoon his marine villa, now known as the Castle House. The example of these leaders was soon followed, and from

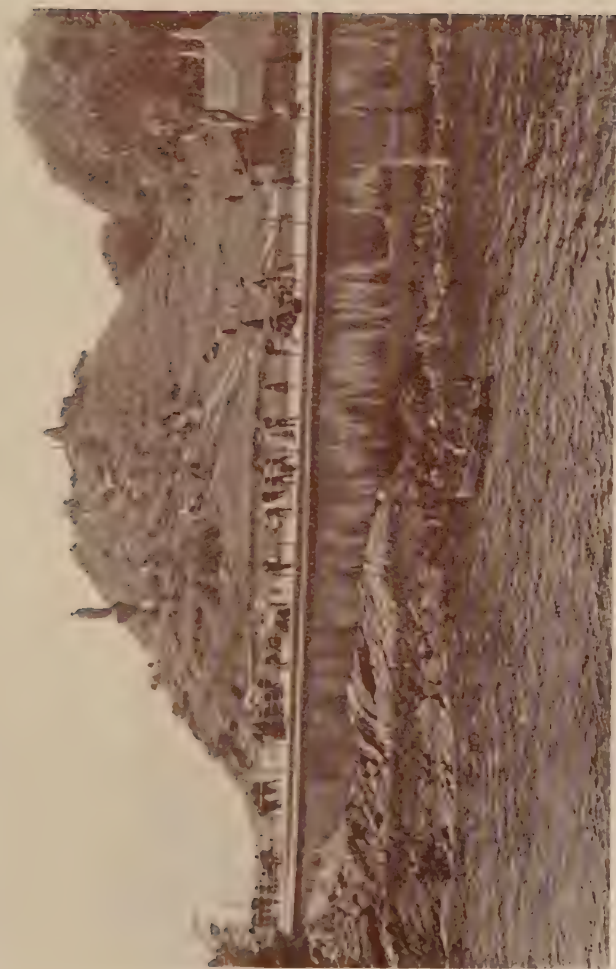


Photo. I & E. Auchin & Sons.

THE CASTLE HILL, DUNOON.

The monument on the hillside is that of Burns's Highland Mary, who was born at Auchamore farm above the town.

that time till now the town has grown and spread, till to-day it is officially recognised as capital of the Cowal district, seat of the law courts for Argyllshire, and one of the most popular, prosperous, and delightful sea-coast resorts in the kingdom. Its grammar school, which claims to date from 1695 at least, is a complete seminary of primary, secondary, and technical education; its shops, hotels, and boarding-houses provide all the comforts of civilisation; its golf links and bowling green afford ample exercise and entertainment; its boating facilities are unsurpassed; the sea-fishing round the Gantocks is perhaps the best on the Firth of Clyde; and an up-to-date Town Council maintains attractions for the musical public by means of bands on the esplanade and concerts in the Castle Gardens.

The interests of Dunoon, however, are not only those of an up-to-date modern watering-place. No town of its size in Scotland is richer in memories of the tragedy of the past. It needs only the pen of a great romancer to rebuild the drama of its old unhappy far-off things to assure for Dunoon a place in popular esteem alongside such historic spots as Stirling, Berwick, and Dunbar.

Of the earliest chapters in the story of Dunoon sufficient memorials yet remain to enable the antiquary to build up a tale of no little interest and suggestiveness. The cromlech at Ardenadam suggests its own picture of life on these shores when the worshippers of Baal kindled their fires on the heights. The betrothal ceremonies still performed by young men and maidens at that cromlech are no doubt the counterparts of similar functions performed there by the young men and maidens of two thousand years ago. The Roman station at Ardenslate, again, keeps its own memories of the outposts of that mighty empire of the past which played its part on these shores not less effectively in its time than it did on the banks of the Tiber and in the towns of Italy. And the Castle Hill of Dunoon itself keeps, locked in its heart, the relics of the Norse invaders, who here, as at Rothesay and Brodie, are believed to have built a stronghold to secure their conquests of the eighth and ninth centuries.

It is in the year 1334 that Dunoon first comes into the

clear light of written history. During the previous two hundred years the High Stewards, from their seat at Renfrew, had fought with the Norsemen and driven them out of Cowal and Bute, and the strongholds of Rothesay and Dunoon had become seats of the Stewart race. On Tom-anhoid, the Mote-hill, behind the Castle, were held the Stewart's baron courts of justice, and on the dule-tree at hand, immediate and conclusive effect was given to their judgments. In the end Walter, the High Steward who fought at Bannockburn, married the Princess Marjory, daughter of King Robert the Bruce, and when the great king died at Cardross, a few miles up the Firth, the son of this pair, though one of the great nobles of Scotland, was a young man untried in war. His opportunity was soon to come, and Dunoon was to be the scene of his exploit. In 1334 Scotland had been overrun by Edward Baliol. Its armies had been defeated at the disastrous battles of Dupplin and Halidon Hill, and when Baliol acknowledged Edward III. of England as his overlord, it looked as if all the hardships, struggles, and battles of Bruce and the Scottish heroes had been in vain. Bruce's son, the young David II., was an exile in France, and the next heir, Robert, the young High Steward, had been driven into hiding among his Brandanes of Bute. At last the Steward saw his opportunity. Escaping from Bute, he secretly raised his vassals, and, appearing suddenly before Dunoon, stormed and took his stronghold there from the English garrison. This was the signal for a new awakening of the Scottish spirit; stronghold after stronghold throughout the country was taken from the English; and before long the realm was once more free.

Among those who had helped Stewart to storm Dunoon was Sir Colin Campbell of Lochow, and nearly forty years later, when Stewart himself became King Robert II., he rewarded Campbell by making him hereditary keeper of the Royal castle here. In this way the Campbells of Argyll first obtained a footing in Cowal, and from that time onward, with the pertinacity in acquisition which was for several centuries the most striking characteristic of their family, they never failed to take advantage of every opportunity to increase their hold on the district.

Cowal at that time belonged to the chiefs of Clan Lamont, but in face of the steady erosion by the Campbells, these chiefs gradually lost territory and influence. To begin with, in 1400, when the king's court was at Rothesay, three young gallants crossed over to hunt at Ardyne, and tried to carry off some young women of Cowal. The cries of the girls brought some sons of the Lamont chief to their help, and, in the struggle which followed, the ravishers were slain. The story of the occurrence was told to the king with embellishments, and as a result the lands of Strath-Echaig were taken from the Lamonts and bestowed on the Campbells. Forty years later, Celestine, son of the Black Knight of Lochow, died, and on the pretext that the snow was too deep to carry the body to Inveraray, Campbell asked permission from the Lamont Chief to bury it at Kilmun. This was granted, and Campbell proceeded to acquire further prescriptive rights by endowing Kilmun as a collegiate kirk. From that day to this Kilmun has been the burying-place of the Argyll family. Next, in 1472, Colin, Earl of Argyll, procured a charter of the West Bay of Dunoon and Innellan, and from that time the Argyll family made Dunoon a frequent place of residence. Argyll was here when, in 1544, the Earl of Lennox, having failed to seize Dunbarton Castle for Henry VIII. of England, dropped back down the Firth. Fire was opened from Dunoon on the ten English vessels, but it failed of its purpose, and Lennox, landing, burned the village and plundered the church. Again, in 1563, Argyll, who was married to Queen Mary's favourite half-sister, received the queen here, and entertained her with two days of hunting, before she passed on to dine at Toward with the Lamont chief and be ferried over to Southannan Castle at Fairlie. One can imagine the fair young queen on that occasion taking part in the amusements of the day by playing at bowls on the Castle green on a site now covered by the corner of Agnes Street and Victoria Road, and competing in archery at the cuspars or butts, where the present West Bay Terrace stands. It was the Earl of Argyll of that day who, five years later, was to play the pusillanimous part

which lost Mary the battle of Langside and her crown and kingdom.

Eighty years later Dunoon was to see the final act in the process of the grasping of land from the Lamonts by the Campbells. Archibald, Marquess of Argyll, was at the head of the Covenanting Government of Scotland. His royalist opponent, the Marquess of Montrose, had been overthrown at Philiphaugh, and Argyll proceeded to make the utmost use of his opportunity. While an army of the Covenant was sent to destroy finally the Macdonalds and Macdougalls, two other clans which his house had been for centuries supplanting, Argyll's own followers proceeded to make an end of the Lamonts in Cowal. Besieging them in their castles of Ascog and Toward, they induced them to surrender; then, in violation of the pledges given, they first shut them up in Toward Castle courtyard while they plundered the Lamont lands; then they carried them off to Dunoon, hanged thirty-six gentlemen on a certain ash tree there, and murdered some two hundred others of the clan with dirks and pistol shots, throwing them, many not yet dead, into a pit, where their bones were discovered during the making of a road in the present century.

Compared with this event that other Campbell coup, the massacre of Glencoe some half century later, was a trifle. Unlike the authors of the later massacre, however, Argyll paid for his Dunoon enterprise with his head at the Restoration. The cruelties practised by the Covenanters on this and other occasions when their star was in the ascendant, to some extent led to the stringent measures which were meted out to them at a later day, when the tables had been turned, and of which so much has been made by the popular historians of Scotland. On Tom-a-Mhoid, the scene of the massacre at Dunoon, a memorial was erected by the Clan Lamont Society some dozen years ago.

Dunoon shared in the retribution which befell the house of Argyll in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The Glied Marquess himself was captured at Carrick Castle on Loch Long not far away, and carried off to execution at Edinburgh; and twenty-five years later, when the rebellion



Photo. T & R. Annan & Sons.

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DUNOON.

of his son, the Earl of Argyll, collapsed at Old Kilpatrick, and that nobleman was carried off a prisoner, to sleep the "last sleep of Argyll" in Edinburgh Castle, the Atholl men descended upon this district, and, amid other destruction, burned the Castle of Dunoon. From that time the stronghold has remained a ruin, and most of its stones have been used to build the houses of the town.

After the Restoration, the Bishops of Argyll are believed to have resided occasionally here, the lairds of Cowal, like those of Ballochyle and Knockdow, had town houses in the place, and the ancient ferry from Dunoon to the Ayrshire coast, which was the chief means of communication between the West Highlands and southern Scotland, brought a certain amount of traffic and prosperity to the town. But by and by, when General Wade's road was made over Glen-croe, by Rest and be Thankful and the head of Loch Long, the ferry was disused, and Dunoon decayed, till it was a mere Highland clachan on the Firth shore.

Two conflicts which took place while it was in this condition afford a curious contrast to the heroic scenes of siege and capture in an earlier time. The former of these, in July, 1787, arose out of the notoriety of the place as a haunt of smugglers. A party of these law-breakers was surprised near the Castle Rocks, and in the struggle which ensued a smuggler was shot. For this, the excise officer was tried in Edinburgh, and it is curious to know that one of the members of the jury which acquitted him was the notorious Deacon Brodie, afterwards hanged for housebreaking.

The second incident occurred in the year 1835. After building his marine villa, James Ewing of Strathleven made an attempt to enclose the adjoining Castle Hill with a wall and railing. Against this invasion of their liberties the villagers sallied out, and each night, headed by the women with shovels and fire-irons, destroyed the workmen's labours of the day. For this the women were tried at Inveraray, but the prosecution failed, and they returned home amid great rejoicing.

Meanwhile there had occurred at Dunoon an unnoticed event which was to leave its mark upon Scottish literature

for all time. Half a mile above the town, by the side of the Balgie Burn, the present farmhouse of Auchamore stands on the site of the thatched cottage in which, according to tradition, Burns's Highland Mary was born. Hither it was that she came in 1787, in preparation, it is believed, for that marriage to the poet which was never to take place. And in memory of these facts and of her tragic story, her monument stands now on the Castle Hill, with its face turned towards the Ayrshire coast where those happy love episodes of her life had taken place, which are immortalised in the verse and story of the poet.

The Balgie Burn, with the rustic path winding upwards by its side, is still a noted lovers' strolling place. Its charms have been recited in William Cameron's song, "Will ye gang to the Baugie Burn, Mary, Mary?" Another glen in the neighbourhood, at the head of the West Bay, is similarly celebrated by the same poet under the name of "Morag's fairy Glen." And an amusing set of verses by another Glasgow poet, the once well-known Andrew Park, commemorates the days when the railway from Glasgow to Greenock was first opened, and brought a new rush of visitors and a new flood of prosperity to the place.

'Twas on a Monday morning soon,
 As I lay snoring at Dunoon,
 Dreaming of wonders in the moon,
 I nearly lost the railway.
 So up I got, put on my clothes,
 And felt, as you may well suppose,
 Of sleep I scarce had half a doze,
 Which made my yawns as round as O's.
 No matter, on went hat and coat,
 A cup of coffee, boiling hot,
 I poured like lava down my throat,
 In haste to catch the railway.
 Racing, chasing, to the shore,
 Those who fled from every door—
 There never was such haste before,
 To catch the Greenock railway, etc.

The coming of the railway to Greenock, added to the facilities afforded by the finest fleet of river steamers in the world, rapidly brought Dunoon to the front as a coast

resort. In 1835 the ferry boats which used to ply from the steamer to the shore were superseded by a wooden jetty a hundred and thirty yards long, built by a joint stock company. This was replaced later by a pier built by Hunter of Hafton, in the making of which, it is said, Robert Louis Stevenson, then a young engineer, took part. Later still, the pier was taken over by Dunoon Town Council, which developed it, at a cost of £50,000, into the present spacious structure with promenade, offices, and waiting rooms, which was opened by Lord and Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch in 1898. The town also spent some £40,000 in transforming the narrow and dangerous roadway which formerly ran along the shore from the West Bay to Kirn, into a broad and handsome promenade, one of the finest on the coast. In 1893, again, James Ewing's marine villa, the Castle House, with its grounds, was acquired by the town, which spent £15,000 in building a pavilion, and laying out the place as a concert room and wet weather resort.

Of the many delightful rambles out of Dunoon, the most favoured are that to the southward, along the bosky Bullwood shore, to Innellan, and that northward by the beautiful little Loch Loskin, the famous Dunoon Convalescent Home, the Recreation Park, and the cemetery, to Kirn and Sandbank. Loch Loskin itself, with its water lilies, its wild swans, wild duck, and heron, has been celebrated by no less a writer than Robert Louis Stevenson, and its beauties have deservedly a cherished place in the thoughts of every native of Dunoon.

With all its modern amenities this charming coast town possesses the attraction of being closely in touch with some of the finest Highland scenery, and at the present hour not less true than when they were written are the verses describing the charm of the place, from the pen of Thomas Lyle, the Glasgow surgeon-poet of a hundred years ago, who is best known as author of the well-known song, "Kelvin-grove."

See, the glowworm lights her fairy lamp
From a beam of the rising moon,
On the heathy shore, at even fall,
'Twixt Holy Loch and dark Dunoon.

Her fairy lamp's pale silvery glare
From the dew-clad mountain flower,
Invites my wandering footsteps there
At the lonely twilight hour.

When the distant beacon's revolving light
Bids my lone step seek the shore;
There the rush of the flow-tide's rippling wave
Meets the dash of the fisher's oar
And the dim-seen steamboat's hollow sound,
As she seaward tracks her way.
All else are asleep in the still calm night,
And robed in the misty grey.

When the glowworm lights her elfin lamp,
And the night-breeze sweeps the hill,
It's sweet on thy rock-bound shores, Dunoon,
To wander at fancy's will.
Eliza ! with thee in this solitude
Life's cares would pass away
Like the fleecy clouds over grey Kilmun
At the wake of early day.

FALKIRK

“**T**OUCH ane touch a’: better meddle wi’ the de’il than the Bairns o’ Falkirk.” This ancient watchword of the burgh of the old Livingstone family, emblazoned on its arms in 1906, still remains fairly characteristic of the temper of the inhabitants of the place. The Bairns o’ Falkirk have always had a reputation for pugnacity, and for standing by one another in a difficulty, which is enjoyed to the same extent by no others in Scotland. Possibly the characteristic dates from very early times indeed, since from its situation just outside the Roman wall the earliest inhabitants of the spot must have found themselves constantly in the midst of conflict between the legionaries and the northern Picts. On a Saturday night, when the town is full of iron-workers, coal-miners, and agricultural labourers, from the surrounding districts, the pugilistic qualities acquired in those long past times may still be seen strongly in evidence.

Curiously enough, until now Falkirk has been passed by in the fashionable search for quaint features and antiquarian interest. No tourist agency has exploited its attractions, and no publisher has thought it worth while to issue a guidebook detailing its memories. It is a very quaint and interesting place, nevertheless, and the Bairns o’ Falkirk may justly be proud both of the features and memories of their fine old town. It may be doubted whether any other community in Scotland affords so good an illustration, in its history and development, of the growth and progress of a hamlet and burgh from the earliest times to the present day.

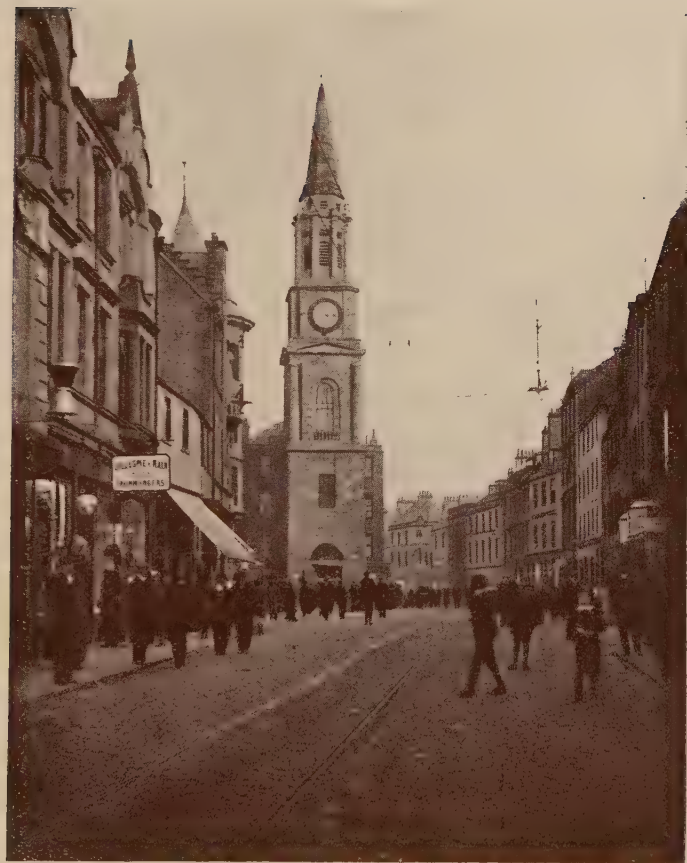
The beginnings of Falkirk were possibly owed to the fact that here stood one of the Roman stations, known as Agricola’s forts, on the line of the great wall which crossed Scotland from east to west. Remains of the wall itself, vallum and ditch, almost perfect, are still to be seen in the Bantaskine woods and on Callendar estate at hand; Roman urns and other remains have been found at Parkhouse and in the Pleasance of the town itself, and in 1913 a hypo-

caust, or warming apparatus, was uncovered just below the surface on the farm of Mumrills at Lauriston.

The name of the village of Camelon, a mile to the west of the town, recalls some of the most interesting memories of early Scotland. Old Camelon, which stood half a mile to the north-west, was in Roman times a seaport on the Carron, five furlongs outside the gate by which an important road ran through the great wall. According to Boece, this was the Camelodunum of Tacitus; Roy, in his *Military Antiquities*, gives a plan of the place; and relics which have been turned up there—certain carved stones, an anchor, and the brass top of a flagstaff, confirm the identity of the spot. This Camelon, indeed, and other forts or “Caers” along its banks, are believed to have given the water at hand its name of Caer-avon or Carron. Here it was that Fingal in his youth defeated the Roman Caracalla, son of the Emperor Severus, about the year 211, as referred to in the Ossianic poem of “Comala,” and later strife between Scots and Picts at the same spot is also described in the verse of the Gaelic bard.

Camelon, however, remains chiefly famous for the great battle fought there in the year 537. Following his famous victory on Badon Hill, near Linlithgow, the British King Arthur had given the country peace from the inroads of the heathen Picts and Angles for twenty years; but in 537 his sister's son, Medraut, whose sister Theneu, by the way, was the mother of St. Mungo, again brought in the Pictish hordes from the north, and in the great battle of Camelon Arthur was overthrown and slain. A curious beehive ashlar building, known as Arthur's O'on, which stood some three miles off on the estate of Stenhouse, was possibly the tomb of the famous British king. It was removed in 1743 by the laird of Stenhouse estate for the purpose of repairing a mill dam.

Falkirk itself is believed to have taken its name from the place of worship erected here in early times, either as the Fail, or turf Kirk, or the Vallum Kirk, *i.e.*, the Kirk on the Roman Wall, though, like Kirkintilloch (Caerpentulich), the name may really refer to the Roman Fort, and not to a



FALKIRK HIGH STREET AND TOWN STEEPLE.

Facing p. 136.

kirk at all. The Gaelic name, however, was Eglais Bhreac, the "Spotted Kirk," a name believed to be derived from the spotted appearance of the church, erected in the time of Malcolm Canmore with the blackened stones of the burned Roman town of Old Camelon close by. When the pre-reformation church was taken down in 1810, there was found among the debris a small marble slab inscribed to the memory of Grim or Graeme, the famous Pictish chieftain, who is said to have been first to break through the Roman wall in this neighbourhood. and so gave it the name of Grim's or Graeme's Dyke.

The "Spotted Kirk" of Malcolm Canmore's time was still standing on the hill-side, when, in 1298, there took place on the plain below the great battle which settled the destinies of Scotland for that time. One can picture there the three great schiltrums, or circular masses, of the Scottish army under Sir William Wallace, as described by Henry the Minstrel, gradually being surrounded and overwhelmed by the English hosts under Edward I., the "Hammer of the Scots," and one may picture, after the battle, Wallace finding on the spot the body of his friend, Sir John the Graham, who had fallen. It is a pathetic picture as described by the poet:

"Quhen thai him fand, and gud Wallace him saw,
 He lychtyt down, and hynt him fra thaim aw
 In armys vp. Behaldand his pail face,
 He kyssyt him, and cryt full oft, 'Allace!
 My best brothir in warld that euir I had!
 My afald freind quhen I was hardest stad!
 My hop, my heill, thow was in maist honour!
 My faith, my help, my strenthiast in stour!
 In the was wyt, fredom, and hardines,
 In the was treuth, manheid, and nobilnes;
 In the was rewl, in the was gouernans;
 In the was wertu with-outyn warians;
 In the lawte, in the was gret largnes;
 In the gentrice, in the was stedfastnes.
 Thow was gret caus off wynnyng off Scotland,
 Thocht I began and tuk the wer on hand.
 I wou to God that has the warld in wauld
 Thi dede sall be to Sotheroun full der sauld.
 Martyr thow art for Scotlandis rycht and me;
 I sall the wenge, or ellis tharfor de.' "

The tomb of Sir John the Graham is still to be seen in Falkirk churchyard, with three tombstones over it, of different dates, one over the other, all three bearing the inscription :

Monte manaque potens Vallae fidus Achates,
Conditur hic Gramus bello interfectus ab Anglis
XXII Julii anno 1298

Heir lyes Sir John the Grame, baith wight and wise,
Ane of the chiefs who resc Hewit Scotland thrice;
Ane better knight not to the world was lent
Nor was gude Grame of truth and hardiment.

Grahamston, the lower part of Falkirk, takes its name from this hero, and Bainsford, or Briansford, further out, perpetuates the name of a Knight Templar who fell in the battle.

Falkirk again appears in history in the days of James III. It was here that the rebel nobles, with the young prince, afterwards James IV., in their midst, encamped before marching to the battle at Sauchieburn, where the king was defeated and slain. And again, in the boyhood of James V. it was in Falkirk that the Earl of Angus, who had married the king's mother, and had earned the king's hate by keeping him long under control, was by the king's herald declared stripped of all his great offices and power. The only relics remaining of those days, besides the tombstone of Sir John the Graham already mentioned, are the porch and tower of the old church, and, within the porch, four effigies removed from the south transept of that pre-reformation building. These effigies are believed to represent some of the earliest feudal lords of Callendar, on whose estate the town is built.

These lords of Callendar took part in some of the most dramatic events of Scottish history. The first charter of the estate was one by King Alexander II. to Malcolm de Callender in the twelfth century, and the Livingstone family became possessed of the barony a hundred years later, in the reign of David II. In the days of James I. Alexander Livingstone of Callendar was one of the small band of councillors who supported the king in the *coup d'état* which

effected the downfall of the usurping family of Albany and its supporters. In the following reign it required a similar *coup d'etat* to overthrow the faction of the Livingstones themselves, who, by that time, had risen to the supreme power, and, along with the Earl of Douglas, had held the boy king in bondage. At the bridge of Inchbelly on the Kelvin, near Kirkintilloch, where they had met in council, five members of the family were seized, and, with Sir Alexander Livingstone of Callendar himself, were thrown into prison, from which two of them only emerged to be hanged and beheaded as traitors on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh. In these events the little town of Falkirk must have possessed a vital interest, for its inhabitants were among the feudal retainers of the Livingstones. The family, however, continued to increase in power. James, Lord Livingstone, held the lucrative and responsible position of Chamberlain at the court of James III., and in the childhood of Mary Queen of Scots, Lord Livingstone was one of the two noblemen entrusted with the care of the queen. His daughter was one of the four Marys who accompanied the Queen of Scots to France, and to the last the Livingstones were among the most warm and intimate of the queen's friends. At Callendar House the room is still to be seen in which the queen slept on at least one occasion, when, at great personal risk to herself, she came to attend a baptism in the family.

At the Reformation the church lands of Falkirk were feued to Sir John Bellenden, whose son, Sir Lewis, in 1606, conveyed them to his brother-in-law, the seventh Lord Livingstone of Callendar. Increasing in wealth and power the Livingstones became Earls of Linlithgow, and, as feudal superiors, in 1600 secured the erection of Falkirk into a burgh of barony, governed by the Earl and his baron-bailie. Then, in 1634, the Earl of Linlithgow granted the Barony of Callendar to his brother, Sir James Livingstone, who was created Lord Almond and Falkirk and Earl of Callendar by Charles I. The Earl had his town of Falkirk erected in 1646 into a burgh of regality. He set up a market cross and built a court-house and prison. He made the burgesses and chose the magistrates, and on the great old dule-tree

which stood till 1826 in front of Callendar House, he "justified," as occasion required, the breakers of the law.

As befitted their traditions the Livingstones were strong supporters of the Stewart kings. When Charles I. was a prisoner in the hands of the English parliament the Earl of Callendar was one of those who joined the engagement to rescue him, and with many Falkirk followers attached himself to the army of the Duke of Hamilton, which entered England for the purpose. In consequence of these sympathies Callendar House was stormed and taken by Cromwell, as he marched to the Torwood to give battle to Charles II. in 1651.

In politics the people of Falkirk sided with their lord, and the kirk session records, like the records of many other rural districts of Scotland, show that the Solemn League and Covenant was signed by them very unwillingly and, indeed, under strong compulsion. During his stay in this part of Scotland General Monk resided at Callendar House, but his presence appears to have been little to the taste of the Bairns of Falkirk, for when, after ten years' exile in Holland, the Earl of Callendar returned at the Restoration, he was received with great rejoicing. It was he who gave the town its old Cross Well, replaced in 1817.

At the revolution in 1689, when the Stewart kings were finally expelled, this burgh of the Livingstones was evidently suspect, for Lord Angus's regiment of Covenanters, the original Cameronians, was quartered here to maintain the peace. When the Earl of Mar, in 1715, raised his standard for another restoration of the exiled Stewart dynasty, he was joined by the Earl of Callendar, who was also now Earl of Linlithgow, but after the collapse of the Rebellion on the Sheriffmuir, the Earl had to betake himself to exile, and his great estates were forfeited.

Falkirk, however, had not seen the last of the fortunes and misfortunes of the Stewart race. It was still to witness the last brilliant victory achieved by their arms. In his valiant and heroic attempt to regain the throne of his ancestors Prince Charles Edward had flashed like a meteor from the Highlands across the Border and back again. He was at



Callear House, Falkirk, the Seat of Mr Charles Forbes of Callear.

Mary Queen of Scots stayed in the older part to the right, and here the Countess of Kilmarnock, heiress of the ancient Earls of Livingston, awaited the news of her husband's execution after the rebellion of 1745.

Stirling with his little Highland army, on the way to the north, when he heard that General Hawley with the government forces had reached Falkirk, and he conceived one of those sudden attacks which were always the most successful of the military movements of the Highlanders. Sweeping suddenly southward through the Torwood, he made for the high ground above Falkirk. The officers of the government troops became aware of the movement, and sent a message to General Hawley. This commander, however, was allowing himself to be entertained not wisely but too well at Callendar House by the Countess of Kilmarnock, whose motives can be understood from the fact that her husband was with the Jacobite forces. Hawley's officers proceeded to advance their troops out of the town, and a race took place between them and the Prince's men for possession of the high ground to the south. The Highlanders won the race, and, as the government forces came up to the high ground above Bantaskine, a storm of sleet drove full in their faces, and at the same moment they were met with a volley of musketry which emptied many saddles. As the dragoons wheeled about and galloped over their own infantry in panic, the Highlanders charged, sword in hand. Had it not been for three regiments which kept their formation behind a ravine the government troops would have been utterly cut to pieces. Here it was that most of the Highlanders who fell lost their lives on that January day. In the churchyard of the town a noble monument commemorates Sir Robert Munro, Bart., and his brother, who were among the fallen. To confer the highest honour possible upon one of their own fallen officers the Jacobites opened the grave of Sir John the Graham, and buried him there.

While General Hawley galloped hatless to Linlithgow Palace, which was burned down that night by the heedlessness of his troops, Prince Charles entered Falkirk and slept in the house of a zealous adherent opposite the steeple. Curiously enough, a fortnight later, the same lodging was occupied by the Prince's pursuer, the Butcher Duke of Cumberland. The house has been entirely rebuilt since

then, but the room where the "cousins" slept has been reproduced in the new building, the property of Messrs John Watson & Sons, bootmakers. In its title deeds the house is described as "The Great Lodging," and it was probably at that time the most considerable dwelling in the town. It is said to have been at the time the property of a Mrs Grahame, daughter of Livingstone of Bedlormy, and a descendant of the Earls of Linlithgow and Callendar. Above the fireplace in the room is still to be seen the original overmantel, a fine piece of wood-carving of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, representing the judgment of Solomon.

Curiously enough the tenement had also a connection with a still later clash of arms in the Falkirk neighbourhood. In 1820, at the time of the Radical Rising, one of its tenants was a certain John Johnstone, better known as "Radical Jock." When the rebels of that ill-advised movement had been defeated on the Bonnymuir, some three miles south-west of the town, "Radical Jock" was put upon trial, but was acquitted. On his return home he received something like an ovation. He carried on a shoemaker's business in these premises till 1846.

Meanwhile the great Callander estate had passed into other hands. At Callendar House, after the collapse of the Jacobite rising at Culloden, the family of the Earl of Kilmarnock awaited in shuddering horror and grief the news of the execution of that nobleman on Tower Hill. The estate was next owned by the York Buildings Company. On the failure of that vast undertaking it was put up for sale, and disposed of in 1783 to the great-grandfather of the present proprietor. A tradition runs that the government intended to knock it down to one of its own friends, and that the auctioneer mistook Mr. Forbes for that individual. Only when the hammer had fallen did he realise his mistake, whereupon he demanded the purchaser's securities. At that, it is said, Mr. Forbes produced a government bond for £100,000, and requested the auctioneer to give him the change. The new laird of Callendar had just made a large fortune out of sheathing the bottoms of the king's ships with copper.

Down to the end of the eighteenth century Falkirk may be said to have remained an agricultural town. Its great occasions were its feeing fairs, when farmers resorted to it in large numbers to hire their labourers, male and female. All morning then, along the curbstone, stood buxom farm wenches, red-cheeked and dressed in their braws, with stalwart farm lads in homespuns, wearing a bit of ribbon in their bonnet and an edge of their jackets turned up behind to show the bright-coloured lining, while the canny farmers moved along "speiring their price" and their capabilities, and handing them, if the answers proved satisfactory, the accustomed arles, or retaining fee. Afterwards the lads treated the lasses to their fairing at the booths which filled the High Street, and carried them to enjoy the shows and circuses on the high open space known as the Callendar rigs.

Another and still greater event was the great cattle market known as the Falkirk Tryst, which took place in the neighbourhood. To begin with, the trysts were held on Reddingrig Moor, where a monument to Sir William Wallace was erected at a later day. Afterwards they were held three miles south-west of the town on Bonnymuir already referred to. But finally, from 1775, they took place on the wide Stenhousemuir, three miles to the north-west, in the direction of Larbert. For a century and a half they were the great centre of the cattle trade of Scotland. Held in August, September, and October, generally for three days at a time, they were resorted to by great droves of black cattle, sheep, and horses, from every county in Scotland, besides Orkney, Shetland, and the Western Isles. In 1812 it was estimated that at the three trysts there were as many as forty thousand sheep and fifty thousand black cattle, as well as horses, ponies, and other live stock, and vast sums of money changed hands between the Highland lairds and the southern dealers. Both the fairs and the trysts, however, are now mostly things of the past. In 1760 a new industry was begun by Dr. Roebuck of Sheffield, with the founding of Carron Ironworks, some three miles north of the town. From these works, during the Napoleonic wars, all the countries of the world obtained cannon, which were

known from their place of origin as carronades, and the flare of the great blast furnaces was by far the most notable feature by night in the landscape of central Scotland. Some sixty years later a further development took place, with the establishment of Falkirk Ironworks, and to-day the twenty or thirty foundries in Grahamston, Bainsford, and Camelon, employing an immense army of workers, make the town the centre of the light casting trade of the United Kingdom. Just as in the old days, when it was purely an agricultural place, the character of the district was described in the phrase "Fa'kirk for beans and peas," so now the saying might run "Fa'kirk for grates and pans." Now as then, however, still another rhyme holds good, so far at least as the brave little town itself is concerned:

Glasgow for bells,
Linlithgow for wells,
And Fa'kirk for bonny lasses.

The government of Falkirk was for long interesting and peculiar. In addition to the feudal superior's Baron Bailie, its affairs were managed by bodies known as the Stentmasters and the feuars. The latter were the descendants of the original fifteen individuals to whom Lord Livingstone feued the site of the present High Street. with certain rights of pasturage, etc. The Stentmasters, who levied assessments, were twenty-four individuals chosen annually by the merchants and various trades respectively. In 1833. however, the town obtained a municipal constitution, and in 1859 it was made a police burgh.

Next to the kirk—perhaps even more than its kirk—the pride of the town is its great central steeple in High Street. This dates from 1813, occupies the site of an earlier steeple of 1697, and forms a conspicuous and beautiful landmark for many miles in all directions.

Within recent years many improvements have been effected in the amenities of Falkirk, notably in the opening up of some of the narrow lanes and wynds by which alone the wide central High Street could be approached. In this way the Kirk Wynd, the Cow Wynd, and the western entrance to the town have been somewhat changed in

character, while a number of fine public buildings have been erected, and westward and southward, on Arnothill and elsewhere, a charming residential district has sprung up. But the centre of the place is still little changed from its antique and charming character of a hundred years ago, and there is nothing more curious and picturesque in Scotland than some of the congeries of narrow, crooked wynds, like the Silver Row and the Pleasance, which still lead curiously away on north and south from the High Street, while half-a-mile to the eastward, in its nobly timbered park, the stately old home of its feudal superiors keeps unspoiled to the present hour a hundred features reminiscent of its historic and romantic past.

FORRES

THERE are two districts in Scotland which have a fair claim to be included as parts of the Shakespeare country of the north. Both are associated with the play of *Macbeth*, and the familiarity which the dramatist displays with the place-names and scenic character of both regions affords the strongest evidence for conjecture that he must personally have passed over the ground. The more southern of the two districts is Strathmore, the great valley between the Sidlaws and the Grampians, where the ruin-mounds of Macbeth's own historic stronghold on Dunsinnan still look across to the woods of Birnam hill, and Glamis still frowns with donjon and turret and ghastly secret, and the tragic traditions of a thousand years, upon the waving forest and the grazing deer. But not less interesting is the more northern region associated with the action of the great stage-play. The whole fair strath, from Elgin to Inverness, is strewn with names which call up thoughts of Shakespeare and Macbeth.

It is true that traditions have a tendency to root themselves in the places where they are retold. By this means we find the chamber in which Macbeth murdered the "gracious Duncan" shown in Cawdor Castle, though that stronghold was not built till four hundred years after the event. And the actual spot where Macbeth and Banquo were accosted by the three weird sisters is pointed out on the Hardmuir in the Brodie woods—a hillock on whose side the grass has never grown since the horrid cauldron of hell-broth was emptied over it on that occasion—though, as matter of history, Macbeth only beheld the three foretellers of his future in the immaterial landscape of a dream. At the same time Shakespeare's familiar use of place-names like Glamis and Cawdor, otherwise unconnected with his story, and his accurate and appropriate references to local features, such as the wild and gloomy "heath near Forres," lend something more than casual countenance to the pleasing belief that the actual footsteps of the dramatist must have passed amid these scenes.



THE MUSEUM, FORRES.

The words which Shakespeare sets in the mouths of Duncan and Banquo, descriptive of Inverness, convey a singularly apt and true impression of the summer atmosphere of that whole delightful strath along the southern shore of the Moray Firth to the present hour:—

Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Banquo. The guest of summer,
The temple haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

It is this singular softness and charm of atmosphere which, along with astonishing variety and loveliness of scenery and the wealth of storied memories and traditions embellishing every nook and corner of the countryside, has formed of late so powerful an attraction to Nairn and Forres and the other bright and pleasant little towns of the Moray Firth coast.

It is well known, of course, that Macbeth's actual murder of Duncan—no venerable and “gracious” monarch, as painted by the dramatist, but as weak and vicious a libertine as ever disgraced a throne—took place neither at Inverness nor Cawdor, but at the smithy of Bothgofuane, near Elgin. Nevertheless the veritable murder of a Scottish monarch on which Shakespeare founded his tale took place in the castle of Forres.

The stronghold itself, probably built of timber, has long disappeared. But as one crosses the clear waters of the Mosset, and ascends from the railway station into the town, one can picture to oneself, on the high mound above, the scenes of this and more than one other grim tragedy of the past.

But Shakespearean memories are not the only ones which linger about the region and the castle hill of Forres. The spot is believed to have been the Roman Varis, marked on

Ptolemy's chart; so the green mound has heard the challenge of the Latin sentinel, and has shaken with the cothurns of the marching legionaries. Hither in the ninth and tenth centuries came the Danish sea-wolves, pouring over the fertile province from their stronghold at Burghead on the neighbouring coast, and they burned the castle of Forres in 1008. Two years later they were finally overwhelmed and driven out by Malcolm II. at the great battle of Mortlach, twelve miles to the south, and it is believed by some that their leader, Swene, father of the famous Canute, is commemorated in the wonderful Forres Pillar, or Sweno's Stone, which stands with its strange, elaborate carvings at the farther end of the town.

Three centuries later there came riding into the north the famous Thomas Randolph, nephew of the Bruce, whom that king had made Earl of Moray. He came to secure his estates here and begin his great hall, which still stands in the forest of Darnaway close by; and his successor, John Randolph, rebuilt Forres Castle in the year 1346. Forty-four years after that came the great tournament of the north on the Meads of St. John by the Findhorn, above the town. Among those who attended it was the fierce Alexander Stewart, Lord of Badenoch, third son of King Robert the Second, remembered to-day as the Wolf of Badenoch. He came down to the tournament from his fastness of Lochandorb in the Dava moors, and, finding that his brother-in-law, the Earl of Moray, had made no provision to entertain him in Darnaway Castle, he marched straight upon Forres and burned the place.

These are some of the memories of fire, foray, and bloodshed which lend an antique human interest to the little northern town. To-day its character is peaceful enough, and in its quiet back streets, with glimpses of sunny gardens visible through the open doors of the quaint street-gabled houses, it is difficult to imagine days when the burgher had to turn from loom and anvil and lapstone to fight for wife and home at the town end against some sudden raid, and to be brought back presently, perhaps, mud-fouled and bloody-clouted, to his long sleep.

These townsmen of Forres, nevertheless, had their own strong prejudices in days gone by. Tradition declares that Hell's Hole, the curious hollow in the Cluny Hills behind the town, takes its name from a peculiar incident. There had been a highly unpopular hanging of a Forres man at Elgin, and when the souters of Forres discovered that the sentence of the law had been carried out by one of their own craft from Inverness, they set upon the unfortunate man on his way home, and prodded him to death here with their awls. His name was Helge. But it is only fair to mention that the hollow is also said to take its name from an earlier bearer of the patronymic, a Danish chief, who conquered part of Moray about the year 927.

The witchcraft prejudices of the townsmen are commemorated also by the Witches' Stone at the side of the Elgin road. It probably marks the spot where, so late as 1663, two poor creatures, Isobel Elder and Isabel Simson, were burnt to death for a crime which they died denying.

Forres to-day takes pride in its cross, something like a miniature of the Scott Monument at Edinburgh; in its Council Chambers, built from a design by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, the novelist and writer of the local annals; and in its Falconer Museum, containing one of the finest collections of Old Red Sandstone fossils in Europe. The town is also wealthy for a place of its size, its ancient lands being worth, it is said, a thousand pounds a year. And with its Cluny Hill, woodland walks, and Nelson Monument, its fine hydropathic, the earliest specially built for the purpose, and its delightful hillside golf course, it provides ample attractions for the modern visitor within its own domain.

But it is not altogether, or even mostly, for its sunny dry climate, its means of amusement, or its historic memories and strange legends that so many makers of holiday flock thither now. In all directions round the town, within rambling and driving distance, lie scenes of natural levelness and striking tradition sufficient for the interesting pilgrimage of weeks. Eastward by the Rafford Road one may go to the ruined priory of Pluscarden, home once of the pious monks of Vallis-Caulium, which was burned once,

like most of the district, by the fierce Wolf of Badenoch. Nearer, on the Elgin road, rises the grim Burgie Tower, with the swinging rings in its dungeon yet which were used for the hanging of luckless captives long ago. Still farther to the north the ruined Abbey of Kinloss entertained Edward the First and his whole army for three weeks in 1303, and that king's grandson, Edward the Third, in 1333; and its most cherished associations are the memory of its sixteenth century Abbot Reid, enlightened far beyond his time, who became Prior of Beaulieu, Bishop of Orkney, and Lord-President of the Court of Session; of his French gardener, Lubias, who revolutionised the gardening of Scotland in his day; and of the Italian, Ferrarius, whom Abbot Reid brought from Paris to teach the monks philosophy, and to write one of the most famous of Scottish monkish histories. Further north, on its promontory, still stands the stronghold of the ancient sea-wolves, Burghead, with its strange underground masonry and its survival of ancient fire-worship, the annual Burning of the Clavie.

Below Forres, at the Findhorn mouth, the vast waste of the Culbin shifting sands covers field and village and mansion of what was once the finest estate in Moray, and lays bare in its drifted spaces many a strange, unlooked-for relic of the life of three centuries ago. Brodie Castle lies a few miles to the east, while to the south, Darnaway Forest and the Altyre woods surround the historic homes of two of the most ancient families in the north—those of the Earls of Moray and the heads of the great house of Comyn. But for its own peculiar glory nothing in Scotland surpasses the scenery of the great river gorge through which the Findhorn comes down. In that deep gorge, with its forest splendours, its roaring torrents, and its unplumbed pools—with some heroic or pathetic tale lending pregnant human interest to every crag and chasm and perilous foothold—the pilgrim might spend a week of days as amid the magic enchantments of a fairy world.



MAIN STREET, FORT WILLIAM.

FORT WILLIAM

UNTIL the West Highland Railway reached it in the nineties of last century, Fort William on the shore of Loch Linnhe was chiefly known to the outer world as the last stopping-place of MacBrayne's steamer from the south, before landing its freight of tourists at Banavie to enjoy the further sail through the Great Glen by the Caledonian Canal. It was here that the stalwarts went ashore who proposed to climb Ben Nevis, the highest hill in Scotland, which lifts its escarped summit nobly into the heavens immediately behind the town. Natives of the district knew Fort William as the capital of Lochaber, where the produce of the glens and mountain sides, mostly whisky, sheep, and wool, were put on board the steamer for the south, and the luxuries of the outer world—sugar, tea, and other commodities—were to be had in return. The place sprang into new fame with the announcement that, first of all towns in the United Kingdom, it had installed a system of public lighting by electricity. In other respects also it was found to possess unique attractions. Its climate is delightful, its views of the mountains across the loch, and up Loch Eil, and away in the direction of the Great Glen, are inspiring. Its roads north, south, east, and west run by mountain, sea, and glen, through regions storied with romance. And the little town itself in summer is a gay and social place. Golf and tennis may be enjoyed by their devotees, as well as boating and bathing and some of the finest mountain-climbing in Scotland.

At first sight the town does not impress the visitor in any special way. Its single narrow main street running parallel with the shore is rather irregular and crooked, and only an occasional view of the loch on one side and the hills on the other is to be got at the few cross streets; but beauties and interests enough reveal themselves upon closer acquaintance. The road along the upper side of the town is a sunny rambling way, one of General Wade's roads, from which superb views of loch and mountain may be enjoyed,

before it winds southward, round the Cow Hill and through the glens, to Kinlochleven, ten miles away. There are pleasant villas in this upper part of the town, and at least one feature of architectural interest—the school which was built as part of the organisation of the Episcopal chapel at hand. That chapel itself has been declared to be “perhaps the most beautiful for its size in Scotland,” and one cannot but think the worshippers fortunate who assemble in so fair a shrine.

The loveliest ramble in the district is probably that into Glen Nevis, the entrance to which lies round the north end of the Cow Hill which rises behind the town. The lower part of the glen is fairly cultivated, and the rustic road winds through some charming sylvan scenes. In the upper part the scenery of the glen is wild and bold, and as fine in its sway as anything in the Highlands. Points of interest are the curious rocking stone two miles up the glen, the vitrified fort a mile further on, and the fine falls at Achriach and three miles beyond, in the wild recesses of the hills.

There is also the climbing of the Ben itself, always an achievement worth putting to one's credit. While the Observatory on the summit was in occupation the pathway was in constant use, and kept in good repair; but latterly the weather and the vandal have been at work, and the actual climbing of the mountain has become a more strenuous undertaking. The exhilaration of the climb, and the view from the top, 4406 above the level of Loch Linnhe, are, however, well worth the trouble.

Remote as the region must have been in the days when roads did not exist, and when coach, steamer, and railway were things undreamt of, the neighbourhood of Fort William is nevertheless as crowded with memories of the great events of Scottish history as any part of the country except the neighbourhoods of Stirling and Edinburgh. In all ages it must have been recognised that the spot commanded access through Lord Eil and the Great Glen and the valley of the Spean to the greater part of the western Highlands, and it seems probable that a strong fort and garrison were kept here from the earliest times. Highland



INVERLOCHY CASTLE AND BEN NEVIS, NEAR FORT WILLIAM.

Under these walls were fought the battles by Donald Balloch against the Earls of Caithness and Mar in 1431, and by Montrose against Argyll in 1645.

tradition avers that at Inverlochy, two miles north of Fort William, the Pictish kings had a royal fortress, and that within its walls in the year 790 King Achaius signed a treaty with Charlemagne! It has been suggested also that here stood the stronghold of the Thanes of Lochaber, including that Banquo who figures in Shakespeare's "Macbeth," and whom some believe to have been the ancestor of the royal house of Stewart. Whatever may have been the earlier history of the spot, the existing ruin at the mouth of the Lochy seems, with its strong curtain walls and great round towers at the four corners, to have somewhat the same character and to be of probably the same date as Bothwell Castle, which is attributed to the middle of the thirteenth century, and supposed to have been built on the model of the Chateau de Couci by masons brought over by the queen of Alexander II. During the Wars of Succession and Independence it is believed to have been in possession of the Comyns, after whom the western fortification is still known as Comyn's Tower. It was somewhere in this district of Lochaber that in 1427 Alexander, Lord of the Isles, after flouting the King's authority, and burning the royal burgh of Inverness, was vigorously attacked and routed by James I. himself, and so reduced to impotence that he was fain to appear at Holyrood in his shirt and drawers, and implore the mercy of the king.

Four years later Donald Balloch, cousin of the island lord, enraged at these humiliations, collected a fleet and army, landed in Lochaber, and in a furious battle at Inverlochy cut to pieces a royal army commanded by Alexander Stewart, Earl of Mar, and Alan Stewart, Earl of Caithness. The latter Earl, with sixteen of his personal followers and many other barons and knights, was slain, while Mar, illegitimate son of the Wolf of Badenoch and grandson of King Robert II.—the same leader who had led the royal army at the Battle of Harlaw twenty years earlier—only succeeded with great difficulty in withdrawing the remains of the King's forces from the field. Donald Balloch followed up his victory by ravaging Lochaber, and, having gathered all the plunder he could collect, retreated to the Isles and afterwards to Ireland, where he died.

Two centuries later the same spot, under the walls of Inverlochy Castle, was the scene of a yet more famous battle. It was Candlemas Day, the 2nd of February, 1645. Charles I.'s general, the Marquess of Montrose, had ravaged the country of his arch enemy the Marquess of Argyll, and, on his way through the Great Glen to seize Inverness, had learned that Argyll was following with an army twice the size of his own. Returning instantly and secretly he had reached the foot of Glen Nevis on the previous evening and had lain all night under arms. At the prospect of battle, Argyll took to his galley, leaving his army under command of his cousin, Campbell of Auchinbreac. At sunrise Montrose ordered his force to attack, and so furious was its onrush that almost at once Argyll's right wing, and a few moments later his whole army, broke and fled. Some 200 of the fugitives tried to throw themselves into Inverlochy Castle, but were prevented by Montrose's horse. Another party fled along the shores of Loch Eil, but were all either killed or drowned. Most, however, fled southward and were pursued with slaughter for a distance of eight miles. Argyll lost nearly 1500 men, about half his army, while Montrose had only three privates killed.

It was the triumphant letter which Montrose sent his royal master after this battle which induced Charles to break off negotiations with his Parliament at Uxbridge, and so ultimately brought about his ruin.

Some half dozen years later, when Cromwell had overthrown the Covenanters at Dunbar, the strategic importance of this spot was recognised, and General Monk built here a new fort of Inverlochy. This was chiefly a matter of earthworks, and covered a large extent of ground. At the same time the village which sprang up at hand received the name of Gordonsburgh from the fact that it was built on property belonging to the noble family of Gordon. After the Revolution in 1689 a new stronghold was built on the site it still occupies, and, in honour of the king and queen, this and the village beside it received the names respectively of Fort William and Maryburgh. Since then, by reason of the close relationship of stronghold and town the latter has



THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, FORT WILLIAM.

It was in the distant upper room that MacIan of Glencoe interviewed Colonel Hill for the purpose of signing the declaration of allegiance to William II. and III.

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gradually ceased to be known by its own name, but is called everywhere Fort William.

The new fort had not been long built when it played a part in a sufficiently tragic episode. It was only a brief space before the 1st of January, 1692, the date before which, according to King William's proclamation, all the Highland chiefs must swear allegiance to the new Government, when MacIan of Glencoe with his principal followers came to Fort William to take the oath. The little panelled room in the governor's house is still to be seen in much the same condition in which it stood when Colonel Hill received the old Chief within its walls. All the world knows the story. The officer at Fort William had no power to receive the oath, and MacIan hastened away through passes blocked with snow to Inveraray, only to find that the day of grace was past, and though he was allowed to take the oath it did not save him and his clan from the horrors of the massacre six weeks later.

Two of General Wade's roads, built after the Jacobite rising of 1715, connected Fort William with the outer world. One ran southward through the hills, as already mentioned, by Kinlochleven, the Devil's Staircase, Tyndrum, and Glen Ogle, to Stirling, while the other ran up the south side of the Great Glen to Inverness. The fort was never a place of much strength. It had accommodation for only about a hundred men, and in August, 1745, when it was known that Prince Charles Edward had landed on the west coast, a small detachment was hurrying from Fort Augustus down the latter of these two roads to reinforce the garrison, when it was ambushed and captured at Spean Bridge. Following that event, the first clash of arms of the rising of 1745, Fort William was besieged for five weeks; but the little garrison held out bravely and managed to avoid capture.

From that day to this Fort William has enjoyed the advantages of peace; the railway line now cuts through a corner of the Fort; and the old officers' quarters are inhabited by engine drivers and railway guards.

The town, however, is not without a reminder of our most recent war. In 1919 there was opened by the Duchess

of Montrose, in the largest building in the place. a training centre for instructing disabled soldiers in the art of cutting and polishing diamonds.

FRASERBURGH

IT is interesting to note how many of the thriving towns and burghs of Scotland have owed their origin, at one time or another, to the enterprise of some far-sighted laird, noble, or churchman. From the days of the Assyrian kings to the present hour two of the most fruitful ambitions of the creative mind have been to found a city and improve the earth. To the latter impulse is owed the fact that most of the soil of Scotland has gradually been reclaimed from barren waste, while to the former is owed the existence of such places as Helensburgh and Ardrossan, Grantown-on-Spey, and Fraserburgh.

On the site of Fraserburgh there originally stood a small cluster of fishers' huts known as Faithlie. The estate of Philorth, on which the hamlet stood, was a possession of the Frasers, a branch of the great family of Frezel in Anjou, which came into the country to colonize and improve it in the twelfth century. One of the race, Sir Alexander Fraser, married a sister of King Robert the Bruce, and was Lord Chamberlain of Scotland from 1319 till 1326. His grandson, another Sir Alexander Fraser, married in 1375 a daughter of the Earl of Ross, and obtained with her the barony of Philorth. A later holder of the name was to be hardly less distinguished. Sir Alexander, who was eighth of his house to own Philorth, stood high in the favour of King James VI. On inheriting the estates from his grandfather he proceeded to improve them in a most enlightened way. He proceeded to lay out the town of Fraserburgh, and procured a charter from the King erecting it into a burgh of regality. In the centre of the place he raised a cross which must have been one of the handsomest in Scotland at that time. It was a six-sided building with three six-sided abutments, occupying a space of 500 square feet, and was surmounted with a pillar twelve feet high bearing the Royal arms and those of Fraser of Philorth. The erection has been considerably altered and curtailed since then.

Among other enlightened ideas Sir Alexander proposed to establish a university in his new burgh, and procured a charter for the purpose in 1592. He began the building of the college with a quadrangular tower, three storeys high, but the enterprise ceased at that. It was only occupied for its original purpose in 1647, when, because of an outbreak of plague in Aberdeen, the students of King's College there were transferred to Fraserburgh.

The founder was astonishingly modern in the form of government he set up in the town. He himself was provost, and he retained the right to appoint yearly with the approval of their predecessors, two bailies, a dean of guild, a treasurer, and a council. The wisdom of his action and policy is proved from the success with which the new burgh developed and attracted trade. So confident were the inhabitants of the place in the future that they coined a rhyme which is chanted with vigour on festive occasions by the "brochers" to the present day:—

Aiberdeen will be a green,
And Banff a burgh toun;
But Fraserbroch will be a broch
When a' the broch's are down!

The rhyme is attributed by the natives of the place to Thomas the Rhymer, but as there was no Fraserburgh existing in True Thomas's time, some later genius must be credited with the effusion. Hardly more authentic is another prophecy likewise attributed to the thirteenth century Thomas of Ercildoun:—

While a cock crows in the North
There'll be a Fraser at Philorth!

But the prophecy, whoever uttered it, has every promise of holding good. Sir Alexander Fraser of Philorth married Margaret, eldest daughter of the seventh Lord Saltoun, and on the death of the ninth lord without issue in 1669, the son of this pair succeeded to the title, which his descendants still holds.

Meanwhile, as a consequence of the Napoleonic wars of the early nineteenth century, Fraserburgh made another

advance in prosperity. As the nearest harbour of refuge for British ships trading in the North Sea it was developed by the Government with piers and jetties at a cost of £50,000. By this means the harbour was increased to an area of six Scots acres. On account of the increase of shipping thus brought into the port the harbour was deepened forty years later, and an extension of $17\frac{1}{2}$ acres made to the north, with a breakwater running from the end of the pier. Fraserburgh thus became one of the best retreats for shipping on the north-east coast. From that day to this extensions have continued to be made and the town has continued to develop, till now it is one of the greatest centres of the herring fishing in the kingdom. During the season, from May to September, as many as 700 boats may be seen in the harbour at a time, the population is doubled by the influx of fishermen, and of fisher girls at the curing stations, and as much as £20,000 may come into the place as the value of a single night's catch. Something not to be forgotten is the sight from the lighthouse at the end of the promenade on the Balaclava breakwater, when the fishing fleet is streaming in, deep laden with the night's spoils from the North Sea. In the off season the herring fishery provides the town with an important industry, the making of tens of thousands of firkins and larger barrels for the curers.

Apart from its main industry, however, Fraserburgh is a bright and busy town. Its churches, schools, hospitals, library, public halls, and town hall, may compare with those of any place of similar size in Scotland. Of famous men connected with the burgh portraits are to be seen in the town hall. These include Sir Alexander Fraser, the founder of the town, and his descendant, General Lord Saltoun, K.T., K.C.B., the gallant defender of the Chateau of Hougoumont at Waterloo. A statue of the latter also stands above the entrance. With its beautiful bay and three-mile beach of golden sand, its public links running a mile to the southward, its bowling green and tennis courts at Fountain Gardens, the town provides its inhabitants and summer visitors with abundant opportunity for outdoor

recreation, while the fine villa-lined streets of its modern West End afford abundant accommodation of the most comfortable sort. Lovers of old-world interests, too, may find endless attractions in the neighbourhood. Kinnaird's Head above the town is understood to be the Tuezalum Promontorium of Ptolemy, and the lighthouse on its summit is partly comprised of the tower of the castle built by Fraser of Philorth in 1570, from which Castle Street and Castle Terrace take their name, while the mysterious Wine Tower on the precipice edge, with its architectural carvings, affords food for curious conjecture. Along the shores of the Moray Firth, too, there are the quaint fishing villages of Broadsea, Cairnbulg, Inverallochy, and St. Combs to explore, with, further away, amid the finest rock scenery in Scotland the veritable sea-eyries of Crovie and Gardenstown. There are many old castle ruins, too, each with its memories—Inverallochy a stronghold of the great house of Comyn, Cairnbulg, chief residence of the Frasers of Philorth in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, restored by Mr John Duthie in 1896, Pitullie, another Fraser mansion of the feudal centuries, and Pitsligo, built by the founder of the family of that ilk, Sir William Forbes, and forfeited by his descendant for his part in the risings of 1715 and 1745.

Altogether, with its busy life, its healthful amenities, and its variety of interests, Fraserburgh remains a place of abounding attractions.

GIRVAN

WITHIN the last dozen years no town has grown more steadily in repute as a summer holiday resort than Girvan on the Carrick coast. Without any great attractions, architectural or picturesque, of its own, it has yet, by reason of its glorious sea air, its abundant sunshine, and its warm, sandy soil, proved an irresistible magnet, year after year, to the increasing numbers of people who have once discovered its charm. Something of the character of the climate is to be gathered from the fact that the earliest crops of potatoes in Scotland are grown in the warm sandy fields along this shore, and the purity of the air is assured by the fact that, beyond the lonely Ailsa Craig, in the offing, there is no land to intercept the sun-steeped, seawashed breezes nearer than the American coast. The visitor who makes his way hither, at any time of the year, can count with certainty on feeling the springs of vigour renewed within him, and a new health from the sea-air and the sunshine quickening in body and mind.

In strange contrast with the thriving aspect of the place to-day is its appearance as described by a traveller of little more than a hundred years ago. Heron, in the account of his Scottish tour in 1793, says: "The houses are huts, more miserable than those of Ballantrae. They are so low as to seem, at the south end of the village, rather caves dug in the earth than houses built upon it." To the north-west, near the river, he says, there were "some more decent and commodious houses," but the place generally was in so poor a condition that he found it necessary to travel further, to Kirkoswald, to find a night's lodging. Even in the middle of the nineteenth century, eighty years ago, the place consisted mostly of one-storey cottages, divided into a weaving shop and a living room, in which two or even three families of immigrant Irish might have their abode. In 1838 the whole industry of the place was hand-loom weaving, the eighteen hundred looms of Girvan sending a constant supply

of coarse cottons to the manufacturers in Glasgow. The deepening of the harbour, however, the opening of the railway, and the immense development of the fishing and the early potato growing, have brought prosperity to Girvan, which is now as thriving a town, with as ample amenities, as any in Scotland.

Originally known as Invergarvan—the Girvan was then called the Garvan Water—the place was a burgh of barony under the laird of Bargany. It received its first charter from William and Mary in 1696, but only began to enjoy its privileges in 1785. From the early Earls of Carrick, whose line ended with the mother of King Robert the Bruce, the region passed to the Kennedys, of whom the old rhyme says:

“ ’Twixt Wigtown and the town of Ayr,
Port-Patrick and the Cruives of Cree,
No man may think for to bide there
Except he court wi’ Kennedy.”

From the Kennedys Bargany passed by marriage to the Hamiltons, and from them through the Duc de Coigny to the Dalrymples, Earls of Stair. To-day it is one of the characteristic little harbour towns of the Ayrshire coast, and though without any outstanding historical memories of its own, forms the key to a district which teems with interest and beauty of the most varied sort. Though Maybole is understood to be the “capital” of Carrick, and used to contain “town” houses of many of the great landed families of the province, Girvan affords probably a more convenient and certainly a more bracing headquarters for the motorist who wishes to explore the region.

Northward, to begin with, by the coast road to Ayr, 21½ miles away, there is a superb run by sandy shore and high cliff edge, with the blue sea on the left and Ailsa Craig and Arran in the offing, with point after point of special interest to stir the memory and excite the imagination. The famous golf course and hotel of Turnberry, for example, have in recent years revived popular interest in a spot which witnessed one of the vital turning points of Scottish history. It was from her seat of Turnberry Castle here



Photo. Cameron Todd.

GIRVAN HARBOUR.

that the widowed Countess of Carrick rode out, seized Bruce the great Lord of Annandale, and brought him in to make her his wife, and mother of the hero-king. And it was on Turnberry sneuk, or point, that the strange fire flamed up, which drew King Robert from Arran to begin that campaign of victory in which his fortunes never turned back. Two miles further north the little fishing village of The Maidens attracts sea-bathing holiday-makers by its unspoiled primitive charm. In striking contrast is the towered and battlemented seat of the Marquess of Ailsa, chief of the Kennedys, which crowns the cliff above the famous sea-caves which have afforded shelter to many a fugitive, and form so romantic a setting for the chief incidents in Crockett's *Grey Man*. Inland lies the village of Kirkoswald, where Burns went to complete his schooling in mathematics, but acquired learning of another sort at the instance of certain bright eyes next door. Inland, too, are the red stone ruins of Crossraguel Abbey, with whose abbot the reformer, John Knox, held his utterly futile debate, and whose later commendator was induced to sign away his lands by dint of persuasive roasting in the "Black Vault" of Dunure. Dunure Castle itself, where the roasting took place, still stands grimly on the cliff edge further on. And as the road sweeps over the Heads of Ayr and across the mouth of the Doon a superb view is to be had of the great bay of Ayr, with its miles of firm sand, and the county town itself with its thrilling memories of Wallace and Bruce and Burns.

On his return journey the motorist may take the inland road, by the cottage where Burns was born, and Alloway Kirk where Tam o' Shanter saw the eldritch dance, and the high old Brig o' Doon over which he made his escape. Cassillis House, beyond, was the scene of the abduction of the Countess by Johnnie Faa detailed in the well-known ballad. She was forced to watch him hanged on its dule tree, and in Maybole to the south, in the old Cassillis tower in the main street, she is said to have been kept a prisoner for the rest of her days. South of Maybole, Kilkerran, the seat of Sir Charles Fergusson, Bart., commander

of one of our armies in the great war, with Dailly further on, commemorates the early St. Kieran, who came over from Ireland with Fergus MacErc, and after whom Campbeltown took its original name of Kinloch-Kilkieran. For Dailly was originally Dalmaolkieran. The curious thing is that the Fergussons have owned Kilkerran from time immemorial, perhaps from the days of St. Kieran himself, and of Fergus MacErc who in that early time invaded this countryside, and slew Coyl, the British chief, from whom the neighbouring district takes its name of Kyle. Two miles south of Dailly, on Hadyard Hill, across the glen from Bargany, Bruce's doubly entrenched camp commands one of the finest views in Ayrshire.

Southward of Girvan, again, the shore road runs within a stone-throw of the sea all the way to Ballantrae. In a bay of the hills, above the beautiful little village of Lendalfoot, it passes the square grey ruin of Carleton Tower. From time immemorial the stronghold has been a possession of the Cathcarts of Carleton, one of whose ancestors was a companion of Edward Bruce in his brilliant campaign in Galloway. As the chronicler Barbour puts it:

“ A knicht that than was in his rout,
Worthi and wicht, stalwart and stout,
Curtaiss and fair and of gude fame,
Schyr Alan de Catkert be name
Tald me the tale as I sall tell.”

Tradition also associates the tower, however, with a much less pleasant personage. Fause Sir John, it appears, was in the habit of inviting heiresses to be his bride. He had married six of them, and each one, on the bridal night, he had drowned at a crag a little way down the coast. Then he married a seventh. But May of Culzean was too much for him. When he strolled with her to the usual drowning place she seized her opportunity when his back was turned, and pushed him in instead. The villagers say Sir John was buried with all his ill-got jewels in the holm below the castle, but all efforts to discover the spot have been vain. They are likely to remain so, for he is also buried, according to equally authentic tradition, on the Water of Ugie, in

Aberdeenshire, and at several places on the Danish coast. The tale is the subject of the well-known ballad, "May Colvin," one of the earliest of our literary possessions, and is supposed by some to be a version of the story of Judith and Holofernes.

Further south, beyond the conical Knockdolian, the "False Craig" of mariners, Ballantrae, with its little fishing harbour at the mouth of the Stinchar, is to-day one of the most fashionable sea-bathing resorts on the West Coast. It has no connection, of course, with any such personage as the Master of Ballantrae, though the character of Stevenson's hero might have been modelled on more than one of the sinister lairds of the Carrick countryside in a bygone century.

From Ballantrae the motorist may ascend the lovely little valley of the Stinchar, by the thriving village of Colmonell and the thirteenth century stronghold of Craigniel, and return to Girvan either by the railway side and the beautifully wooded Pinmore, or, continuing upstream, by the upland village of Barr, once almost entirely inhabited by weavers. Or one may go farther south, down the beautiful Glen App and the shore of Loch Ryan, past Ptolemy's Beregonium and the seat of the Wallaces of Craigie, representatives of the patriot's family, to the pleasant Wigtownshire sea-port town of Stranraer.

Thence the motorist may turn eastward, by Castle Kennedy with its famous pinetum and lochs and artificial terraces, home of the Earl of Stair, and by the Abbey of Glenluce and the country of Peden the Prophet, to Newton-Stewart, where the Chief of the Stewarts, the Earl of Galloway, has his seat. Thence there is a choice of two long and glorious runs northward to Girvan again, either by the Snap Inn, the valley of the Bladenoch, Loch Maberry, and the Dusk Water, or up the Cree, through the country of Crockett's *Raiders*, by the House Inn and the bank of the Minnoch Water, and under the side of Merrick, to the upper waters of the Girvan, from which it is a pleasant descent to one's headquarters at Girvan again.

Not one of the roads out of Girvan, it will be seen, is

lacking in storied interest, and not one of them, it may be repeated, lacks varied and abundant natural charm of a high order. The motorist would be unreasonable indeed who could not put in a singularly well-filled week with this sunny bracing sea-coast town as his headquarters.

GLASGOW

WITH its ancient story and its modern enterprise, with its cathedral, its university, and its workshops, with its literature, its music, and its painting, the great community of the West of Scotland is a place of crowded interest, in whose stones saints and sinners alike may take infinite pleasure. Glasgow has been a place of human joys and sorrows beyond the memory of man, and before all records of written history. The "caer," or fort, which stood on the site of the present Royal Infirmary, was a stronghold of the early Britons. The summit of the Fir Park, now Glasgow Necropolis, saw the ancient practice of the rites of Baal. Drygate and Rottenrow were a Roman road. The place was important enough before the end of the fourth century to induce St. Ninian to consecrate a Christian burying-ground for it. And it probably got its modern name of Gleschu, Glesca, or Glasgow, as the Eglaisacha, or Kirk-field, of the Christian church founded beside it on the bank of the Molendinar by the holy Mungo, grand-nephew of the historic Arthur, in the year 543.

Another chapter of its history began when David, Prince of Strathclyde, son of the great Canmore, and afterwards David I. of Scotland, in 1115 made Glasgow the seat of a bishopric of the Roman Church. For four centuries and a half its illustrious bishops and archbishops were among the greatest men in the kingdom. One of them crowned Robert the Bruce; another was a Roman cardinal; the last was ambassador to France, and most of them were chancellors or other great officers of the realm. Among their local works were the building of Glasgow Bridge, the founding of Glasgow Sang Schule, Grammar School, and University, and, alas! the burning of heretics at the east end of the Cathedral. Kings were their frequent guests in the Bishop's Castle; James II. and James IV. were among their canons; and their cathedral was by far the most magnificent in Scotland.

Still another chapter opened amid the fires and fury of

the Reformation. That great upheaval ruined the city for a time. Deprived of their great revenues, its bishop's castle and thirty-two great houses of the canons went to wreck, as well as its stately monasteries of the Blackfriars and the Greyfriars, and its cathedral only escaped the same fate by the self-denial and patriotism of the citizens. The seat of government moved from the top of High Street to the foot, from the Bishop's Castle to the Tolbooth, and the city itself did the same. From a bishop's seat Glasgow became a seat of industry and commerce. Within half a century of the flight of its last Catholic archbishop it set up a Merchants' House and a Trades' House, with incorporations of crafts, and embarked on a new and still more wonderful career. Within its cathedral walls in 1638 a General Assembly struck the first blow for the overthrow of Charles I. In the fore hall of the College in High Street, after the Restoration, a Privy Council passed the ordinance which began the persecution of the Covenanters. And in barricades at the Cross, after his defeat at Drumclog, John Graham of Claverhouse made one of his desperate attempts to stem the tide which finally swept the Stewarts from the throne.

In those days Glasgow was still a rural town, with open commons to the east and north, crofts along the pleasant Trongate, apple orchards scenting the summer air, salmon nets drying in the sun, and boat-building going on at the Broomielaw.

A great change came with the passing of the Act of Union in 1707. By that Act the American colonies were opened to Scottish commerce, and Glasgow, as the natural port for the American trade, presently began to develop a great business on the sea. Sugar and tobacco were the staples of that business. When Prince Charles Edward came to Glasgow at Christmas in 1745, he was lodged in the mansion of a sugar importer, Colonel Macdowall of Garthland. And when Robert Burns visited the city in 1787 he was moved by the arrogance of the red-cloaked tobacco importers to pen his well-known lines beginning—"Ye see you birkie ca'd a lord."



Photo. T & R. Annan & Sons.

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

Removed hither from High Street in 1870.

The war of American Independence struck a blow at the Glasgow "tobacco lords," from which they never recovered. But already James Watt, during his Sunday walk on Glasgow Green, had thought out his great improvement on the steam engine; at the beginning of the nineteenth century William Symington had a steamboat running on the Port-Dundas Canal, and within a dozen years the great industry of steamship building was springing up on the Clyde. At the same time the blast furnaces at Carron had been supplemented by the Clyde Ironworks at Tollcross and Dixon's Ironworks at Govanhill, and, with the invention of the hot blast by the Glasgow Gaswork manager, James Beaumont Neilson, the city became the great headquarters of the iron trade.

With its growth in prosperity, Glasgow found opportunity to develop in other ways. From the earliest times there had been a song school in connection with the cathedral, and when James VI. visited the city he was entertained with concerts of the school children. By the second half of the nineteenth century the taste for music had so developed that a regular orchestral season was organised, and to accommodate its concert audiences the noble pile of St. Andrew's Halls was built. Similarly the city had a fine literary tradition. The poet Robert Henryson, author of *Robene and Makyne*, was one of the first members of Glasgow University, and two centuries later the Rev. Zachary Boyd, minister of the Barony, wrote his *Zion's Flowers* and *Last Battell of the Soul in Death*. In the nineteenth century Thomas Campbell and Henry Glassford Bell and Alexander Smith, with the authors of *Whistle Binkie* and the members of the Glasgow Ballad Club, made the city a nest of singing birds; while Mrs Hamilton wrote her *Cottagers of Glenburnie* at Auchenairn, Michael Scott his *Tom Cringle's Log* at Cowlairs House, and Sheriff Alison his *History of Europe* at Possil. And for painting—in the days of Charles II. the city ordered a full length portrait of that king, which it still possesses. A hundred years later the brothers Foulis had an art school and exhibition in the University, which afforded an example

for the Royal Academy. And in 1854 Bailie M'Lellan, the coachbuilder, had formed in his galleries in Sauchiehall Street the fine collection of paintings which he left to the city, now preserved in the noble public Art Galleries at Kelvingrove. Soon afterwards the Haldane Academy started the training of art students, a number of whom continued their studies at Paris, and on their return founded the famous Glasgow School of painters, while the Haldane Academy developed into the great School of Art on Garnet-hill.

Since the time of the Reformation the city has continued to enlarge its boundaries. First of all James VI. in 1613 added to it certain lands about Rottenrow. At a later day, Ramshorn and Meadowflat and the villages of Gorbals, Grahamston, Anderston, and Calton were added, still later Hillhead, Pollokshields, Kinning Park, and Maryhill were annexed, and latest of all Pollokshaws, Govan, Partick, Cathcart, and Rutherglen, with wide outlying districts, became part of the city. Glasgow has now thirty-seven wards, and is ruled by a Lord Provost, twenty-three bailies and a miniature parliament of 113 members. It has long been a pioneer and model in civic enterprise. For three centuries it has been deepening the Clyde, which, from a shallow salmon stream, has become a deep-sea harbour for the largest ships. In 1859, first of British cities, it adopted the example of ancient Rome by introducing water from the Highland Loch Katrine by a $34\frac{1}{2}$ -mile viaduct. It has had an organisation for fighting fire since a great conflagration in 1652 destroyed nearly a third of the city, and its present fire brigade is one of the best equipped and most efficient in the kingdom. Public halls and markets, gas and electricity, parks and art galleries, libraries and museums, baths, wash-houses, and model lodging-houses, cleansing and sewage disposal, and a far-reaching and well-nigh perfect electric tramway service, are all provided for and managed by the Corporation.

The city possesses, besides, infirmaries, hospitals, and charitable institutions without end. The number of its churches and their means of calling their congregations



SCULPTURE HALL, ART GALLERIES, GLASGOW.

Facing p. 170.

together, along with the chimes in the Tolbooth Steeple, probably gave rise to the well-known rhyme—

Glasgow for bells,
Linlithgow for wells,
And Fa'kirk for bonnie lasses.

Games and sport are amply provided for by a dozen golf courses, half a dozen school athletic club fields, as many great football arenas, whose audiences often rival those of the Coliseum in ancient Rome, and bowling greens, private and public, almost without number.

Glasgow, too, has always been highly gregarious, a place of many clubs—in 1793 the Hell-fire Club, holding an orgy in the Tron Kirk Session-House, burnt the building down; and to-day it has scores of these organisations, from the high-brow Archæological and Philosophical Societies, the Ballad Club, Art Club, Palette Club, and Literary Club, to purely business organisations like the Chamber of Commerce, City Business Club, and Rotary Club, the last two an American introduction of recent years.

In situation St. Mungo's city is highly favoured. Terraced on hill after hill along its sunny river valley, it enjoys from its higher parts astonishingly far-spreading views, from Balligeich in the Eaglesham muirs on the south, to Ben Lomond in the Highlands of the north, and from Tinto, far in the Lanark uplands, to Goatfell in Arran, as far away in the outer Firth of Clyde.

In the number and character of its stately buildings it is probably unsurpassed by any city in Britain except the capital. Its Cathedral, University, Art Galleries, and City Chambers, are each noble creations; its private mansions and terraces, mile beyond mile to west and south, are as dignified as they are substantial; its streets are regular and well-built; and its spacious shops and warehouses and picture theatres are in many cases veritable palaces of fine taste and luxury and real art.

Most important of all, leaving out of count the degenerate and derelict members who form the inevitable waste of all great cities, the people of Glasgow are a virile, active, and effective race, adventurous and enterprising in affairs,

prompt and resolute in action, and sincere, straightforward, and hospitable in personal character. Notwithstanding its rain and its smcke, Glasgow is a pleasant place to live in, and for the man of brains and business enterprise one offering constant opportunities of splendid and high-reaching success.



BOTANIC GARDENS AND KIBBLE PALACE, GLASGOW.

The beautiful glass conservatory on the right, in which Mr Gladstone once addressed a great audience, stood originally in the grounds of Mr Kibble's house at Portincaple on Loch Long.

GRANGEMOUTH.

SOMETHING of the quaint character of the little old sea-port towns on the coast of Fife opposite belongs to the harbour town of Grangemouth on the shore of Stirlingshire. In its earlier part the two-storeyed houses, canal bridges, and odd nooks possess an old-world air that seems to speak of the Baltic trade of other days, and still keep something of the character of the sleepy harbour towns of Holland. But along with this, Grangemouth has a volume of trade and other modern developments which are not to be found in the smaller and more ancient sea-ports across the Forth.

In reality Grangemouth is not a very ancient place, though from the earliest times, no doubt, the mouth of the river Carron at hand must have attracted some sort of coastwise shipping and landward trade. It takes its name from the Grange Burn, which at the place enters the river Carron, and even to a casual eye the spot would appear to be certainly most convenient as a port for the eastern district of Stirlingshire. The region, it should be noted, includes one of the richest agricultural tracts in Scotland, the Kerse, or carse of Falkirk. No doubt the ancient monks of Holyrood, who held large possessions in Falkirk and the Kerse, must have cast a shrewd eye upon the possibilities of the spot for the development of a sea-going trade, but it was left to a private individual in the latter part of the eighteenth century to give Grangemouth a really substantial beginning as a harbour town of consequence.

About that period there seems to have been a vogue among the great landowners whose estates touched the sea in Scotland for the building of harbours and development of trading facilities. On the west coast the Earl of Eglinton began the building of his great harbour of Ardrossan, along with the making of a canal which was to establish its fortunes as the port of Glasgow. Here, on the east coast, a similar enterprise was put in train by the scion of another great family which has made its mark on the history of Scotland.

The latter important enterprise was no doubt instigated in part by the foundation of the Carron Ironworks some three miles away. These works were founded by Dr Roebuck, of Sheffield, in 1760, and were the first of their kind in Scotland. Though they drew their materials mostly from mines in the neighbourhood, they required an outlet for their products, and the cheapest, indeed almost the only, practicable means of transport upon a great scale at that time was by water. A new impulse was accordingly given to an old project of the time of King Charles II. for cutting a canal across Scotland to join the Forth and the Clyde. This project had been revived and a survey for the purpose had been made in 1723 by Gordon, author of the *Itinerarium Septentrionale*. In 1761 Lord Napier tackled it again, and had a survey made by Robert M'Kell, which induced the Board of Trustees for the Encouragement of Fisheries and Manufactures in Scotland to have a further survey made by the famous engineer Smeaton. At this point the merchants of Glasgow stepped in, eager, with their usual enterprise, to link Glasgow to the possibilities of the great undertaking. Their proposal, however, was only for a canal four feet deep, to cost £30,000, a sum which, with their accustomed energy, they completely subscribed in the space of two days. Here, however, the great landowners came forward, stigmatised the Glasgow enterprise as a "mere ditch," and themselves began a subscription in London for the cutting of a canal seven feet deep at a cost of £150,000.

From the first the chief lead in this enterprise was taken by Sir Laurence Dundas, Bart., of Kerse, through whose estate the course of the canal at its eastern end was to run. Sir Laurence was the younger son of Thomas Dundas of Fingask, a branch of the great Dundas family which has produced so many men eminently distinguished by their public services in the highest offices in Scotland. He himself had been commissary-general and contractor to the army from 1748 to 1759. He had acquired much wealth, and had been created a baronet in 1762. From the first he seems to have recognised the great possibilities of a canal between the Forth and the Clyde, and to have done his



Photo. W. Ritchie & Sons.

FORTH AND CLYDE CANAL, GRANGEMOUTH.

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utmost to further the enterprise. It was he who cut the first sod on 10th July, 1768; when a branch was made to Glasgow, the harbour there received his family name as Port-Dundas; and when William Symington placed his famous steamboat, the first practical vessel of the kind in Scotland, upon its waters, that vessel was named after his son's wife, Lady Charlotte Dundas.

On his own estate, at the canal's eastern end, Sir Laurence Dundas began the erection of the little harbour town of Grangemouth in 1777. He himself died in 1781, but so shrewdly had he laid the foundations of his family fortunes that thirteen years later his only son was raised to the peerage with the title of Baron Dundas, that son's son was in 1839 created Earl of Zetland, and in 1892 his descendant was raised to the rank of Marquess.

Meanwhile the little port of Grangemouth rose speedily to fame and fortune, completely eclipsing the harbour of Airth, further up the Forth, which had long been the chief sea-port of Stirlingshire. For the convenience of shipping it was provided with a dry dock, commodious quays, and great storehouses, and, before the days of steam, a forest of masts, rising among the roofs of its houses, afforded proof of the busy trade which passed through its gates to the sea.

The coming of the steamship merely gave a further impetus to the fortunes of the place. In 1841 a new wet dock was added, with basins for timber, while the channel of the Carron down to the Forth was deepened and provided with well-made embankments faced with stone. The Carron Company had a wharf of their own, while the Stirling merchants shipped and unshipped their cargoes here, floating their timber up the Forth, and transporting their iron by road. At the same time the town had the benefit of trade from the vessels passing to the west coast and Glasgow on the waters of the canal.

Down to the year 1810 Grangemouth was regarded, for customs purposes, merely as a "creek" of Bo'ness further down the Firth of Forth, but in that year, so rapidly had it progressed, it was provided with a harbour authority of its own. In the early days of the Forth and Clyde

Canal there were difficulties between the London Governor and Council, and the Committees of Management in Edinburgh and Glasgow, which threatened trouble to Grangemouth, but after 1862 the whole management was centred in a Glasgow board, and from that time forth the troubles disappeared. Grangemouth finally took its rank as one of the important sea-ports of the country when the Forth and Clyde Canal passed into possession of the Caledonian Railway Company at the end of the nineteenth century. Following that event, great new docks were built, and the fairway to the open sea was deepened, so that steamships of really considerable tonnage could make free use of the port. Among these a very large trade was done by the vessels of the Carron Company itself, which ran one of the finest lines of coasting vessels in the country between Grangemouth and London. This service was for a time restricted and altered by the exigencies of the Great War; but since that war ended, and the German pirate submarines no longer lie in wait to demonstrate what our German enemies understand as the "freedom of the seas," Grangemouth has again taken up its interrupted story of progress, and proceeded to develop business once more on the ocean highways of the world.

In the matter of local trades Grangemouth has naturally followed its own requirements as a sea-port. When sailing ships were the rule, rope-making was of course a chief industry of the place; and wooden shipbuilding also thrived in its time. In the light of our later experiences it is curious to recall the fact that on the advent of steamship building to the place the first vessel of this kind to be launched was the *Hecla*, a vessel of 100 tons, 80 feet long and 36 wide, destined for the towing of trading vessels over the Memel bar in Prussia.

Owing to the deliberate intention with which the town was founded, Grangemouth is a place of well-ordered streets and fairly regular plan. Unlike many sea-ports, its surroundings in all directions are delightful, and some of its approaches, such as the Bo'ness Road, take the form of bosky boulevards of very real charm. Grangemouth

to-day indeed presents nothing of the aspect of the grimy sea-port, but is a town of no little picturesqueness and attraction. Notably it is the meeting place par excellence in Scotland of the fresh-water sailor and his bluffer and more robust cousin of the deep-sea variety, he of the Norway, Baltic, and Archangel trades.

GRANTOWN

WITHIN the last forty or fifty years the districts of Badenoch and Strathspey have risen to a wonderful vogue as a summer resort and holiday region. High-lying on the northern slope of the great Grampian passes, they enjoy the bracing, golden air of mountain, moor, and pine forest, and present the greatest possible change of scene to sojourners from the level lands and smoky cities of the south. Life in these high regions, with their rushing rivers and shining lochs, white roads and purple heather and mossy woodland ways, their visions of majestic mountain walls and mighty glens, and their memories of a tragic and heroic past, is full of an exhilaration and a glamour to be found nowhere else, perhaps, in quite the same proportions. Unlike the Scottish Border and the lochsides and valleys of the southern Grampians, the valley of the Spey has had its glories boomed by no great literary genius like Sir Walter Scott. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's *Wolf of Badenoch* and other books have been read only by the elect. For this reason the attractions of Badenoch and Strathspey have been later in becoming known to the tourist and summer sojourner. That they have attained the great vogue they possess is due entirely to their own wizardry. It has to be remembered, of course, that some of these attractions are themselves of modern growth. Grantown was only founded by Sir James Grant in 1776, and the vast pine forests which, until the great war, covered the lower part of the valley and added tonic richness and aroma to the atmosphere, were planted mostly by the late Countess of Seafield and her husband and son.

These forests, however, only restored the ancient character of the countryside. So great and famous indeed were the woods here from time immemorial that, after the collapse of the Jacobite rising of 1745, when the York Buildings Company bought up the forfeited estates, it made the valley the centre of a great timber industry, cutting the trees and



CASTLE GRANT, GRANTOWN-ON-SPEY,
On the site of the ancient Comyn stronghold of Freuchie.

floating them down the Spey in rafts, as the lumbermen do on the Canadian rivers, to be fashioned into ships in the building yards which the Company established at the river mouth. The Company, indeed, with its road-making and bridge-building and the lavish expenditure of money which finally brought it to grief, may be said to have laid the foundations of the modern prosperity of the countryside.

Before that time the forest country of Badenoch and Strathspey had been the scene of many strange adventures and exploits. The grey stone circles at Delfour and on the moor of Grainish, and the Picts' House or cave discovered by Sir David Brewster in the hillside behind the village of Raits speak of an early half forgotten people and faith which had their home amid the forest recesses, while the little kirk of Inch with its bronze bell of Culdee times is believed to have been the shrine of continuous Christian worship from the sixth century to the present day. In the reign of the later Celtic kings, Malcolm Canmore and his sons, came the rule of the great house of Comyn, who were lords of nearly all this region, and still hold part of it, their last possession in Scotland, at Altyre on the Findhorn, above Forres. As their ally and friend, Edward I. of England brought his English hosts marching into the district for his memorable siege of the stronghold in Lochandorb. With the rise of Robert the Bruce the fortunes of the Comyns went down, and the great race, who had once been lords of all Badenoch and Strathspey, with much of the rest of Scotland beside, appear to have been ousted, family after family, from their ancient patrimony. The story of the transfer of their stronghold and lands at the spot now known as Grantown, is characteristic of the methods by which their downfall was brought about, and a ghastly memorial of the incident remains in the human skull which is said to form part of the title of the present owners of the region.

The story of the incident, with its grim ending, runs romantically enough. Comyn of Freuchie, as the stronghold was then called, was one morning, it appears, disturbed by the news that a son of Grant of Stratherick, with a body of

some thirty followers, had taken quarters in a cavern in his neighbourhood. The fact was that this young man while residing with the Chief of Macgregor, had fallen in love with Macgregor's daughter and had secretly carried her off. Comyn naturally resented the intrusion, and took measures to drive away the unwelcome party, but found the task beyond his power. Then one evening the Macgregor chief arrived upon the scene to demand his daughter and punish her abductor. Young Grant, however, appears to have been as shrewd as he was gallant. He entertained his father-in-law as sumptuously as circumstances would allow. At the same time, as it was night, he caused his own followers to pass and repass so often in the firelight at the mouth of the cave that the old Chief was led to believe he had a much larger following than he really possessed. As a result he changed his mind and gave the young pair his blessing. Grant then proceeded to turn his goodwill to further account. He complained to him of the persecution to which he had been subjected by Comyn, and persuaded him to join forces in an effort to retaliate. Forthwith an attack on Castle Freuchie was made by the Grants and Macgregors. It proved entirely successful. The place was stormed and Comyn himself was slain. From that day to this Freuchie has remained a possession of the Grants, who changed its name to their own, and Comyn's skull has been preserved within its walls as a token of their right.

Gradually the Grants became a powerful clan, and from Craigellachie, the great rock above Aviemore, whose name furnished them with their slogan, to the other Craigellachie on the Spey at Aberlour, they held the valley. The shore of the little loch of Balladern was their gathering-place, whence they set out on many a warlike excursion. Among the most notable events of later times was the escape of the Marquess of Huntly to the district, during the Civil War in 1644, when he found a hiding place from the troops of the Covenant in the same cave that young Grant had occupied on his coming to the district. From that circumstance it has since been known as Huntly's Cave. Still later, in 1690, the Haughs of Cromdale, on the bank of the Spey



ONE OF THE ENTRANCES, CASTLE GRANT.

Facing p. 180.

opposite Castle Grant, were the scene of a bloody encounter. The victory of Viscount Dundee at Killiecrankie, a few miles to the south, had given the Jacobite cause some appearance of success in Scotland. But Generals Buchan and Cannon, who succeeded Dundee in the command of the Jacobite forces, were not his equals in efficiency. With 1200 or 1500 Highlanders they were encamped here on the night of 1st May, when they were suddenly surprised and routed by Sir Thomas Livingstone, King William's governor of Inverness. A well-known ballad, *The Haughs of Cromdale*, commemorates the event, and mixes up with it something of Montrose's victory for King Charles I. at the battle of Aldearn forty-five years earlier.

From a much earlier date, however, the countryside was famous for the dancing pipe-music known from its place of origin as the Strathspey. This measure is said to have been composed first by a family of the name of Brown in Kincardine, and afterwards by the Cummings of Freuchie, now Castle Grant. As the Grants obtained possession of Freuchie before 1424, the measure must have a respectable antiquity. The last of its famous players, John Roy Cumming, died about 1850.

Down to the present time the inhabitants of the region have always been ready to show their warlike mettle. In 1820, at the election following the death of George III, feeling ran high between the Grants and the Duffs, and the Ladies Grant suffered some affront in the town of Elgin. Forthwith the country rose as if the fiery cross had been sent round, and next morning nine hundred Strathspey men, headed by the factor of Seafield, appeared before the town. It was only by much tact on the part of the authorities that further trouble was avoided.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, Sir Ludovic Grant of Grant married Margaret, daughter of James Ogilvie, Earl of Findlater and Seafield, and through this marriage in 1811 the chief of the Grants became fifth Earl of Seafield. Ian Charles, eighth Earl, who died in 1884, left the great estates to his mother, a daughter of the late Lord Blantyre. As a result, the ninth Earl and his son

were landless men. The Countess, however, greatly improved the countryside by her vast plantings of trees, and when she died, left the estates, much enriched, to the eleventh Earl. Upon the death of this peer on active service in the Great War in 1918, his only daughter inherited the Seafield title and the estates, while her uncle became thirty-first Chief of the Grants and inherited the title of Lord Strathspey, which had recently been revived in the family.

To-day Castle Grant, though the centre of the history of the region, is nothing wonderful to look at. Queen Victoria, indeed, is said to have suggested that it looked not a little like a factory. But Grantown with its well-built houses of white granite and its single wide street, is one of the most pleasant and prosperous places in the Highlands.

GREENOCK

JUST as certain towns and districts of Scotland suffered rather than profited by the Act of Union in the eighteenth century, certain places of the greatest interest, both to the sightseer and in the matter of fame as centres of natural scenery, have suffered within the last century from the development of railway and steamboat facilities. Notable among these latter places are such towns as Stirling and Greenock. The lover of the picturesque and the historic, who in the middle of last century and earlier made pilgrimage to Stirling to revel in the glories of the view from the castle ramparts and in the storied associations which crowd every corner, has of late years been carried past those storied walls by the facilities afforded for reaching spots farther away, but not in reality more interesting. Similarly Greenock, which, a century ago, was a watering-place of high esteem on the Firth of Clyde, and the delight of many for its noble panoramas of mountain and sea-loch, to say nothing of its rich associations with many interesting events in the past, has been regarded merely as a place of transfer from train to steamer in the rush of the tourist crowd to travel as far as possible in the least space of time. So far has this vogue prevailed that at the present hour the mention of Greenock as a place of pilgrimage for its own sake is apt to excite a smile of unbelief, and it is only when a few of the many delights and interests of the town are detailed that the smile of incredulity gives way to a look of surprise and conviction.

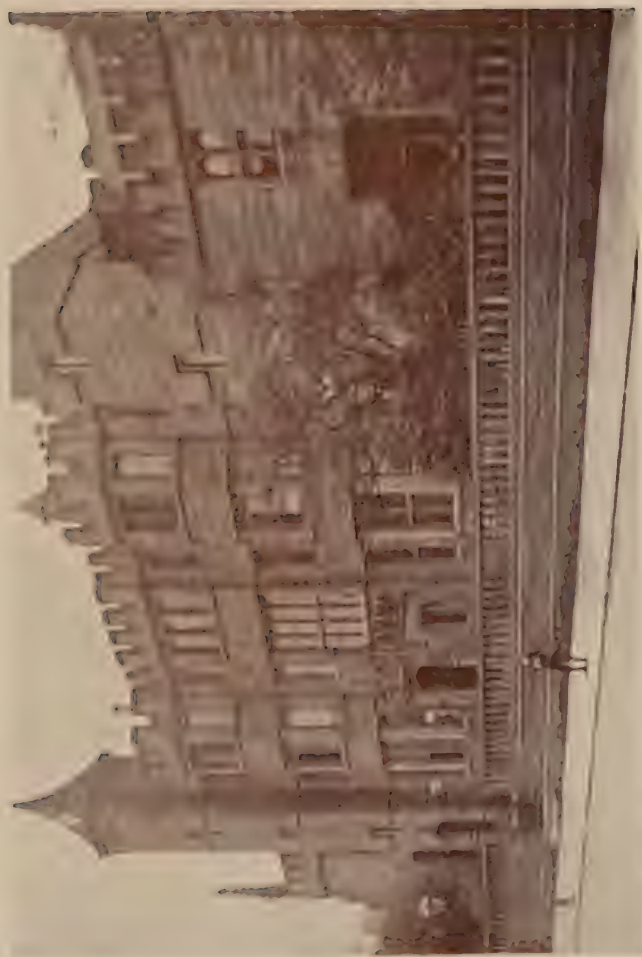
To mention first some of the natural charms of which this busy little port on the Clyde is the possessor, it may be questioned whether there exists anywhere in the world a panorama more superb than that to be enjoyed from the hillside which rises steeply behind the town. A favourite walk with the people of the place is that by the aqueduct which runs for six and a half miles along that hillside to the upland reservoir known as Loch Thom, from which Greenock derives its water supply. From this vantage

ground the town itself, which lies below, terraced on the hillside, with its busy factories and harbour full of shipping, and its lines of pleasant villas stretching away to the westward, looks highly picturesque through its blue haze of smoke, while the bosom of the Firth beyond presents a moving picture, with busy river steamers making for the Clydeside resorts, and great ocean liners waiting at the Tail of the Bank for the tide on which to make their way up river to Glasgow itself. Beyond all this, again, lie the farther shores of the Firth, lined with a score of lovely watering-places, and behind them the great sea-lochs winding away like blue lanes into the mysterious heart of the Argyllshire hills.

Not less delightful and impressive are the views from the shore roads running eastward and westward out of the town. That eastward by Port-Glasgow and Langbank to Renfrew, is famous among motorists for its wooded richness and its lovely riverside glimpses, while that westward by Gourock to Inverkip is far-famed for the sunsets to be witnessed from it, which by many are thought to be the finest in the world.

By too many people Greenock is regarded as merely a manufacturing and seaport town, but those who really know it are aware of the delightful residential character of the suburbs which stretch away westward, their charming villas terraced in stately lines looking down upon a shining Firth, and enjoying a matchless view of the sunsets on the Cowal hills. And for those who dip more deeply into the story of the past the town itself and its immediate neighbourhood possess a fascination and variety of interest excelled by few places of its size.

Whether the name of the town be derived from the ancient British "Graen-ag," meaning a sandy place, or from the Gaelic "Grian-aig," a sunny bay, it surely is appropriate and characteristic. Though Greenock has a fairly heavy rainfall, it is by no means the wettest place in the country, as some people imagine, and from its situation on a promontory on the Firth it enjoys an amount of sunshine and fresh air of which few towns can boast. The name of Greenock as a baronial possession is of high



THE WATT MONUMENT, GREENOCK.

Built by the son of James Watt, improver of the steam engine, this building contains Watt's statue by Chantrey, and many interesting relics.

antiquity. In the Ragman's Roll of 1293 Hugh de Grenock appears as one of the Scottish barons who yielded allegiance to Edward I. of England. A century later, according to Crawford's *Renfrewshire*, the owner of the barony was Malcolm Galbraith. On his death it was divided between his two daughters, one of whom married Shaw of Sauchie and the other Crawford of Kilbirnie. For three centuries the Crawfords remained lairds of Easter Greenock, their castle standing at Bridge-end, a mile east of the town, while the castle of Wester Greenock, the seat of the Shaws, stood on a rising ground above what is now the centre of Greenock itself. Of the two families the Shaws were evidently the more stirring and prosperous. In 1589 John Shaw got from James VI. authority to build a church on his lands of Greenock, Finart, and Spangock, for the people, who, he said, were all fishers and of a reasonable number. His church was represented by the Old, or West Parish Kirk, removed to a new site in 1920. Forty-six years later another John Shaw procured from Charles I. a charter erecting the place into a burgh of Barony, and in 1669 he purchased Easter Greenock from the Crawfords, and so brought the whole estate again under one ownership.

This was a time of enterprise in the neighbourhood. As long previously as 1495 James IV. had set sail from the Goraik, now Gourock, in the good ship "Verdour," Nicholas of Bour, master, with "three hundred men, harues and artilzery, boden for weir," to subdue the Hebridean lords. That place must therefore have been regarded as the chief harbour in the neighbourhood. Then in 1668, a year before John Shaw purchased Easter Greenock, the city of Glasgow, finding its port of Irvine silted up, and denied the use of Dunbarton by the townsmen of that place, had acquired twenty-two acres of land from Maxwell of Newark in Newark bay, and had begun the building of Port-Glasgow. Cartsdyke, also, was then a separate place. It was there that the great Somerled, Lord of the Isles, had landed in 1164, on his way to attack the High Stewart at Renfrew, where he fell. Cartsdyke was already possessed

of a harbour, and from it in 1699 part of the great Darien Expedition was to set sail.

Meanwhile Greenock possessed nothing better than a rude stone jetty, though this seems to have been a busy place enough. In 1670 a French writer mentions "Krinok" as the place of departure of the Scottish post and packet boat to Ireland, and speaks of barques and other vessels loading and unloading at the "mole." At that time Greenock had a great herring fishery, employing as many as 900 boats, and exporting in 1674 as many as twenty thousand barrels of salted herring. Moreover, with its weekly market and two annual fairs, the town did a great trade with the people of the West Highlands, who had access hither by the ferry plying from Dunoon. The town at the same time was not without evidences of more ominous events. It was the time of the persecution of the Covenanters, and, after the battle of Bothwell Brig in 1679, Greenock must have seen something of the convoys of persecuted folk who were shipped as slaves to the American Plantations by that notable merchant adventurer, Walter Gibson, Provost of Glasgow. Gibson had a close connection with this neighbourhood, as his fortune had been founded on his wonderful new enterprise of curing red herring at Gourrock close by. Not less ominous, in the same connection, was the landing at the Mole of Greenock in 1685 of part of the Earl of Argyll's ill-fated expedition in aid of the Covenanters, which was to collapse almost immediately upon the capture of the Earl himself at Inchinnan.

Amid these events the fortunes of the Shaws continued to rise. In 1674 John Shaw appears to have rebuilt his family seat of Wester Greenock, which thenceforth took the name of the Mansion House. With its terraces and pleasure-grounds overlooking the river, this dwelling was one of the finest houses in the country, though its site is now surrounded by crowded buildings in the centre of the town. Twenty-nine years later Sir John Shaw, the head of the family, ventured upon the enterprise which may be said to have brought about the whole modern prosperity of Greenock. In 1703, at his own expense, he built a harbour for his burgh.

This was the greatest of its kind in Scotland. It was built at a happy moment. Four years later the Union between Scotland and England took place, when, as a result of the trade with the American Colonies which sprang up, it proved a great attraction to shipping, and became a sort of gold mine to the town.

Sir John Shaw advanced his family fortunes by marrying the daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Nicholson of Carnock. His only daughter, Margaret, married John Houston of Houston, and her only daughter, again, married Sir Michael Stewart of Ardgowan and Blackhall. Through these marriages, on the death of his uncle, another Sir John Shaw of Greenock, in 1751, Sir John Stewart of Ardgowan came to represent not only his own ancient family, directly descended from King Robert III., but also the families of Nicholson of Carnock, Houston of that ilk, and Shaw of Greenock. Through this descent Sir Hugh Shaw Stewart of Ardgowan is at the present hour the feudal superior of the lands upon which Greenock is built. At the same time through Marion, only child of the last Sir John Shaw, who married Charles, eighth Baron Cathcart, a considerable part of the feu-duties of the town passed to this noble family, and when her grandson, after commanding the expedition to Copenhagen in 1807, was made, first, Viscount and afterwards Earl Cathcart, he took the title also of Baron Greenock.

Several other interesting events in Greenock date likewise from the eighteenth century. Here it was that about the middle of the century Charles Morrison, a Greenock surgeon, made the first discoveries of the possibility of conveying messages by electricity—the idea of our modern electric telegraph. Morrison communicated his ideas in a letter to the *Scots Magazine* in 1753, and a number of his letters are to be seen in the Watt Monument in Greenock. He afterwards emigrated to Virginia, where he died.

In Greenock also it was that in 1736 was born James Watt, whose improvements in the construction of the steam engine were to revolutionise the whole industrial history of the world. The place of his birth, in a street near the

harbour, below the splendid pile of the Municipal Buildings, is occupied now by the Watt Memorial, appropriately devoted to the housing of a School of Engineering and Navigation. A statue of Watt himself occupies a fine domed pedestal at the corner of the building.

Two years before Watt was born a poor schoolmistress in Carttsyke, by name Jean Adams, published a volume of poems, on the strength of which there has been attributed to her the authorship of that fine song, "The Sailor's Wife," better known by its characteristic line, "There nae luck about the hoose." It seems much more likely, upon all the available evidence, that the song was a composition of William Julius Mickle, author of the ballad "Cumnor Hall," which is said to have inspired Sir Walter Scott with the idea for his novel of *Kenilworth*. But the suggestion of an authorship by Jean Adams, first made by the careless Cromek in 1810, has brought a certain kind of fame to the poor schoolmistress of Carttsyke.

Another poetic association with Greenock is that of the schoolmaster, John Wilson, author of one of the best of Scottish descriptive poems, "Clyde." When Wilson was appointed master of the Grammar School of Greenock in 1769 it was stipulated by the magistrates and ministers of the town that he must abandon "the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making." Wilson agreed, and honourably kept his promise, certainly to the loss of the country's literature. Thirty years later, however, in a letter to his son George, then studying at Glasgow University, he gave a glimpse of the bitter thoughts which again and again must have risen in his mind. "I once," he wrote, "thought to live by the breath of fame; but how miserably disappointed was I when, instead of having my performances applauded in crowded theatres, and being caressed by the great—for what will not a poetaster in his intoxicating delirium of possession dream?—I was condemned to bawl myself to hoarseness to wayward brats, to cultivate sand and wash Ethiopians, for all the dreary days of an obscure life—the contempt of shopkeepers and brutish skippers."

Still another notable association with poetry belongs to



SIR GABRIEL WOOD'S INSTITUTION, GREENOCK.

Founded by a bequest of Admiral Sir Gabriel Wood in 1845, the institution affords a comfortable home to some seventy ancient mariners belonging to the shores of Clyde.

the town. Here it was that in 1786 Mary Campbell, the Highland Mary of Robert Burns, fell ill and breathed her last. A fragment of the Minchcollop Close, where this event took place, is still to be seen below the Municipal Buildings, a few yards to the east of the spot on which James Watt was born, though most of the houses of the close have been pulled down to make way for the Police Office. The story runs that, in anticipation of marriage with the poet—who by the way, though he thought otherwise, was already married to Jean Armour—Mary had paid a visit to her relatives at Campbeltown. On her way back, accompanied by her father and her brother Robert, she had stopped to visit her sister, the wife of a ship carpenter, Peter MacPherson, in Greenock, when she was seized with a malignant fever then prevalent in the town, and presently died. From her grave in the old West Kirk Yard at the end of the street her remains were removed to their present resting-place in 1920.

Burns himself, it will be remembered, was on his way to take ship at Greenock for the West Indies when he received the summons to Edinburgh which proved the turning point of his fortunes. Somewhat later he stayed as a guest at Cartside House, on the occasion of his obscure visit to the town, which he made, it is believed, in order to recall departed memories at Highland Mary's grave.

Still another of the literary memories of Greenock is that of the death of John Galt here in 1839. The greatest of Scottish novelists after Sir Walter Scott had been employed in Greenock Custom House, had travelled in the south of Europe, and founded the town of Guelph in Canada. He was paralysed in 1834, but continued his literary work till he ended his days five years later in a house which still stands at the corner of Blackhall Street.

Still another interesting memory of the town is that of the publisher, John Lennox, who, by means of his paper, published under the title of *Young Greenock* and other names, did much to bring about the abolition of the stamp duties upon newspapers, popularly known as "taxes on knowledge." One of Lennox's devices to avoid the paper

duties was to print his periodical on cotton cloth. The numbers thus printed in 1849 appeared under the title of *The Greenock News Clout*.

A great enterprise of another kind at Greenock in the nineteenth century was the formation of the reservoir and aqueduct in the hills behind, which supplies water to the town. This undertaking of the Shaw's Water Company was planned and carried out in 1827, thirty-two years before the completion of the great Glasgow enterprise which brought water from Loch Katrine to the city. It was completed at a cost of ninety thousand pounds by Robert Thom; entailed the construction of a reservoir, Loch Thom, 296 acres in extent, and furnished the town with an abundant and invaluable supply of water.

In the course of its undertaking the Shaw's Company took over an old reservoir, the Whinhill Dam. On the night of 21st November, 1835, this reservoir burst its banks, poured three million cubic feet of water upon the eastern part of Greenock, and destroyed an immense amount of property, with the loss of thirty lives.

This is not the only memorable disaster associated with the town. On 25th July of the same year the boiler of the Earl Grey steamer burst at Greenock Quay, killing six persons and injuring many more. In 1822 the *Catherine of Iona* sank off Kemploch Point as the result of a collision, when forty-two lives were lost. Three years later the second *Comet* had the same fate, when seventy persons were drowned. And off Fort Matilda, in 1863, the first *Iona* was sent to the bottom on the eve of sailing to become a blockade-runner in the American War.

But the enterprise of Greenock has gone forward unchecked. The abundant water supply from Loch Thom led to the building, among other factories, of a great cotton mill, of which the foundation stone was laid with Masonic honours in 1838. For this mill the power was supplied by the largest water-wheel in the world, seventy feet two inches in diameter, and of two hundred horse-power, the cast-iron axle of the wheel alone weighing eleven tons, and the buckets, a hundred and sixty in number, each carrying one

hundred gallons of water. Cotton spinning in Greenock was soon eclipsed, however, by sugar refining, and in connection with this trade, chiefly founded on raw supplies from the West Indies, the harbour of Greenock for many years rivalled that of Bristol as the chief resort of the sugar ships. In the latter years of the century, however, the Germans and Austrians succeeded by their sugar bounties in wrecking this British industry. The great sugar refineries of Greenock became derelict, and Greenock itself, which had just built the James Watt Dock to accommodate the sugar ships, was all but ruined. Within recent years, however, by the energy of its inhabitants, other industries have been developed, and the town is once more a busy and thriving place. Of late also the establishment of a great Government factory in the neighbourhood has brought large numbers of new inhabitants to the town.

Among its public institutions Greenock boasts a fine library, founded in 1783. In 1837 this was housed in the noble building in Union Street erected by the son of James Watt, and known as the Watt Monument. It contains many interesting treasures and relics, chief of which is a statue of Watt by Chantrey. Greenock also boasts the earliest Burns' Club in the country, in the rooms of which are treasured many highly valuable relics of the poet.

Another interesting and picturesque institution is the Mariners' Home, known as Sir Gabriel Wood's Institution, which was built in 1851 and liberally endowed out of a bequest of eighty thousand pounds left by Admiral Sir Gabriel Wood. It affords retreat and maintenance for seventy aged, infirm, and disabled seamen belonging to the counties bordering the Clyde.

The town has also several other public buildings of note. Its old Town Hall was planned by James Watt in 1765; its Tontine was built in 1801, its Exchange in 1814, and its Custom House, long the most famous and important building on the lower reaches of the Clyde, dates from 1818. But its chief building to-day is its new Town Hall, with a really noble tower, in Cathcart Square, the centre of the town.

When Europe was convulsed by war, sightseeing was

of course at a discount, but since peace returned Greenock has received a good deal more attention than has hitherto been bestowed upon it by the lover of places storied, picturesque, and memorable.

HUNTLY

HIGHLY interesting historically, and attractive otherwise as a resort, in its hollow of the hills, is the little burgh of Huntly, the capital of the ancient lordship of Strathbogie, and a possession of the Gordon family for some six centuries. The place no doubt took its origin from the neighbourhood of the ancient castle of Strathbogie, built in the thirteenth century. Originally a possession of the great Comyn family, this stronghold, with its wide domains, was forfeited for the part taken by that family in the Wars of Independence. Castle and lands were transferred by Robert the Bruce to Sir Adam de Gordon, for his support of the patriotic cause in these wars, and the Gordons thereupon removed from their original Scottish seat in Berwickshire, and settled here. For further services to the State Sir Adam's great-great-grandson was made Earl of Huntly; his son, the second Earl, married Annabella, daughter of King James I., and the family very soon became the most powerful in the north.

Two incidents which took place at Huntly Castle afford a vivid impression of the character of those times. In the course of a feud the Mackintosh Chief had burned the Gordon stronghold of Auchindoun. Being afterwards hard pressed, and seeing his clan threatened with destruction by the Gordons, Mackintosh was reduced to sue for peace. Taking an opportunity when the Earl was from home, he appeared at Huntly Castle and was interviewed by the Countess in the castle-yard. Among other things in his pleading he said he would be willing even to lay his own head on the block to save his clan. They happened to be standing near the block on which the cook was breaking up a carcase for the kitchen, and pointing to it the lady said she would believe him when she saw him do it. Thinking to convince her, and little dreaming she would take him at his word, Mackintosh knelt down and laid his head on the wood. But on the instant Lady Huntly made a sign to the

cook, who promptly lifted his axe and severed the unfortunate Chief's head from his body.

Again, having had occasion to visit displeasure on a neighbouring clan, the Farquharsons of the Dee valley, the Earl found himself with a large number of Farquharson orphans on his hands. These he carried to Huntly Castle. Shortly afterwards, by way of amusing the Laird of Grant, who was visiting him, he took him to a gallery over the great hall. A large trough below was filled with broken meat. At a signal a grating was lifted and there rushed in a crowd of naked children, screaming and fighting for the disgusting morsels. Horrified, the Laird of Grant begged that the children should be given to him. He carried them home and distributed them among his own clansmen, where for generations afterwards their descendants were still known as the "Children of the Trough."

In the time of Queen Mary, George, fourth Earl of Huntly, was the bulwark of Catholicism in the north. The Earl of Moray, Mary's half brother, head of the Protestant party, plotted and achieved his overthrow and death at the Battle of Corrichie. Huntly Castle, which had been furnished like a royal palace, was then stripped of its treasures and dismantled, and it was burned after the Battle of Glenlivet in 1594. George, the Earl's second son, was, however, reinstated, and his son was made Marquess of Huntly by James VI., and rebuilt the castle in 1602. The second Marquess, a loyal supporter of Charles I. in the Civil Wars, was captured in Strathdon and beheaded by the Covenanters at Edinburgh, and Huntly Castle was again destroyed. His grandson was created Duke of Gordon by Charles II. in 1684. On the death of the fifth and "last" Duke in 1836, the estates passed to the Duke of Richmond and Lennox as heir-female, while the title of Marquess of Huntly passed to the Earl of Aboyne. These facts sufficiently account for the predominance of Gordon names in the town.

Dr. George Macdonald, who was born at Huntly in 1824, made the place the scene of his novel *Alec Forbes of Howglen*, and has woven the chief features of the neighbourhood into his tale. Huntly is his Glamerton, the river Bogie is the Glamour, and the Deveron the Wan Water.



Photo. W. Ritchie & Sons.

HUNTLY CASTLE, IN STRATHROGIE, ABERDEENSHIRE.

This seat of the Gordon Chiefs, said to have been the finest mansion in Scotland, was destroyed by James VI. in 1594.

In the season, Huntly affords excellent headquarters for the angler. The Deveron, Bogie, Isla, and other streams are open for the payment of a small fee. For river trout some of the town's reaches of the Deveron are hardly surpassed in the country. Bowls and tennis and golf are also well provided for; Huntly Cricket Club arranges attractive fixtures during the summer, and the country-side presents endless interests for motorist, cyclist, and pedestrian. Some idea of the healthiness of the town may be gathered from the fact that the death-rate in 1910 was only 13 per thousand.

INVERNESS

IT has long been stated, and is probably the fact, that the finest English in the British Isles is not spoken in any part of England itself, but is to be heard from the lips of women of the better educated classes in Dublin, and, next to them, of the educated women of Inverness. Whether or not this still remains as true as formerly, there is a charm and purity about the speech of the people of Inverness at the present day, which is as distinct from the corrupt mouthing of the common so-called "English accent" as it is from the broad and often defective speech of many other towns and rural districts in Scotland. Inverness owes this fact probably to various causes, partly perhaps to the residence of Cromwell's English garrison at the citadel near the town from 1655 till the Restoration, partly to the fact that for long the English tongue here was learnt "from the book," and grafted upon the gentle accent of the Gaelic speech, and partly no doubt to the influx every season of large numbers of nobility and gentry from all parts of the crowded to the last attic with people of note and nobility.

These Highland Games, held annually in September, have for many years formed the chief social function in the Highlands, and during their progress, and the holding of the Caledonian Ball which accompanies them, Inverness is crowded to the last attic with people of note and nobility.

The attractions of Inverness as a place of resort and residence were evidently well known as long ago as Shakespeare's time, since, whether he knew the place from a personal visit, as it quite possible, or from the report of others who were familiar with it, he has given a singularly true and particular impression of its mild and pleasant atmosphere in his famous lines in *Macbeth*:

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses. This guest of summer,
The temple haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here.



Photo. T & R. Annan & Sons

THE ISLANDS, INVERNESS.

Facing p. 196.

To-day the sunny delightful climate of Inverness is fully attested not only by the large numbers of summer visitors who flock to the town, but also by the professional classes and people of means who make it their permanent place of residence. It has the highest educational and social attractions, is itself a bright, clean, and charming town, where the cost of living, with rent and rates, is remarkably moderate, and it lies in the midst of a country as rich in natural beauty as it is interesting on account of its historical associations. At the time of the war, it is true, one could not enter the town without a passport from the Military Authorities, by whom it was regarded as the gate to the important military and naval districts of the north; but, since the war ended and such restrictions were removed, Inverness has resumed its place as the social, political, literary, and religious capital of the Highlands.

The position of Inverness, at the mouth of a considerable river and the head of a great firth, must have made the spot always a place of importance, both from the commercial and the strategic points of view, and, as a matter of fact, it has been held in high esteem from the dawn of traditional and written record. As long ago as the time of Brud, King of the Picts, in the seventh century, the place was a royal residence, and it was here that St. Columba came from Iona on that missionary journey which, through the conversion of the Pictish king to Christianity, had such far-reaching effects upon the future of these islands. The editor of Adamnan's *Life of Columba* concluded that the royal residence must have been on Craigphadraig, two miles west of the town, where the vestiges of a vitrified fort are still to be seen. Later authorities, however, agree that the royal castle more probably stood on The Crown, the raised plateau to the east of Inverness. On The Crown also is believed to have stood, in the eleventh century, the stronghold of the great Macbeth, Maormer of Ross and Moray, to which applies the description in Shakespeare's play already quoted. King Duncan, of course, was not murdered there, but at the smiddy of Bothgofuane, near Elgin, but the great dramatist's description of the murder as taking place in the

Castle of Inverness has exercised an immense influence in directing popular interest to the spot.

The original town of Inverness no doubt clustered round the walls of the stronghold on The Crown, and evidence of the fact came to light within comparatively recent years with the digging up there of the Broadstone, which formed the socket of the old Cross. It was after the death of Macbeth, in the time of Malcolm Canmore or one of his sons, that the stronghold was removed to the present Castle Hill, overhanging the River Ness, and it would not be long after this that the townsmen began to remove, and to build their houses for protection on the steep hillsides around the stronghold's walls. At the present hour the quaint little winding streets here are the oldest part of the town of Inverness.

In the days of David I., Malcolm Canmore's youngest son, Inverness was already a place of consequence, and was by that king made the seat of a royal officer whose authority extended over the whole north of Scotland. William the Lion granted it four charters, by one of which in 1180 he undertook to make a moat round the town, while the burghers were bound to build a palisade. Part of the moat, which ran along the line of the present Academy Street, became at a later day the receptacle of waste from the tanneries, and was accordingly known as the Foul Pool.

In 1280 a French count who had lost a ship in the Orkneys, chose Inverness as a suitable place for building a new one, and from that time Flemings and other foreigners seem to have resorted thither in considerable numbers for purposes of trade. The place was therefore a rich prize for plunderers.

Meanwhile Inverness played a prominent and almost constant part in the history of the country. Something of the strength of its castle at the time of the Wars of Independence may be judged from the ruin of Urquhart Castle on Loch Ness, which belonged to the same period, and shared again and again the same fortunes. Inverness was at that time the chief town north of Aberdeen, and as one of the main fortresses of the kingdom was surrendered to

Edward I. in 1291, when that monarch was entrusted with the decision as to the rights of the various claimants to the crown of Scotland. On the coronation of John Baliol it was given up to the Scots, but was seized again by Edward in 1296. It was then besieged by Andrew de Moray, son of Sir Andrew Moray, friend and fellow-Governor of Scotland with Sir William Wallace, but was held by its English constable, Sir Reginald le Chen, till after Wallace's victory at Stirling Bridge. During the siege by the Scots at that time Le Chen summoned Sir William FitzWarine, constable of Urquhart Castle, to a conference, and on his return FitzWarine was waylaid by Moray and Alexander Pilchys, a burgess of Inverness, and had many of his men slain. Moray finally captured both Urquhart Castle and the Castle of Inverness. Six years later the latter was taken again by the English, but in 1307, a year after his coronation, Robert the Bruce stormed the castle, slew its garrison, and levelled the stronghold with the ground.

Inverness came again into the limelight in the days of Bruce's great-grandson, Robert III. At that time the younger sons and grandsons of Robert II. were setting the whole North of Scotland in a turmoil. Among these was Donald, Lord of the Isles, whose mother was a daughter of Robert II., and who, for that reason, had been made Lord of the Isles in preference to his father's elder sons by a previous wife. By reason of his marriage with Margaret, sister of Alexander, Earl of Ross, whose only daughter had become a nun, the island Lord claimed the earldom. Earl Alexander's wife, however, had been a daughter of the powerful Robert, Duke of Albany, brother of Robert III., and their daughter Euphemia, the nun, had resigned the earldom to Albany's younger son, John, Earl of Buchan. The Lord of the Isles landed on the mainland with an army of 10,000 men, cut to pieces at Dingwall a strong force under Angus Dhu which ventured to oppose him, and, rallying all his forces at Inverness, marched across Scotland, vowing to burn Aberdeen and make a desert of the country to the shores of Loch Tay. Donald was repulsed at the battle of Harlaw, and finally forced to submit to

Albany by a treaty signed at Lochgilp on the Firth of Clyde; but Inverness had not seen the last of the turbulent Lords of the Isles and their claim to the Earldom of Ross.

After the battle of Harlaw the Exchequer Rolls show that considerable sums were laid out in repairing and rebuilding the castle, and upon the return of James I. from captivity in England, he held a Parliament there, to which he summoned the Highland lords and chiefs. Fifty of these were seized, and several of them tried and hanged on the Castle Hill. The chief of them, Alexander, Lord of the Isles, escaped with a short imprisonment. On being set at liberty he returned to his island fastnesses, burning with the desire for revenge, and, gathering a force, fell upon Inverness, which he burnt and plundered. The Castle then held out against him, and he was presently routed in Lochaber and forced to appear at Holyrood in abject fashion and appeal for the king's mercy; but nine years later, after the assassination of James I. at Perth, the Lord of the Isles was made Justiciar of the North, and so became Keeper of the Castle, which he had fruitlessly tried to storm eight years before.

In 1451, two years after the death of Alexander of the Isles, his son, John, last Lord of the Isles, in fulfilment of a compact with the rebel Earl of Douglas, took and garrisoned the Castle, and held it against James II. till 1455. He then, the cause of his ally Douglas having become desperate, made his peace with the king, and the Governorship of the Castle was annexed to the Crown, and entrusted to the Earl of Huntly. John of the Isles, with a strong force of his clansmen, attended James II. in that last campaign which ended with the death of the king by the bursting of a cannon at the siege of Roxburgh Castle, but four years later, having renewed his father's treaty with England in favour of the Earl of Douglas, he broke out again into revolt, seized Inverness Castle, and plundered and burned the country as far as Blair Atholl. For this achievement he was attainted in 1475, and the Earldom of Ross attached to the Crown. Meanwhile in 1464 the Castle and burgh had been honoured

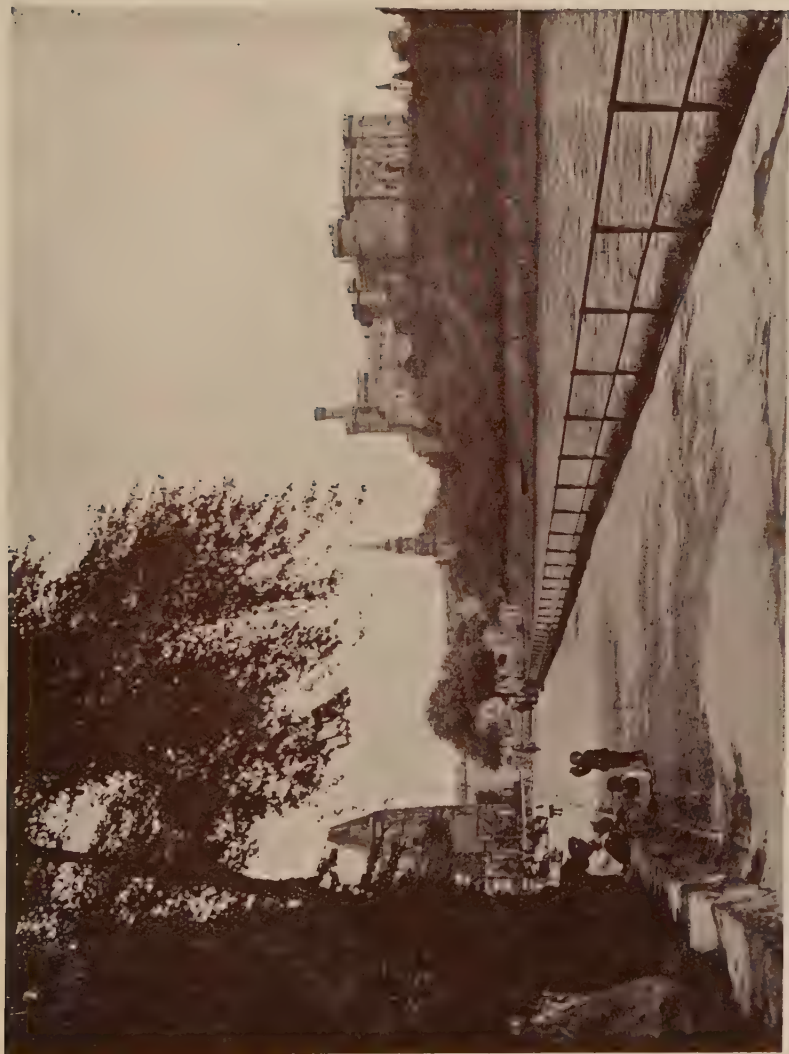


Photo. T & R. Annan & Sons.

THE CASTLE, INVERNESS, NOW THE COURT HOUSE AND COUNTY BUILDINGS.

with a visit by James III., and thirty-five years later, in 1499, James IV. also spent some time in residence there.

From 1455, as has been already mentioned, the control of the Castle of Inverness had passed from the Earls of Ross and Lords of the Isles to the heads of another great northern family, the Gordons, Earls of Huntly. In 1508 the offices of Sheriff of Inverness and Constable of the Castle were made hereditary in the person of Alexander, the third Earl, who, by the terms of his grant, became bound to make considerable additions to the stronghold. These included a new great hall, kitchen, and chapel, with a wall about the Castle Hill, all of which are believed to have been completed by Earl Alexander's son in 1540. The great house of Huntly had by that time reached the height of its power, and Inverness was to see the first stroke of the actions which wrought its downfall. In 1562 Mary Queen of Scots paid her dramatic visit to the stronghold. She had created her half brother, James Stuart, first Earl of Mar, and afterwards Earl of Moray, and Huntly, resenting this serious rivalry to his own power in the north, had shown signs of recalcitrance. When Mary appeared in person at Inverness and demanded admission to the Castle, Alexander Gordon, its captain, refused to open the gates, saying he had no order from his master to do so. The Queen retired to a house in the town, and summoned her loyal subjects to her support. In the morning the order came from Huntly's son, Lord Gordon, to admit the Queen. This was done, but forthwith the captain was executed and his head hoisted on the castle wall; after which the Queen and her half brother marched away to defeat the Gordons and slay Huntly himself at the battle of Corrichie.

Ninety years after Queen Mary's dramatic appearance at Inverness, another turn of the wheel of national destiny brought the town into obvious contact with the policy of no less redoubtable a personage than Oliver Cromwell. Following his defeat of the Covenanting army of Scotland at the battle of Dunbar, the English Protector proceeded to secure his domination of the country by the erection of four great citadels, at Ayr, Leith, Perth, and Inverness. Of these the

last, locally known as The Sconce, is the only one of which any considerable remains are now to be seen. The clock tower, the sweet-toned bell of which is said to have been brought from the Cathedral of Fortrose, with the ruins of the rampart and a fragment of the barracks, still stands to witness to what was once a formidable fortress capable of accommodating a thousand men.

In the time of the citadel the river was spanned at Inverness by a wooden bridge, which one of Cromwell's officers declared to be the weakest that ever straddled over so strong a stream. A crowd of one hundred persons having gathered upon this frail structure in 1664, caused it to collapse. Twenty-one years later it was replaced by a stone bridge of seven arches, between two of the piers of which was a dismal vault, used first as a jail and afterwards as a mad-house. The last person confined in this dreadful hole was, it is said, devoured by rats. In 1849 the bridge was washed away and replaced by an iron suspension viaduct.

At the outbreak of the Jacobite rebellion in 1715 the Castle of Inverness was seized and garrisoned for "James III. and VIII." by MacKenzie of Coul, but was re-taken for the government of George I. by Rose of Kilravock and Simon, Lord Lovat. Kilravock was MacKenzie's father-in-law, and with two hundred of his clan he drove out the Jacobite garrison on the very day on which the battle of Sherrifmuir was fought and the Jacobite force in England surrendered at Preston. By that time the Castle had been allowed to go to ruin, but in view of the Jacobite troubles it was repaired in 1726 to form a support to the neighbouring Fort George, a few miles eastward on the Moray Firth. During the rebellion of 1745, it was garrisoned by Lord Loudon, who held the Castle and town with a Government force some 1500 strong. It was from Inverness that the midnight expedition was made to capture Prince Charles Edward at Moy Hall, which was defeated by the blacksmith of Moy and four others. On the Jacobite army arriving in the neighbourhood Lord Loudon retreated across Kessock Ferry, leaving two companies as a garrison in the Castle,

and, upon these companies surrendering, the Prince caused the stronghold to be blown up and destroyed.

The latest of the great dramatic events of the burgh's history was the battle of Culloden, fought on Drum Mossie moor, some five miles east of the town, on 16th April, 1746. For two months Inverness had been held by the Jacobite forces. During that time the Prince lodged in Lady Drummair's house, the site of which is now occupied by number 45 Church Street, and on the night after the battle of Culloden, the Butcher Duke of Cumberland took up his abode under the same roof. The memory of that terrible day and the days which followed, when the clans were overwhelmed and scattered, and so many terrible deeds of German frightfulness were perpetrated by Cumberland in the town itself and the Highland glens around, still haunts the town with a perceptible sadness.

Inverness has of course changed much since then. Down to the middle of the eighteenth century most of the houses were still thatched with straw or heather, and few had ceiled or plastered rooms, though the place was crowded in winter with Highland aristocracy, and its mansions in the Flemish style were the town houses of the Highland nobility and landed proprietors of a great part of the north. It has been described as at that time a place of gable-end constructions, arched gateways, hanging balconies, projecting towers, and round turnpike stairs. Though many of these features have now disappeared, the old part of the town is still quaint and interesting enough, and nearly every house has a name or story associating it with dramatic events in the bygone centuries. A gazetteer writer of about 1850, upon whom reliance can be placed, described the social conditions in the town in the eighteenth century as follows: "Only about fifty-five years have elapsed since its streets were a continuous nuisance, altogether without a single appliance or process of cleanliness. In September, 1709, the Town Clerk 'paid an officer 4/6 Scots, to buy a cart of peats to be burnt in the tolbooth to remove the bad scent,' and in December, 1737, the magistrates order the town clerk to purchase 'an iron spade, to be given to the hangman for

cleaning the tolbooth.' In the year 1740, harness and saddlery of all sorts continued to be little in requisition, but were beginning to be just so much appreciated that the magistrates advertised for a saddler to settle in the town. Prior to about the year 1775, when the first bookseller's shop was opened in the burgh, the few persons in the town, and throughout the great extent of country dependent on its market, who were able and had occasion to make use of writing materials, were supplied with stationery by the postmaster. About the middle of last century, a hat had not graced any head in the north except that of a landed proprietor or a minister; and when it was first assumed by a burgher, in the person of the deacon of the weavers, it excited the highest ridicule of the blue-bonneted multitude, and drew from them such constant twitting and raillery as only the stoutest pertinacity and the sturdiest independence could have enabled the worthy deacon to resist. At a comparatively late date, intemperate drinking is understood to have been practised, even among the most polished classes, with such horrific defiance of all moral obligation and all social decency, that a guest would be thought discourteous or perhaps insulting to his entertainer, who did not drink till he became insensible, and had to be carried away like a mass of carrion from the presence of the living. About ninety years ago, a leg of mutton, a neck of veal, and a gallon of ale, are said by tradition to have been purchasable for a shilling; and even till recently, meat, poultry, fish, and ale sold at lower prices than in the southern towns. At the middle of last century, the universal costume was Celtic and primitive; so late as seventy-five years ago, only three ladies with straw bonnets were to be seen in the High Church; and down to quite a recent day, the great bulk of the population dressed and behaved in daily life with many remnants of the olden time."

Since "Bonnie Prince Charlie" rode out of Inverness to see his last hopes overthrown at Culloden on 16th April, 1746, the town has seen many great changes and extensions, but it still possesses not a few interesting relics of the past. Most ancient of all, perhaps, is the "Clach-na-Cudainn"

or Stone of the Tubs, which rests now at the foot of the town cross in front of the Town Hall or Exchange. According to popular tradition the affection with which the townsmen regard this ancient palladium is derived from the fact that the women used to rest their water stoups on it as they passed up from the river. This, however, seems a mere stop-gap tradition. The stone is mentioned as early as the time of Harlaw, when the townsmen rejoiced to find it had escaped the burning of Inverness by Donald of the Isles. Still earlier it is said to have been the seat of a seer who prophesied that so long as Inverness preserved the stone the place would prosper. But the probability is that the sacredness of the "Clach-na-Cudainn" dates from a much remoter time, and that it had some connection with the ancient Baal worship of Scotland. It may have been the altar upon which King Brude watched the Baal fires kindle and ascend before they were eclipsed by the clearer, more spiritual flame of Christianity, brought by St. Columba to the spot.

The present parish church, again, was only built in 1770, but its steeple is of unknown age, and was possibly part of the old Church of St. Mary, which stood on the spot in the days of Wallace and Bruce. St. Michael's Mount, on which the church stands, is believed to have been the site of the first Christian fane in Inverness. Friars' Lane at hand was the Royal Highway granted by Alexander II. to the Preaching Friars of Inverness as long ago as the year 1240; and in the remains of the adjoining Greyfriars' burying ground the figure of a knight built into the wall is supposed to be the effigy of the warlike Alexander Stewart, Earl of Mar, illegitimate son of the Wolf of Badenoch, who commanded the royal forces at Harlaw, ruled the north in the time of James I., and died at Inverness in 1435. Queen Mary's House, near the foot of Bridge Street, remains, there is every reason to believe, the actual dwelling in which the Queen took up her residence when refused admission to the Castle above in 1562. The walls of its vaults are some five feet thick, but the turnpike stair on its Bridge Street front was removed many years ago.

Perhaps the chief change that has taken place in the

town is the rebuilding of the Castle. All that remains of the ancient stronghold is the old Castle well, discovered in 1909, the stairway leading to Castle Street, and part of the old rampart wall between Castle Street and the Castle Hill itself. The present Court House and County Buildings, the latter originally a prison, date from 1834, and form a noble and romantic feature.

Something of a curiosity is the tower of the old jail at the corner of Church Street and High Street. Built in 1791 by the architect of St. Andrew's Church, Edinburgh, whose spire it resembles and excels, it had its top twisted by earthquake in 1816, and its repair twelve years later was strongly objected to by Hugh Miller in his *Schools and Schoolmasters*.

In looking at the bright, clean little town to-day, it is curious to think that the causewaying of its streets and the providing of sewers were only carried out in 1831. Its Academy, however, dates from 1792, and replaced an older institution near the foot of Church Street bequeathed to the town by Provost Dunbar as long ago as 1668. Other notable features are Dunbar's Hospital, built in 1686, opposite the High Church, and used as a High School till 1791, and the Caledonian Hotel in Church Street, built in the end of the eighteenth century on the site of the manse of the chaplain of St. Andrew, by St. Andrew's Lodge of Freemasons, and long known as the Mason's Lodge Inn. It is the oldest hostelry in Inverness.

Another notable feature of the town to-day is the noble Episcopal Cathedral, with its truncated towers and adjoining bishop's residence, a little way up the river on the opposite bank. Not far from it are those lovely and famous resorts of the Invernessians known as "The Islands" in the river itself. These are laid out with charming walks, and in summer and autumn are the scene of musical promenades and illuminated festivals which transform the spot into an enchanted fairyland. Still further up the riverside rises the mysterious Tom-na-hurich or Hill of the Fairies, the Eildon of the north of Scotland, regarding which a thousand tales are told in the folk-lore of the district. Within this fairy hill, it is said, Fingal and his

warriors lie in an enchanted sleep, and Thomas the Rhymer waits for the blowing of the magic horn which shall bring him home once more at Scotland's need.

For the golfer, the bowler, and the angler to-day, Inverness forms most delectable headquarters, while for the pedestrian, the cyclist, and the motorist it provides a centre for a countryside of unrivalled loveliness and interest.

INVERURIE

INVERURIE in the Garioch, sixteen miles north-west of Aberdeen, takes its name from the fact that it stands at the meeting of the waters, where the Ury loses itself in the Don. To-day it is a bright, clean, and thriving little burgh, with good water and gas, also good hotels and private lodgings, to which the Town Chamberlain is willing to direct the visitor. Excellent trout fishing is free by permit on three miles each of the Don and the Ury, there are lawn tennis courts and a bowling green in the town, and two good golf courses within easy reach, while for a rainy day an excellent Carnegie library supplies an abundance of magazines and books.

Much of the modern prosperity of the place was due to the making of the Aberdeen Canal. At the beginning of the nineteenth century Inverurie had only some 500 inhabitants. With the opening of the canal, however, a new era began. Hundreds of carts in the day came in from the country around, delivering grain and other farm produce, and carrying away coal, lime, timber, iron, and building materials, so that the "port" presented scenes "not dissimilar from those of the quays of Aberdeen." This was followed fifty years later by the Great North of Scotland Railway, which established its works near Inverurie. These, with the paper works in the neighbourhood, have since provided regular employment for a large number of the inhabitants, who now number about four thousand.

But Inverurie has been a place of importance from the earliest times. Stone circles, cairns, and monoliths, once common in the neighbourhood, and stone weapons and other relics now to be seen at the public library, speak of inhabitants of a prehistoric age. Near the famous mound known as the Bass of Inverurie the Romans are believed to have forded the Don on their northern expedition under Severus before the year 211. An early stronghold on the Bass is supposed to have been the "Nurin" to which the luckless King Eth of the Swift Foot was carried to imprisonment and



Photo Valentine & Sons.

MARKET PLACE, INVERURIE.

Facing p. 208.

death after his defeat at Strathallan in Angus in 878. He is said to have been buried in the Cuninghill, near the Parish Manse, where fragments of a funeral urn were found some years ago. And the name of Densyburn on the Keith Hall estate is believed to commemorate the defeat of the invading Danes at Kinmuick in the neighbourhood, where a stretch of country still bears the name of Blair Hussey, the Field of Blood.

The great moraine mound known as the Bass, now enclosed within the walls of Inverurie cemetery, has naturally always attracted much attention. All Scotland knows the prophecy attributed to Thomas the Rhymer of the latter half of the thirteenth century:—

“The Dee and Don shall run in one,
And Tweed shall run in Tay,
And the bonnie Water o’ Ury
Shall bear the Bass away.”

The Bass itself still remains, but the Castle of Inverurie, which stood on its summit in True Thomas’s time, has long disappeared. This was for centuries the chief seat of the ancient earldom of the Garioch.

In the year 1308 it looked down upon an event which proved a turning point in the history of Scotland. Sick with some mysterious malady, King Robert the Bruce was lurking from his enemies in the neighbourhood. Traces of his camp are still to be seen on the Crichie Hill, and his cave, mostly washed away in the great flood of 1829, is still pointed out on the wooded bank of the Don opposite Ard-tannes. Suddenly he was attacked by Comyn, Earl of Buchan, with a much stronger force, and his followers gave themselves up for lost. Roused, however, by the emergency, the king threw off his sickness, mounted his horse for the first time for many weeks, and, placing himself at the head of his little company, completely overthrew his enemies. The Battle of Inverurie took place near the Castle of Barra, about three miles from the town. Bruce is believed to have made Inverurie a burgh, possibly in honour of the event.

A hundred and three years later another turning point of Scottish history was fought out in the neighbourhood. The Battle of Harlaw was really a struggle between the grandsons of King Robert II. Donald, Lord of the Isles, who claimed the Earldom of Ross in right of his wife, was the son of a daughter of that king. His claim was resisted by his mother's brother, Robert, Duke of Albany, who wished the earldom for one of his own sons. And at Harlaw Donald with his 10,000 Islesmen and Highlanders was met and overthrown by 1000 knights and men-at-arms commanded by Alexander, Earl of Mar, illegitimate son of the Wolf of Badenoch, and therefore also a grandson of Robert II. The farms of Harlaw and Balhalgardie now occupy the ground on which the battle raged, the tower of Harlaw House marks its highest point, and the Ury bounds it on the west. The only local relic of the struggle is the half of a tombstone to Gilbert de Greenlaw in the neighbouring Templar Church of Kinkell. But Balquhain Castle, also at hand, was at the time the home of a family of the Leslie's, and its laird lost six sons in the battle. Queen Mary spent a night in the castle in 1562. She had granted Inverurie a new burgh charter four years earlier.

Another interesting old mansion close by Inverurie is Keith Hall, the seat of the Earl of Kintore, which, with its quaint mass of towers, dormers, and high pitched roofs, has been the home of this branch of the family of the Keiths, Earls Marischal, for nearly three centuries.

And overlooking all these storied scenes the long hill of Bennachie, with its Mither Tap, has for a thousand years gathered about it the affections of the inhabitants of the region. As the well-known song puts it—

“ I wish I were whar Gadie rins,
 'Mang fragrant heath and yellow whins,
Or brawlin' down the bosky linns
 At the back o' Bennachie.”



Photo. Valentine & Sons.

THE BASS OF INVERURIE.

Facing p. 210.

IRVINE

FROM its natural situation at the mouth of the Irvine Water, on the northern coast of the wide bay of Ayr, and possessing a river basin or estuary of great possibilities, the town of Irvine might have developed, had circumstances favoured it, into a great shipping port. Three hundred years ago it seemed in the way of doing this, even the traders from so distant a place as Glasgow finding it their most convenient shipping harbour, and sending their goods to it across the twenty-five miles of intervening country on the back of pack-horses. In the year 1620, however, the harbour of Irvine began to silt up, or at any rate the bar at its mouth to become so high as very seriously to impede navigation. Had the town then been able to bring sufficient energy and enterprise to bear upon the work, it might have removed the bar, deepened the harbour, and entered upon a prosperous career as a great maritime place. Instead, it allowed circumstances and sand to drift. The Glasgow merchants went elsewhere for a harbour, and the greatest opportunity likely to come to the town was lost for ever.

Irvine probably owed its beginnings at an earlier day to the neighbourhood of the strong castle of which the ruins are still to be seen near the Townend, and which made some figure in the Wars of Independence.

The town was then the scene of one of the early and most serious back-sets to the national cause. Henry Percy had been sent into Scotland with a formidable English army. At Lochmaben during the night he was surprised by the Scots, who attacked his camp with great fury; but his men, setting fire to the thatch of the village houses, managed to repulse their assailants. Percy then marched to Ayr, to receive the men of Galloway to the allegiance of the English king. Here it was told him that the Scottish army was only a few miles distant, at Irvine, and, striking his tents, he marched at day-break to the attack. He found the Scots drawn up on the shore of a small sheet of water, the Scots Loch, the site of which is now occupied by the Meadows.

The hero Wallace was present to lead them, but the proud and selfish feudal barons refused to be commanded by him, and, while they sulked and quarrelled, the opportunity to strike a blow was lost. One Scottish knight, Sir Richard Lundin, who till then had refused to yield allegiance to Edward of England, declared it was folly to remain longer with a party which did not know its own mind, and forthwith removed with his followers to the English side. To save their lands, most of the other Scottish notables did the same. Among those who thus made submission were Robert the Bruce, who was afterwards to be king, the High Steward and his brother, with Robert Wishart, Bishop of Glasgow, and the heads of famous houses like Sir William Douglas and Alexander de Lindsay. The instrument of submission to which they signed their names, and in which they promised allegiance to Edward I., is still to be read in Norman-French in Rymer's *Foedera*. It is dated 9th July, 1297, and declares that it was "escrit a Irwine." The only baron who refused to bow the knee was Sir Andrew Moray of Bothwell, and we are told that, accompanied by this knight, Wallace gathered together those who were faithful to him, and retreated indignantly into the north.

Three years later, Edward I. himself, after the memorable siege of Caerlaverock, the defence of which by only sixty Scots against the whole English army afforded Sir Walter Scott the model for his account of the siege in *Ivanhoe*, came to Irvine, and encamped there for eight days, to provision his army from ships which had sailed for the purpose up the coast. While this was being done the Scottish army, we are told, appeared upon the opposite side of the river, but on being attacked by the Earl of Surrey, the Prince of Wales, and the king himself, it drew off, and retreated to the mountains, where the heavy-armed English could not attack it. Edward himself then retired to Dumfries, and occupied himself in taking possession of the towns and castles of Galloway.

For the service of its inhabitants in these wars, King Robert the Bruce made Irvine a royal burgh, and his charter, believed to be of the date of 1308, is still carefully pre-



HIGH STREET AND CROSS, IRVINE.

served. Bruce's grandson, King Robert II., granted a charter from which it appears that Irvine had jurisdiction over the whole of the district of Cunningham, but, as was to be expected, the little burgh could hardly maintain authority over the turbulent barons of that district in those stormy times. The chances indeed were all the other way, for the sword was always mightier than the ell wand in the feudal centuries. Since the days of Bruce it has not been closely associated with great warlike or historic events. It has lived the life of a quiet manufacturing and sea-port burgh. The place has been wealthy as some burghs go, for, besides an estate of over four hundred acres, it has owned mills, shops, a market, and a slaughter-house, and as late at least as the middle of last century its revenue was, as a rule, greater than its expenditure.

The High Street, which runs from end to end of the town, is a spacious and pleasant thoroughfare, in which modern banks and other buildings stand side by side with quiet old white-harled houses that have seen the life-drama of the burgh transacted for more than one century by-gone. A modern town hall, opposite the Kirkgate in High Street, has replaced the older town-house and jail of 1745, which at one time divided the main thoroughfare. At the cross in its centre the High Street narrows and twists in picturesque fashion, and some of the lanes which wind away from it are as quaint and as full of character almost as any to be found in Stirling or Edinburgh. The parish kirk, between the town and the river, is a plain enough erection, but Trinity U.F. Church, with its stately spire, looking down from an eminence over gables and gardens to the river bridge, forms a really fine feature which must impress every visitor as he makes his way by Montgomery Street from the railway station to the heart of the burgh. The church was built for the famous poet-preacher, Dr. W. B. Robertson. The remaining building of most note is the Academy, a school of no little fame, which stands near the Townend on the open links between the river and the high-walled gardens of the residential part of the town. Many a redoubtable Scot has owed his success in life to the founda-

tions of character and knowledge secured within the walls of Irvine Academy, though the existing building is of course of recent date. It is worth remembering that during the plague in the seventeenth century, the Arts and Divinity classes of Glasgow University were removed for two years to Irvine, and were conducted in the old Grammar School by the famous "regent" or professor, David Dickson.

The town also boasts two statues. One of these, in the High Street, nearly opposite the Town Hall, is that of David Boyle of Shewalton, Lord Justice General and President of the Court of Session, who died in 1853, and whose grandson succeeded as Earl of Glasgow. The Lord President owes his statue in Irvine, not so much to the fact that his paternal estate of Shewalton lay in the parish of Dundonald, not far off, as to the fact that his father, the second son of the second Earl of Glasgow, was the Rev. Patrick Boyle, Minister of Irvine in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The Lord President was therefore an Irvine boy. He married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Alexander Montgomery of Annick Lodge in the neighbourhood, and niece of Hugh, twelfth Earl of Eglinton, the "Sodger Hugh" of Burns's poems, and the builder of Ardrossan Harbour and the Paisley and Johnstone Canal.

The other statue is of the poet Burns, whose connection with Irvine formed perhaps the most regrettable turning point in his career. It was in 1781, when the poet was twenty-three years of age. Moved by a disposition which felt with unusual strength the charms of the gentler sex, he had become inordinately desirous of finding himself in a situation to marry. He was not likely to have money enough to stock a farm for a good many years to come, and he had begun to look around for more rapid means of settling himself in life. For several years he and his brother Gilbert had engaged in a small speculation of their own by taking land from their father, then tenant of Lochlea, at Tarbolton, for the purpose of raising flax, which was at that time a paying crop. In the course of selling the flax it occurred to him that, by taking up the business of a flax-dresser, he might not only improve upon the profit of growing a crop, but



THE BIRTHPLACE OF JAMES MONTGOMERIE,
"The Christian Poet," in Montgomery Street, Irvine.

might also establish a business which would enable him to set up a home of his own. Flax dressing was at that time a considerable industry in Irvine, and the poet accordingly came here to begin the business.

It was at mid-summer that Burns came to the town. His hopes had just then got a set-back, for Ellison Begby, the damsel so enthusiastically described in his verses "on Cessnock Banks," had just refused his advances. The house in which he started was in the Smiddy Bar, but its exact site is unknown. The somewhat unsavoury trade was carried on in one end of the small cottage, while the other end was occupied by a different individual as a stable for two or three work horses. The poet was remarked for his melancholy at the time, and his circumstances no doubt made him more easily take up with convivial company. At any rate, on the first of January he engaged in a merry-making with a few friends which seems to have reached a very roystering stage. It ended in the flax-dressing establishment catching fire and being burnt to the ground. Thus ended the poet's attempt to start in trade. Chambers, in his *Life of Burns*, says that in the little garret room which he occupied as a living place "the stone chimneypiece still bears his initials, believed to have been inscribed by himself, together with the date 1782."

When Burns was spending his fateful and ill-fated six months at Irvine he may have been seen by a boy, ten years old, home on holiday, who was also to make some figure as a poet in his time. The father of James Montgomerie was long the minister of a little chapel here, known as "The Moravian Kirk," and the poet was born in a humble one-storey dwelling near it. The house is now marked by a tablet in the wall, and is occupied as a greengrocer's shop. Montgomerie was destined to a somewhat varied career as clerk, contributor, editor, and finally proprietor of the *Sheffield Register*, was imprisoned for libel in 1795, and lectured on poetry at the Royal Institution in 1830. He was the author of several fine hymns, besides such longer poems as "The Wanderer of Switzerland," "The World before the Flood," and "The Pelican Island." He is not to

be confounded with the sixteenth century Alexander Montgomerie, author of "The Cherrie and the Slae," or with Robert Montgomerie, the pretentious poetaster whose extravagantly phrased bombast drew such a terrible castigation from Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review*.

Still another noted man of letters had an intimate connection with Irvine. John Galt, the novelist, was born in 1779 in a two-storey house, the site of which is now occupied by the Union Bank in High Street. A bronze tablet on the wall sets forth his features in bas-relief. Galt was a busy literary man who made several promising but unsuccessful bids for fortune. His most enduring achievements were the founding of the town of Guelph in Canada, and the writing of the wonderful series of Scottish novels which began with "The Ayrshire Legatees," and placed him next to Sir Walter Scott in the ranks of Scottish novelists.

Perhaps the most memorable event with which Irvine was closely connected in recent centuries was the Eglinton Tournament. Eglinton Castle, where this was held, stands two or three miles north of the town, and when, in August, 1839, the thirteenth Earl of Eglinton, grandson of Sodger Hugh, organised that great revival of mediæval pageantry at the castle, Irvine was crowded from end to end and from cellar to attic with strangers who poured in by sea and highway to witness the wonderful exhibition.

Strangely enough, no Scottish family at the present day uses the name of the town for the designation of a peerage. At one time, it is true, however, the Argyll family were superiors of the place, and the learned Robert Barclay, provost of Irvine, was tutor to the notorious Marquess of Argyll, of Charles First's time. The Marquess' brother, James Campbell, who raised the famous regiment of Scots Guards, and served under Louis XIII. of France, was created Earl of Irvine in 1642, but when he died of apoplexy three years later the title became extinct. Again, Charles II. in 1661 created Henry, eldest surviving son of Sir Arthur Ingram of Temple Newsom near Leeds, Viscount Irvine in the Scottish peerage. But this was an English family which owned no property in or near the town. The title became

extinct upon the death of Charles, the ninth Viscount, in 1778.

The disabilities of Irvine as a shipping port have been fully taken advantage of by its neighbour, Troon, some half dozen miles to the Southward. This place, as its name signifies, stands on a promontory, which runs into the sea for a mile and a quarter near the middle of the Bay of Ayr. Within its bold curve to the north lay the best natural harbour in Ayrshire. So well known was this to the shrewd merchants of Glasgow that in the seventeenth century, when their commerce began to extend, and the harbour of Irvine silted up, they tried to purchase ground here for the building of a sea-port. Their efforts proving unsuccessful, they were driven to take an inferior site in Newark Bay, where in 1668 they began the building of Port-Glasgow.

KEITH

KEITH, on the Isla in Banffshire, nine miles from the Moray Firth coast, stands on the lands of the Earls of Seafield, and with the woods about it, and trees everywhere within, possesses a charm peculiarly its own. The woodland paths around—to the Falls of Tarnash, the Dhu Craig, or Braehead Farm — by the Den Walk, the Ladies' Walk, and other ways, themselves give it an enduring charm. The golf course in the Drum Valley, a mile from the town, is in a neighbourhood of singular attractiveness. And for its size the Isla, of which the fishing is free for some nine miles on both banks, is probably the most prolific trout stream in the north of Scotland. Within an hour's cycle run also are such places as Buckie, Fochabers, Elgin, and Craigellachie, and historic mansions like Gordon Castle and Rothiemay Castle, the latter containing a room said to have been occupied by Queen Mary.

The town itself consists of three parts—Fife Keith, Old Keith, and New Keith. The last-named dates only from 1750, but Old Keith counts a history of five centuries or more. Its great fair of Summer Eve, named after Summarius, the patron saint of the town, was wont to attract merchants from such distant places as Orkney and Glasgow, and such crowds of people that large numbers had to sleep in the open-air. Its regality courts, held in the church, with its culprits empanelled in the Boss Window, and imprisoned in the steeple, exercised the power of sending them for execution to the hill on which New Keith now stands. The town was held against the Marquess of Montrose in 1645 by the Covenanting General Baillie, who refused Montrose's wile to draw him to a battle "on fair ground." In 1650 it saw Montrose here again, a prisoner in rags, bound to a Highland pony. In the churchyard, when the minister took the mean opportunity of preaching at him an abusive sermon, his only answer was "Rail on!" Half a century later the freebooter, Peter Roy Macgregor, after terrorising the Highlands for years with a band of robbers, fought a



Photo, Valentine & Sons.

THE AULD BRIG O' KEITH.

Facing p. 218.

desperate retreat through the streets, before being captured in the churchyard by Gordon of Glengerack, and carried off to execution at Edinburgh. Still later, during the Jacobite Rising of 1745, Captain Glasgow, an Irishman in the French service, encountered a force of Government troops here, defeated them, and carried off 150 prisoners. The Government dead are said to have been buried beside the Isla in the hollow known as the Camels' (Campbells') Hole. The quaint Auld Brig near the spot is said to have been built in 1609 by an old man and his wife whose son was drowned in crossing the ford there. And close by is said to be the entrance to a secret passage to the dungeon of Milton Tower, where a piper set to guard treasure, and then forgotten, may still be heard playing "Lochaaber no more." Part of the treasure, the golden cradle of the house, lies there also, at the bottom of the Lynn, but is safely guarded by a water kelpie.

KELSO

IT is interesting to notice how, during the feudal centuries, the great abbeys of Scotland grew up under the shelter of the chief royal strongholds. Thus the Abbey of Holyrood rose to wealth and power under the walls of Edinburgh Castle, and Cambuskenneth Abbey under the walls of Stirling. In the same way the Abbey of Kelso became rich and powerful by reason of the neighbourhood of the great royal castle of Roxburgh. Originally the abbey was planted further to the west, at Selkirk, where the Scoto-Saxon kings had a castle or hunting seat. But David I., after coming to the throne in 1124, preferred Roxburgh Castle as a royal dwelling on account of its greater security and other advantages, and four years later the monks, under their third abbot, Herbert, petitioned to be removed to Calchou, the modern Kelso.

During the fifteen years in which they had been settled at Selkirk there had grown up round the walls of their abbey a village which took the name of Abbot's Selkirk, to distinguish it from King's Selkirk, the village round the castle; and similarly at Kelso the religious house must almost at once have brought into existence a village of tradesmen and tillers of the soil which has grown into the modern town.

The monks were wise in their change of seat. Perhaps no town in Scotland is more richly or agreeably placed than Kelso. The Tweed at its noblest flows past the town, and is joined just here by the Teviot, itself also a noble stream. On a summer day the scene at the meeting of the waters is tranquil and lovely beyond description, but on an autumn night, when the two rivers are in flood and rush together in uproar and tumult the view from the parapet of the beautiful old bridge is one of sublimity and terror.

Opposite the town, away to the south-west, recedes the lovely vista of Teviotdale; to the right, on the green peninsula between the two rivers, rise the ruin mounds of what was once Roxburgh Castle, and far to the west, up the



Photo. W. Ritchie & Sons.

FLOORS CASTLE, KELSO, FROM WEST.

Facing p. 220.

valley of the Tweed itself, the Eildons with their triple summit seem even yet to cast over the whole splendid Border valley the spell of an ancient fairyland. In this neighbourhood, at the farmhouse of Sandyknowe, under Smailholm Tower, six miles away, Sir Walter Scott in his boyhood gathered much of the inspiration which charmed the world at a later day in his wonderful poems and romances of Scottish chivalry. Here John Leyden, in his home at Denholm, had his soul filled with the glamour of woods and waters and the splendid past which he has recorded with such effect in his "Scenes of Infancy":—

" Bosom'd in woods where mighty rivers run,
Kelso's fair vale expands before the sun;
Its rising downs in vernal beauty swell,
And fring'd with hazel, winds each flowery dell;
Green spangled plains to dimpling lawns succeed,
And Tempe rises on the banks of Tweed;
Blue o'er the river Kelso's shadow lies,
And copse-clad isles amid the water rise."

And here at the present day Sir George Douglas, descendant of the hero who brought the first news of the great victory of Quebec, has enshrined, in his *History of the Border Counties* and other works, the memories and the charm which only one bred amid these storied scenes can fully understand and interpret.

Among the earliest memories of the district are those associated with the last-named Borderer's seat of Springwood Park, on the banks of the Teviot opposite the town. When David, Prince of Cumbria, afterwards David I. of Scotland, was, early in the twelfth century, gathering information as to the ancient possessions of St. Mungo's bishopric, which he proposed to restore, he found that among these possessions had been the lands of Calchou or Chalkheuch—the modern Kelso; and one of the witnesses to the deed which stated the fact was Maccus, son of Undwein. Maccus was no doubt the owner of land in the district. At anyrate the "Weil," or pool, in the river by the Haugh which is now Springwood Park became known as Maccus-Weil, and the village at hand Maccus Ville. Close

by is pointed out the spot where Herbert de Maccus Well built and endowed an oratory early in the thirteenth century, and from that early settlement here is believed to have sprung the great Maxwell family of Nithsdale and the western Border.

Later than the days of Maccus is the tradition of the neighbourhood's connection with the wizard, Michael Scot. That famous scholar, man of science, and man of letters, who is believed to have been born about 1175. and who had one of his seats at Oakwood Tower near Selkirk, is said to have been troubled by a familiar demon for whom he had to find occupation. The first task he set was to cleave Eildon Hill in three. This was done in a night. The next was to build a dam across the Tweed. This also was merely a night's work; and the demon was only found in constant occupation when he was set to make ropes out of sea sand. The evidence of the truth of the story lies, of course, in the triple summit of the Eildon Hills and in the rocky ledge which still bars the current of the Tweed at Kelso.

Roxburgh Castle, which, as we have seen, had much to do with the origin of the abbey and town of Kelso, had its own pregnant history and tremendous memories. It was one of the great strongholds of the kings of Scotland, and in the wars between the Scots and the English played a constant and vital part. On these walls it was that the wife of an English soldier was crooning to her babe

Hush thee, hush thee, my bonnie pet, see
The Black Douglas winna get thee,

when a mailed hand was laid on her shoulder, a deep voice said "Art sure of that?" and the Black Douglas himself, the Good Lord James of Bruce's wars, stood at her side. James I. was besieging Roxburgh in 1436, when his queen the fair Joan Beaufort, came hastily to tell him of treason in the north, and carried him away to Perth, where, in the Blackfriars monastery, he was soon to fall under the hand of the assassin. And a few years later, at another siege of the stronghold. James II., he of the fiery face, was watching the action of the early artillery of that time, when a

cannon burst, smashed his thigh, and brought about his death. The spot is still marked with a tree in the park of Fleurs Castle, the seat of the Duke of Roxburghe, a mile or so above the town.

It was to the Abbey of Kelso that the Scottish nobles, upon the death of James II., hurried his infant son, whom they crowned as James III.; and one can picture within these walls the anxious, eager faces of statesmen and captains as they replaced the able leader who had just fallen with the helpless infant whom they hoped to make their leader at a future day.

Meanwhile, however, Kelso and its Abbey had seen more than one pageant of historic significance. Almost from the time of its first settlement here the abbey of Tyronensian monks was a place of national importance. Herbert, the abbot, who effected the removal, was famous for his learning and ability, and was made, first, chamberlain of Scotland, and, in 1147, Bishop of Glasgow. Five years later, Henry, the only son of David I., having died at Roxburgh Castle, was interred at Kelso Abbey with gorgeous ceremonial, and from that time onward the kings and nobles of Scotland showered favours upon the monastery, till its revenue became greater than that of all the bishops in Scotland. The convent of Lesmahagow with all its revenues, as well as thirty-three parish churches with their tithes and pertinents, all the forfeitures in Berwick and Berwickshire, with manors and farms and granges without number, poured their wealth into its treasury. Its abbots took precedence of all the abbots in the kingdom, and often held high office as statesmen and ambassadors, and from first to last they played the part of great notables of the kingdom. In 1255, when Henry III. of England and his queen came to visit their daughter and her husband, Alexander III. of Scotland, at Roxburgh Castle, a great procession was made to Kelso, and they, with the chief nobility of both kingdoms, were entertained at a sumptuous royal banquet in the abbey. Here it was that in 1297 Edward I. of England, at the head of his vast army, having raised the siege of Roxburgh, crossed the Tweed on his way to seize Berwick.

Here truces were made between the kingdoms in 1380 and 1391; and here in 1487 commissioners met to prolong a truce and arrange a marriage between the eldest son of James III. and the eldest daughter of Edward IV.

It was in the autumn of 1513 that the abbey received the first of the blows which in time reduced it to ruin. The battle of Flodden, which in other ways brought so much dule and wae to the Border, brought disaster to Kelso Abbey. The death of James IV. in that battle seems to have left the possessions of the abbot open to the aggression of the Lord of Hume, whose ruined stronghold, Hume Castle, still rises in the distance northward of the town. On the night after the battle his emissary appeared in Kelso, expelled the abbot, and took possession of the abbey. The matter was enquired into, two years afterwards, by the Regent Duke of Albany, in a special visitation which he made to Kelso for the purpose. Five years later, amid the troubles of the boyhood of James V., the truculent Sir James Hamilton, marching with 400 men to help Ker of Ferniehirst in a dispute with the Earl of Angus, was overtaken at Kelso by Ker of Cessford, Warden of the Marches, and routed in a brief battle. Shortly afterwards, in 1520, the English demolished the vaults of the abbey, with its chapel of St. Mary, burnt the cells and dormitories, and removed the roofs, driving the monks to skulk among the neighbouring villages. A few years later, like the abbeys of Melrose, Holyrood, St. Andrews, and Coldingham, Kelso had its revenues bestowed on one of the natural sons of James V. In 1542 and 1545 it was spoiled by the English under Norfolk and Hertford, though on the latter occasion it was defended to the death by some three hundred devoted Scotsmen. Finally, at the Reformation in 1560 the monks were expelled, and in 1594 their possessions were disposed of to new owners.

Meanwhile Kelso continued to see much of the making of history. Here in 1561 Queen Mary's half brother, Lord James Stewart, afterwards Earl of Moray, tried and hanged some twenty of the most daring freebooters of the Border; and here Queen Mary herself spent two nights on that Border journey in which she paid her romantic visit to the



Photo. W. Ritchie & Sons.

KELSO ABBEY FROM THE BRIDGE.

Facing p. 224.

Earl of Bothwell at Hermitage. Kelso was the headquarters of the Earl of Moray for five or six weeks in 1569, during his attempt to pacify the Border; and it was the headquarters of the later Earl of Bothwell, grandson of James V. and Commendator of Kelso, during the ten years after 1584 while he made his turbulent attempts to disturb the peace of the kingdom. Here, in 1639, General Leslie, at the head of an army of the Covenant, 17,000 strong, repulsed the force under the Earl of Holland which Charles I. had sent from Berwick to try his mettle; and here during the next few years the Scottish army rendezvoused on its marches to and from England in the wars against Charles I.

In 1645 Kelso was ravaged by the plague, and in 1684 and 1744 it was totally consumed by fire. These burnings proved a distinct advantage to the town, for they enabled it to be rebuilt on its modern plan, which is almost the model of what such a place should be.

Kelso, however, was still to see something of the comings and goings of war. During the Jacobite rebellion of 1715, the Highlanders despatched by the Earl of Mar from the north under Brigadier Mackintosh rendezvoused here with the forces under Lord Kenmure from Nithsdale and Galloway, and the gentlemen of Northumberland from the south. They proclaimed "James VIII. and III.," and debated their programme for several days, till the approach of General Carpenter induced them to depart on the invasion of England, which was to end with their defeat at Preston. And in 1745 the left column of the army of Prince Charles Edward, headed by Charles himself, and nearly 4000 strong, spent two nights in Kelso on its march from Edinburgh into England.

Afflictions of two kinds overtook Kelso in 1797 and 1810 respectively. In the former of these years the Tweed and Teviot came down in overwhelming flood, and swept away Kelso Bridge; and in the latter, a body of French prisoners, some 200 in number, were quartered here on parole, and seriously deteriorated the morals of the inhabitants.

At the latter date, it is interesting to remember, Kelso was the place of business of the brothers Ballantyne, who

presently removed to Edinburgh to become printers of the works of Sir Walter Scott.

To-day the town derives much of its interest from the neighbourhood of the stately castle of Fleurs, overlooking the river a mile to the west. While the Kers of Ferniehirst are represented by the Marquess of Lothian, the Kers of Cessford are represented by the Duke of Roxburghe. In 1499 the latter house obtained from James IV. a grant of the ruined castle and town of Roxburgh, and after the Reformation they had the town and abbey lands of Kelso included in their barony of Halidean. In 1599 Sir Robert Ker was made a baron, and in 1616 he became Earl of Roxburghe. The dukedom dates from 1707. Fleurs Castle is perhaps the noblest ducal residence in Scotland.

The chief object of interest in Kelso to-day is of course the ruin of its abbey, which still towers nobly above the roofs of the town. Originally it was built in the form of a Greek cross. Its style is Saxon or early Norman, with the exception of four magnificent central arches, which are Gothic. In its time of prosperity, its buildings are believed to have reached nearly to the banks of the Tweed, and even to-day it remains splendid in ruin. Another architectural feature is the beautiful bridge across the Tweed, built between 1800 and 1803 at a cost of £18,000 by the architect Rennie, who afterwards used the same elegant design for the building of Waterloo Bridge over the Thames. With its large central square, its elegant town house, its library, museum, and fine churches, and with its historic and delightful surroundings in the sunny amphitheatre facing the Tweed, of which it is the centre, Kelso is a place of endless charming amenities, and one of the most delightful of the residential towns of Scotland.

KILMARNOCK

A BRIGHT and busy town, which long was and perhaps still is the most populous in Ayrshire, Kilmarnock holds a place of warm affection in the hearts not only of its own natives, but of lovers of the traditions of Scottish achievement of many kinds. To the present hour, notwithstanding the industrial developments which have taken place, it retains much of the character and many of the features which made it interesting centuries ago, and an altogether delightful day may be spent in exploring its nooks and corners, recalling its varied and picturesque memories, reconstructing its aspect at successive periods, picturing the comings and goings of the men who have made it famous, and visiting the beauty spots with which it is surrounded, and the hives of industry which throb with the vitality of its life to-day. One has only to stand at the Cross, that quaint ganglion of the town from which all its main thoroughfares wind and radiate, to find recalled to memory by objects close on every side scene after scene of the story of the centuries which has been woven about this picturesque centre.

Within a few yards, along the crooked lane known as Cheapside, the grey tower of the Laigh Kirk, itself now ancient, recalls the earliest chapter of the story of the town. On the spot where the kirk now stands, tradition declares, St. Marnock, a missionary of the early Celtic Church, set up his cell about the end of the sixth century. He gave his name to the Marnock or Kilmarnock Water which flows at hand, and which once, indeed, washed the base of the kirk steeple, and it is from the cell or dwelling of this holy man that the town of the present day takes its name. The ancient bridge across the Marnock here was for centuries the only means of access to the kirk. At a later period a family named Lockhart is credited with the re-building of the ancient shrine, which, until the Reformation, was connected with Kilwinning Abbey.

In early feudal times, the place seems to have been a possession of the great family of Soulis, one of whom, it will be remembered, was among the claimants to the Scottish throne in the thirteenth century, after the death of the Maid of Norway. At the same period, the still quaint little village of Riccarton, a mile away, on the further bank of the Irvine Water, was the seat of an uncle of the Scottish patriot, Sir William Wallace. It was here that Wallace was brought by his mother to escape the vengeance of the English after he had slain the son of Selby, the Governor of Dundee. The steading of Yardside stands on the site of the house of Sir Richard Wallace, from whom the village is believed to take its name. Blind Harry recounts more than one visit paid by Wallace to the neighbourhood. Another of the hero's uncles, Sir Adam Boyd, with his headquarters probably at the old Dean Castle, a mile out of the town, was descended from Simon, brother of Walter, first High Steward of Scotland, and became the real founder of the Boyd family, which was afterwards most closely associated with the place. The Soulis family came to its downfall with the conspiracy of Lord Soulis against King Robert the Bruce, which remains one of the unexplored chapters of the history of that time. Upon that downfall the Boyds seem to have taken their rise, and one at least of the most dramatic episodes of the change appears to have taken place here. At the back of the High Church in High Street, which dates from 1732, a monument commemorates the slaying of a Lord Soulis, by one of the Boyds, which took place near the spot in 1444.

Previous to this, in 1307, the neighbourhood of Kilmar-nock saw one of the skirmishes by which King Robert the Bruce and his lieutenants gradually drove the English out of Scotland. Sir Aymer de Valence, the English commander, lying in Bothwell, was annoyed to learn that the men of Cunningham and Kyle had gone over to Bruce's side. He sent Sir Philip de Mowbray with 1000 men into the district. These were met by the Good Lord James of Douglas and sixty followers "*doune Makyrnokis way*"—in other words, on the banks of the Marnock, at a place



OFFICE IN KILMARNOCK WHERE THE FIRST EDITION OF BURNS'S POEMS WAS PRINTED.

The room in which the printing was done was either that lit by the window to the right above the word "Warehouse," or the attic above it.

called Edry-furd, with marshes on either side. In this narrow pass the little body of Scots overthrew their enemies. Only one man fought his way through, the gallant Sir Philip de Mowbray. A Scot laid hold of him by the sword scabbard, but the belt burst, and Sir Philip escaped by the mettle of his steed. Seeing the day lost,

Tharfor the wayis tuk he then
To Kylmernok and Killwynnyn,
And till Ardrossan eftir syne.
Syne throu the Largys, him allane,
Till Ennirkyp the way has tane.

During the centuries which followed, the inhabitants of the little town must have played their part in the events by which its feudal superiors, the Boyds, rose to power and fame. In the boyhood of James II.—a time of anarchy in Scotland—a deadly feud existed between the Stewarts of Darnley and the Boyds of Kilmarnock. In the course of this Sir Alan Stewart of Darnley, who had been Constable of the Scots in France, was treacherously slain at Polmais Thorn, between Falkirk and Linlithgow, by Sir Thomas Boyd of Kilmarnock, and in return Sir Alexander Stewart, gathering his vassals, “manfully set upon Sir Thomas Boyd, who was cruelly slain with many brave men on both sides” at Craignaucht Hill, near Neilston in Renfrewshire. During the boyhood of James III., Robert Boyd, the head of the family, was ennobled, while his brother Alexander, as a mirror of chivalry and knightly accomplishments, was made tutor to the King. Almost immediately these two rose to the supreme power in Scotland. They abducted the King, ruled in his name, and put down all opposition with the strong hand. The King’s sister, the Princess Mary, was even married to Sir Thomas, eldest son of Lord Boyd, the bridegroom being made Earl of Arran, and presented with great estates in five counties. But the pride of the Boyds was soon to have a fall. While the Earl was absent on an embassy to seek the Princess Margaret of Denmark as a bride for the Scottish King, Sir James Hamilton of Cadzow succeeded in turning the King’s anger against him. Upon Arran returning home, his ship was met in the Forth by the

Princess, his wife, who counselled him to flee. He did so, and forthwith the Boyds were arraigned for treason. Lord Boyd fled, and died in Northumberland; his brother, Sir Alexander, was executed; and the vast family estates were confiscated. At the same time the Princess Mary, wife of Arran, was ordered to return to Scotland; a divorce was obtained; and she was married to her husband's enemy, Lord Hamilton. The Earl himself, however, entered the service of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and the line of the Boyds went on.

The Lord Boyd of Queen Mary's time was one of those who plotted to seize the Queen at Kinross, and afterwards played a foremost part in the royal affairs. It was under him in 1591 that Kilmarnock was made a burgh of barony. In 1609, when Timothy Pont visited the town, Lord Boyd had his family seat at Dean Castle, on the north side of the burgh, and as superior managed the public affairs of the place through a Baron Bailie.

In Covenanting times, in the second half of that century, Kilmarnock found itself the centre of a district in which the spirit of the sturdy upholders of presbyterian worship ran high. After the collapse of the Pentland Rising in 1666 the heads of two of the martyrs executed at Edinburgh were brought here, and set up at the Cross as a terrible warning; and at the same spot in 1683, for the part he had taken at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, John Nisbet of the neighbouring parish of Loudoun was hanged. The spot on which his gibbet stood is marked with a round stone bearing an inscription. At a later day, John Howie, who has chronicled so many of the traditions of the persecuted people in his *Scots Worthies*, was frequently to be seen on the streets of the town on market days; his farm, the lone Lochgoin, where his Waldensian ancestors are said to have settled in the twelfth century, lies among the desolate moors a few miles to the north. The rural character of the town at that time can be understood from the fact that a corn mill stood at the Cross till 1703.

William, ninth Lord Boyd, was created Earl of Kilmarnock in 1661, and in the Rebellion of 1745 the fourth Earl

took part on the Jacobite side. After the collapse of that forlorn hope at Culloden in 1746, the Earl was executed at the Tower, along with Lord Balmerino. It was a tragic time, the memories of which haunt with pathetic romance not only the ruins of the family seat of Dean Castle, but also the family's town house, which still stands in St. Mar-nock Street, and spots like the Lady's Walk in the Howard Park, which was once part of the grounds around the mansion. It was from Kilmarnock House that Lord Kilmarnock set forth on his ill-fated enterprise.

Forty years later the glamour of another interest touched the town. At the stationer's shop at the Cross, in the gusset between King Street and Waterloo Street, now occupied by Messrs D. Brown & Co., the first edition of Robert Burns' poems was published by John Wilson in 1786. The volume was printed in a room at the further end of the upper floor of the building in Waterloo Street now occupied by a dry-salter, and one can picture the poet coming here for his proof sheets, and carrying them round to Begbie's tavern at hand for correction. Burns knew Kilmarnock well, and had a good many friends there, who were among the first to recognise the merits of his genius. Three of them—Tam Samson; the Rev. Mr M'Kinlay, and the Rev. Mr Robertson, all of whom he mentions in the first stanza of "Tam Samson's Elegy"—lie now side by side, strangely enough, in the Laigh Kirk burying-ground. Tam Samson's house is still to be seen opposite the entrance to the Kay Park, and his nursery at hand is still carried on, the principal business of the kind in the district. Close by, Braehead House, the residence of another of the poet's friends, Mr Patterson, stands on the high ground. The shop of William Muir, still another of his friends, is the public-house at the Cross, in the gusset between Foregate and Regent Street, while the site of the shop of yet another, John Goldie, the "terror o' the Whigs," is occupied by the warehouse of Messrs T. Stewart & Sons, Ltd., ironmongers, on the eastern side of the Square.

In the time of Burns the town consisted of a congeries of narrow irregular streets radiating from the Cross, while

the houses were mostly roofed with thatch. King Street, the broad straight thoroughfare which now runs due south to Riccarton, three-quarters of a mile away, did not exist. The population was only about 3000, and, besides supplying the wants of what was then a purely agricultural district, the town lived chiefly by the manufacture of carpets, the making of Kilmarnock blue bonnets and Kilmarnock cowls or nightcaps for the country people, and the tanning of leather. These industries are referred to in the first stanza of "The Ordination," written by Burns in celebration of Mr Mackinlay's appointment as minister of the Laigh Kirk in 1786.

Kilmarnock wabsters, fidge an' claw,
 An' pour your creeshie nations;
 An' ye wha leather raz an' draw,
 Of a' denominations;
 Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane and a',
 An' there tak up your stations;
 Then aff to Begbie's in a raw,
 An' pour divine libations
 For joy this day.

The "Begbie's" of the stanza was the tavern already mentioned, in which the poet probably corrected most of his proof-sheets.

Three years after Burns's death, however, a great change took place in the appearance and character of the town. In the year 1800 a fire broke out in the Nethertonholm, the lower part of the place, and, carried by a strong breeze, ran rapidly along the thatch roofs, and reduced the district to ashes. The townsmen rose to the occasion, raised a subscription to replace the roofs with slate, and, obtaining an Act of Parliament, proceeded to the general improvement of the place. Chief of these improvements was the building of a wide bridge over the Marnock Water south of the Cross, and the building on it in 1805 of a new Town House and butcher market as the first erections of the wide and handsome thoroughfare now known as King Street, which runs straight southward almost parallel with the Marnock Water, and, crossing the Irvine Water at Riccarton, runs on to Ayr. About the same time, in 1802, the present Laigh Kirk was

built. Among its features are the spacious square staircases which lead to the galleries. These have a tale to tell. In 1801 a piece of plaster fell from the ceiling of the previous church while the congregation was gathering. A sudden panic occurred, and in the rush down the narrow stairs these became blocked with a heap of human beings, thirty persons dying from suffocation and many others being seriously injured. The heritors determined that such an event should not occur again.

The Exchange was built in 1814, and other notable improvements were carried out.

At the same time the character of the neighbourhood considerably changed. Following the downfall of the Boyds in the person of the Earl of Kilmarnock, the superiority of the town had passed, first to the Earl of Glencairn and afterwards to the Duke of Portland, and under this last-named ownership the rich coal seams of the district began to be extensively worked, with the result that new villages sprang up and a new prosperity began to flow into the place. A woollen factory was established, and the making of shawls, muslins, and boots and shoes became important industries. This boot trade is still a highly prosperous industry in the hands of the well-known Saxone Shoe Company, Ltd. Calico printing, too, gave great employment for a time, and though it is now extinct, and the carpet-making which was once the staple trade of the town has also become a less important affair, the making of machinery has gradually come to be a staple industry, and the reliable quality of the town's productions in this department has earned a high reputation, while the business of whisky blending carried on by Messrs John Walker & Sons, Ltd., has become famous throughout the world.

The town to-day is a prosperous, thriving, and energetic place. Not less notable, its enlightened character is shown by the number of its educational and other institutions. Among its most imposing buildings it has in Duke Street—which noble thoroughfare occupies the site of the old Nailers' Close—the Corn Exchange, the Art Gallery, and the Agricultural Hall; while further out, by London

Road, the visitor reaches the important Technical School and Kilmarnock Academy, with, close beside them, the Dick Institute. This last-named possession was the gift of Mr James Dick, a native of Kilmarnock, who amassed a fortune as a merchant in Glasgow. To its original museum and reading-room was added the Crawford Library, now extended by means of the Free Library Act, and it also includes the famous geological collection accumulated by James Thomson, another native of Kilmarnock, with collections formed by various savants and enthusiasts. Another feature of the town, of similar character, is the Morton Observatory, while close by are the famous experimental farms, dairy school, and laboratories of the West of Scotland Agricultural College, where so much has been done of late years to improve the farming stock and methods of Scotland.

Kilmarnock has made its influence felt in the intellectual world through other and different channels than the works of Robert Burns. On the north side of Douglas Street a tablet on the wall marks the site of the house in which Alexander Smith, author of *A Life Drama*, *A Summer in Skye*, and other works in verse and prose, was born; and in Clerk's Lane may be seen the vacated church in which the celebrated Dr. Morison first made public the doctrines which made such a great sensation in their time under the name of Morisonianism. A memorial which testifies to the vitality of the sons of "Auld Killie" in another direction is the statue at the Cross to Sir James Shaw, a native of the town, who became Lord Mayor of London.

An agreeable feature of Kilmarnock is the number of benefits which have been conferred upon it by those who knew it best. On the south, for instance, Bellfield mansion and grounds are now a possession of the public by gift of the Misses Buchanan, former owners of the place, and it is interesting to note that the garden here, and notably the wonderful beds of roses, afford the inspiration for many of the pictures of Mr Stuart Park, one of the most famous flower painters of our time. The Howard Park has already been alluded to. It takes its name from Lord Howard de

Walden, now superior of a large part of the town by inheritance from the late Duke of Portland, and its chief ornament is Marshall's memorial, a pillar of beautiful and quite unique design supporting the statue which is its primary purpose.

But the chief public pleasure-ground and most famous treasure-house of Kilmarnock are the beautiful Kay Park and the Burns monument which crowns its height. The park was the result of a legacy of £16,000 bequeathed to the town by Alexander Kay, a native of Kilmarnock, who had accumulated a fortune as an insurance broker in Glasgow, and who died in 1866. £6000 went for the erection and endowment of two schools, and the land for the park was acquired from the Duke of Portland for £9000. It is beautifully laid out, and, with the Marnock Water flowing past its foot, forms a charming retreat all the more delightful because of its nearness to the busy heart of the town. It was opened in 1879, and besides the Burns Memorial—a rather ornate baronial tower of old red sandstone, with the statue of the poet by W. G. Stevenson, A.R.S.A., standing on its portico—the pleasure-ground contains a slender fountain of beautiful design erected in 1902 by ex-Bailie James Craig in honour of the coronation of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. It also contains an elegant column crowned with a statue of Liberty, which was unveiled by Lord Rosebery in 1885, in memory of a number of local pioneers of the Chartist and Reform movements in the first half of last century, whose enthusiasm brought them under the heavy hand of the law.

The Burns Monument, which is justly the pride of the townsmen of Kilmarnock, contains as its chief feature a collection of Burnsiana which is the amplest and most interesting in existence. The catalogue of the collection forms quite a bulky volume, and no day passes, summer or winter, without its train of Burns students, enthusiasts, and worshippers, making pilgrimage to the shrine. The collection of manuscripts includes those of "Tam o' Shanter," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Holy Willie's Prayer," "The Lassie wi' the Lintwhite Locks," "Last May a Braw

Wooer," and "The Twa Dogs." The collection of the poet's printed works includes a beautifully preserved copy of the first edition produced at Kilmarnock in 1786. The original cost of this volume was 3s 6d; a perfect copy now fetches £1000. As one reverently turns the leaves one cannot but think of the emotion with which the ploughman poet must himself have turned these leaves when this book, which meant so much to him, was first issued from John Wilson's Kilmarnock press. The Monument further contains the M'Kie library of Burnsiana, running to some 800 volumes, also several portraits of the poet, including a good copy of that by Nasmyth; and among other treasures it houses such relics as a claymore which belonged to the Earl of Glencairn, the friend whose influence had so valuable an effect in launching the poet in Edinburgh on his career of fame.

Apart from its use as a memorial and a museum, the Burns Monument forms the best view-point for obtaining an idea of the features of the highly interesting and historical country which lies in all directions around Kilmarnock. East of it, to north and south, among the upland moors, lies the country of the Covenanters, with many a spot hallowed by the traditions of these stern God-fearing folk. Lochgoin and Drumelg and Aird's Moss are scenes all hallowed by memories of their heroism and persistency. Eastward, also, near Drumclog, the cone of Loudoun Hill marks the spot at which Bruce gained his first important battle in the Wars of Independence. Westward again, to north and south, lies the country of William Wallace and Robert Burns. Towards the north lies the village of Dunlop, with Dunlop House, the home of Mrs Dunlop, the friend and correspondent of the poet, who was herself the last of the Wallaces of Craigie. Due south lies Craigie itself, with its grim old stronghold of the race, within which Wallace was often a visitor, and near it the monument to the hero on Barnweill, the spot from which he is said to have looked back and watched the burning of the barns of Ayr. Near Barnweill lies Adamton, the residence of "Rough, rude, ready-witted Rankine," another of Burns's early friends,

while further south lie the villages of Tarbolton and Mauchline, for ever associated with the birth of the poet's genius. Near the latter, among the green woods which mark the course of the winding water of Ayr, lie the Braes of Ballochmyle, the Castle o' Montgomerie, and other spots which have been made immortal in the poet's songs. Eastward, also, the smoke of Irvine on the coast recalls the attempt of Burns to start business there as a flax-dresser, with the disastrous end of that effort. A little south of it Dundonald Castle can be made out, recalling many early associations with the Stewart kings, while, behind it, the dark woods of Auchans recall the incident of Dr. Samuel Johnson's entertainment there by Susannah, Countess of Eglinton, she who remains famous for that charm of manner which was known in its time as "the Eglinton air."

Within easy reach around Kilmarnock are several spots well worth the trouble of making pilgrimage to see. Two miles to the north Rowallan Castle, recently restored by Lord Rowallan, was the birthplace of Elizabeth Mure, first wife of King Robert II., and ancestress of all the later Stewart kings; and Craufordland Castle, no great distance from it, keeps its own historic memories. Crawfordland Bridge there, over the Borland Water, forms one of the most famous beauty spots of Ayrshire. Nearer hand, no more indeed than a mile from Kilmarnock, Dean Castle, now the residence of Lord Howard de Walden, keeps its memories of the Boyds, Earls of Kilmarnock; while southward again, three miles away on the Ayr road, Caprington Castle was long the seat of a family of Cunninghames, cadets of the House of Glencairn.

Kilmarnock, indeed, with its hearty, hospitable, shrewd inhabitants, is not only a place of the highest interest and most absorbing memories in itself, but forms the centre of one of the most enchanting and storied districts in the whole of Scotland.

KINGUSSIE

ABOVE Craigellachie, the bold rock whose name formed the slogan of Clan Grant, lies the region of Badenoch, with Kingussie for its centre. The mountains rise close here on either hand, and besides the rushing Spey there are many lochs gleaming blue among the rocky moors and woods. Like its neighbouring district, Strathspey, it has memories ancient and stirring enough. St. Columba is said to have founded a church among the Pictish heathen here. On the same spot, in the feudal centuries, the Marquess of Huntly, Chief of the Gordons, founded a monastery. And on the same site, again, about the end of the eighteenth century, the Duke of Gordon built the village of Kingussie, with the intention of making it a seat of woollen manufacture. The industry never prospered, but in more recent days the place has become a famous health and pleasure resort. The name Kingussie, "head of the pine wood," gives a good idea of the character of the district, for it has the woods of Balavil below, and the great forests of Abernethy and Rothiemurcus on the opposite side of the Spey. Until recent times it was the scene of great cattle fairs, but to-day its chief business probably is the entertaining of summer visitors. As the point at which the coach road from Fort William by Glen Spean and Loch Laggan joins the main route to the north, it has always been of importance as a touring centre.

Like Strathspey the district was in early times a possession of the great house of Comyn, which had strongholds in Loch-an-Eilean and on the conic mount now crowned by the ruin of Ruthven Barracks. In 1291 John Comyn, Lord of Badenoch, who was a competitor for the throne, acknowledged Edward I. of England as Lord Superior of Scotland, and it was his son, John, the Red Comyn, who was slain by Bruce at the high altar at Dumfries on 16th February, 1306. In the early fifteenth century the region was dominated by Alexander, Earl of Buchan, the fierce son of Robert II., better known as the Wolf of Badenoch. Here, in the



Photo. Valentine & Sons.

HIGH STREET, KINGUSSIE.
In the old Macpherson country.

old Comyn strongholds, far from the reach of law, he did his ferocious pleasure, seized men's lands and wives, and when rebuked by the Bishop of Elgin, burned that bishop's cathedral for his pains. After this, also, it was his natural son, Duncan Stewart, who with a wild array of caterans, burst into Forfarshire, plundering and burning and slaying with reckless cruelty, and even fought and defeated Sir Walter Ogilvie, sheriff of Angus, at Gasklune on the Isla. Subsequently, in 1452, the Earl of Huntly, chief of the Gordons, was made feudal superior of the district. At the same time Badenoch was largely peopled by the Macpherson clan, whose chief, Cluny Macpherson, had his stronghold in the region. Of the wild doings of these conflicting authorities in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries many a book has been written. A gradual change in the manners of the district was brought about by the building of roads by General Wade in the first half of the eighteenth century. His great road from Perth to Inverness, after coming over the Pass of Drumochter from Blair Atholl, ran through the region. Government also, in 1718, built the fort known as Ruthven Barracks on the site of one of the old strongholds of the Comyns and the Wolf of Badenoch. It was here that, in April, 1746, after the great defeat at Culloden, the remnants of the Jacobite army gathered, only to receive their last blow in a message from Prince Charles Edward, telling them that all was lost and that they must shift for themselves. For several years afterwards Cluny Macpherson maintained himself in concealment in a wild shelter known as "The Cage" on the side of Ben Alder, a few miles to the south; but the cause was hopeless, and its upholders were scattered to the winds. Only twenty years later, the Chief of the Grants was building his new village of Grantown, and the Duke of Gordon was planning Kingussie as a centre of manufacture.

Meanwhile the region, like Strathspey adjoining, had achieved fame in another way, as the fount of a certain species of Highland music. One legend ascribes the origin of the Reel o' Tulloch to the little kirk of Tullich on Deeside where on a stormy Sunday the clergyman did not appear,

and in lay hands the fun became fast and furious till it broke into the famous reel. But somewhat more likely is the tradition which associates the inspiration with the district of Tulloch in the Grant country at the foot of the Cairngorms. Here about the year 1640 a MacGregor who had eloped with Isobel, daughter of the laird, was brought to bay. The girl's rejected suitor, one of the Robertson clan, gathered a few followers, including the brother of the bride, and came suddenly upon his successful rival. The latter took refuge in a barn, and, with dirk and claymore, and the musket which his wife loaded for him, actually managed to destroy every one of his assailants. Then, overjoyed with his victory, it is said he took his pipes, and composed on the spot the wild Reel o' Tulloch. Alas! a little later Isobel was captured and placed in confinement, and, shortly afterwards, her lover having been shot, they barbarously showed her his head, at which she was so struck with horror and anguish that she expired.

But the gracious arts were to have a still more notable association with Badenoch. About the time when Grantown and Kingussie were being built, James Macpherson, a native of the district, who had left it twenty years earlier a poor tutor, returned great in wealth and fame. As the translator of Ossian he had been the centre of the greatest controversy known in our literature, and he had made fame besides as a historian, and money as a Government official. Here in his native district he bought the ancient Comyn stronghold and estate of Raith on the hillside below Kingussie, and built the mansion of Balavil, which, restored after a burning in 1906, is still inhabited by his descendant, Mr C. Brewster Macpherson.

KIRKCALDY

WHEN King James V. made his famous remark as to the kingdom of Fife being "A rough Scottish blanket with a fringe of gold," one of the richest parts of the fringe was probably at the little, old burgh-port of Kirkcaldy. From the harbour here it was that that gay young Gudeman of Ballangeich in 1536 set sail on his romantic expedition incognito to the shores of France, which ended in his love match with the fair, fragile child-princess Madeleine, daughter of the French king, who was to be his wife only for a few months, and to die almost immediately after setting foot on our colder northern shores. In James's time the chief trade of the Scottish kingdom was done from these little ports on the shores of Fife, chiefly with the Baltic countries and the Netherlands. Something of their busy life and other characteristics is commemorated in the old quatrain:

Dysart for coals and saut;
Pathhead for meat and maut;
Kirkcaldy for lassies braw;
Kinghorn for breaking the law.

But history had been in the making of Kirkcaldy for many a century before the days of the gallant James V. The Roman spear-heads and daggers dug up at Dogton Farm, and now preserved, along with a famous collection of minerals, fossils, and other curiosities, in the old tower of Raith, speak of the days when the tread of the legionaries sounded upon those shores. The name of the town itself may be either the "Kirk of the Culdees," in reference to the church said to have been first built here by St. Columba in the sixth century; or, as seems more likely, it may be the *Caer-Celydon*, "fort of the wood" (Fife was in early times famous as a forest); or, *Caer-cala-dion-ent*, "the town of the harbour of refuge." Raith mansion-house, at hand, is said to have been built by MacDuff, third thane of Fife, and the name of the burgh may have had its origin in some of the escapes and adventures of that famous

family. Like many another place, its fortunes seem to have been nursed in early times by the churchmen. At any rate as long ago as the year 1244 the church here was re-dedicated by Bishop David de Bernham; and the old square tower of the kirk, which still looks across the roofs of the town to the waters of the Firth of Forth, may belong to that time, though the bell which hangs within its walls dates only from the childhood of Mary, Queen of Scots. The bell bears the legend: "Made in 1553; renewed in 1707; renewed again, 1755, by Johanne Milne, Edinburgo—*fecit.*"

The old castle of Balwearie, to the westward of the burgh, keeps associations with one of the greatest names of Europe in the thirteenth century, that of Sir Michael Scot, the wizard. Astrologer and alchemist, he was the friend of kings in other countries besides his own, and after the death of Alexander III., occasioned by the fall of his horse over the cliff at Kinghorn close by, he was in 1290 one of the four Scottish nobles deputed to bring home that king's granddaughter Margaret, the Maid of Norway, on whose fate hung so much of the destiny of Scotland. The father of Michael Scot had been knighted by Alexander II. and had married Margaret Balwearie about the year 1235, and it was possibly in this old tower that the "wizard" himself was born and died, though his grave is pointed out in Melrose Abbey. For centuries his memory gave an eerie reputation to the place, which is commemorated in a verse of the old ballad:

What gars ye gaunt, my merry men a',
 What gars ye look sae eerie,
 What gars ye hing your heids sae sair
 In the Castle o' Balwearie?

The old tower remained in possession of Michael Scot's descendants till the year 1680. It is little wonder that the simple folk of Fife retained such an awesome memory of their countryman when the Italian poet Dante was so far moved by his uncanny reputation as to place him in the eighth circle of the *Inferno*, where for a punishment for misleading the world he is pictured as having his head reversed, and so being made to walk backwards.



Photo. T & R. Annan & Sons.

KIRK WYND, KIRKCALDY.

In 1334, some forty years after the death of the wizard, Kirkcaldy was "mortified" by Bruce's son, David II., to the monastery of Dunfermline, and was made a burgh of barony holding of the abbot and monastery. No doubt it thrived under the enlightened rule of the monks, who would do their best to develop its shipping and other industries. At any rate by the middle of the following century it was strong enough to be entrusted with the defence of its own rights and possessions. Accordingly, in 1450, the abbot and monastery conveyed town, harbour, burgh-acres, small customs, and municipal rights to the bailies and burgesses of the place itself, and Kirkcaldy was forthwith raised to the dignity and privileges of a royal burgh.

Shortly afterwards, in 1559, the place came further into the sunshine of royal favour. In that year King James II. exchanged certain lands in the barony of Manuel in Stirlingshire for the lands of Dysart on the coast here, bestowed those lands of Dysart on his queen, Mary of Gueldres, and proceeded to build upon them, for her residence, the strong castle of Ravenscraig, of which a considerable part still remains. James had but recently overthrown the great house of Douglas, with its treasonous leagues, and finally assured the supremacy of the House of Stewart as the reigning dynasty in Scotland, and it was, no doubt, with the purpose of further securing his position that he proceeded to build this stronghold of Ravenscraig; but the building was little more than begun, when, in 1460, James was killed by the bursting of one of his newly introduced cannon at the siege of Roxburgh Castle. Details of the payments made to Master David Boys in succeeding years for the erection of the castle throw an interesting light upon the cost of stronghold building at that time. The sums paid amounted to some £3000 of our present money, and it is interesting to find from the Treasury Records that the timber required was cut on the Allan Water and floated from Stirling down the Forth. Mary of Gueldres, also, did not live long to enjoy this residence on the Fife coast, as she died in 1463.

A few years later Ravenscraig played a notable part in another great historic transaction. William St. Clair, Earl

of Orkney and Caithness, who had been Chancellor of Scotland under James II., had some disagreement with Tulloch, Bishop of Orkney, who stood high in favour with Christiern, King of Denmark, at that time sovereign of the northern islands, and St. Clair's son seized and imprisoned the bishop. Christiern wrote to the young king, James III., demanding the bishop's liberation, and at the same time asking for the arrears of the old annual of Norway which Alexander III. had agreed to pay for possession of the Hebrides. The whole matter was settled by the marriage of Christiern's daughter, Margaret, to the young James III. of Scotland, the annual of Norway being forgiven as part of her dowry and the Orkney and Shetland Islands pledged to the Scottish crown for payment of the rest. At the same time William St. Clair was induced to exchange his earldom of Orkney for the lands of Dysart and the stronghold of Ravenscraig. Upon his death a partition of his property among his three sons took place. The eldest, William St. Clair of Newburgh, obtained Ravenscraig and the lands of Dysart, and became ancestor of the Lords St. Clair; the second, another William, became Earl of Caithness, which earldom his descendants hold to the present day; and the youngest, Sir Oliver, received the lands of Roslin, near Edinburgh. The line of the last-named became extinct about 1750. The Dysart estate passed by marriage to the Erskines of Alva, who also inherited, by marriage with the sister of Alexander Wedderburn, the famous Lord Chief-Justice of 1778 and first Earl of Rosslyn, that other ancient title of the St. Clairs. Dysart House and Ravenscraig Castle were only disposed of by the present Earl of Rosslyn in 1896, when they became the property of Mr. now Sir M. B. Nairn, Bart., of Rankeilour and Dysart.

In the time of James V., already mentioned, the neighbourhood had a certain association with a notable individual who bore its name. Sir James Kirkaldy of Grange, Lord High Treasurer to the king, married Janet, daughter of Sir John Melville of Raith here, ancestor of the Earls of Leven and Melville, and was owner of Piteaddie Castle, the ruin of which still stands among farm buildings to the west of the town. Sir James's eldest son was William Kirkaldy

of Grange, reputed to be the bravest soldier and most accomplished cavalier of his time, who held Edinburgh Castle for Queen Mary long after all the rest of Scotland had gone over to her enemies, and who in the end paid for his loyalty on the scaffold. As a last bid for his life, moved by his wife's tears, Kirkaldy offered the Regent Morton his whole heritage, including the baronies of Grange, Auchtertool, and Friartown, to be allowed with his brother to leave his native country and die in exile; but his enemy was inflexible.

At the time when Kirkaldy's charter was renewed by Charles I. in 1644, the burgh, it is said, had a hundred ships belonging to it. It was therefore a place of considerable importance. In the Civil Wars which followed, however, it suffered very severely. It took the part of the Covenant against the king, and from first to last 480 of its inhabitants fell in battle, 200 being killed at Kilsyth alone, when the Marquess of Montrose won his chief victory for the king. At Cromwell's invasion, six years later, the burgesses lost property to the value of £5000 sterling, which they had sent to Dundee as a place of security, and which fell into the hands of General Monk at that general's sack of the town. At the same time ninety-four of their vessels, valued at £53,791 sterling, were lost at sea or taken by the enemy. At the Restoration also, in 1660, the trade with Holland was suspended, and ruin and deep distress fell upon the place. In 1682 it appealed for relief, but having fallen under the displeasure of the Court for the part it had taken during the Civil War, not only was this refused, but the burdens of the town were increased by an annual assessment of 2000 merks. In consequence, many of the inhabitants, and even magistrates, deserted the place, and it was reported that the king's cess could only be paid with difficulty. The Revolution, however, brought a change, and the commerce of Kirkcaldy had begun to revive when the Union with England again upset the fortunes of the burgh. In the wars which followed its shipping declined till, in 1760, it employed no more than one coasting vessel of 50 tons, and two ferry boats of 30 tons each. Since then, though retarded by the war with America,

the prosperity of the town has continued to grow, and to-day it is the busiest and most prosperous place in Fife.

Meanwhile, in the rebellions, both of 1715 and 1745, the little Fifeshire town of that time had its own share and interest. When the Earl of Sutherland, on the eve of Mar's Rebellion, chartered a ship from Leith with firelocks and other weapons to be delivered at Dunrobin, and the vessel was driven into Burntisland by a contrary wind, it was the Master of Sinclair who, hearing from his tenants on the Dysart estate, marched by night from Perth, and surprised and took the vessel. At the same time the Earl of Mar supported him by marching with five hundred Highlanders as far as Auchtertool. Again, after the battle of Culloden, when James Gib, Prince Charles's Master of the Household, and Richard Morison, one of the Prince's valets-de-chambre, having been informed upon by their landlady, were made prisoners in the town of Leven, they were marched on foot to Kirkcaldy, "being all the way insulted and abused by the mob, and were confined in the prison of the burgh till fetched thence in a boat to Leith."

The rebellion of the '45, however, was the dying blaze of the old order of things in Scotland. Already, in 1725, there had been born in Kirkcaldy the thinker whose ideas were to play as great a part as any in the silent revolution. Adam Smith, a posthumous child, was born in a house on the site of Halkett's close, now known as Adam Smith's. He had received his first education in the town, and after three years at the College of Glasgow and seven as a Snell Exhibitioner at Oxford, had spent two years in his native place before starting his career as lecturer on rhetoric and *belles lettres* in Edinburgh, and as Professor of Logic and Moral Philosophy at Glasgow. It was after travelling as tutor to the young Duke of Buccleuch that, retiring on a pension of £300 a year from that nobleman, he devoted himself to the writing of his *Wealth of Nations*. His mother was a daughter of Douglas, Laird of Strathendry, and in his last years the great political economist lived with her in Kirkcaldy. When he died in 1790, the French Revolu-

tion was an accomplished fact, and the dawn of the new world was beginning to rise.

Twenty-six years later Kirkcaldy became the home for a time of a still greater man of letters, whose ideas were to help the human race forward on another stride of its development. In 1816 Thomas Carlyle came to Kirkcaldy as a schoolmaster. He lived in the Kirk Wynd, in the house with an outside stair, and the school where he taught now forms part of the headquarters of the Territorials in High Street opposite. It was a Kirkcaldy man who, having correspondence with Hamburg, provided him with German books, and so set him on the lines of his main work, and it was in Kirkcaldy that he met Edward Irving, with whom he was to enjoy many a glorious colloquy on the sea-shore at hand. Carlyle's memories of Kirkcaldy in his time are graphic and illuminating; the place, he said, "had many looms, had Baltic trade, whale fishery, etc.," and was "a solidly diligent, and yet by no means a parting, puffing, or in any way gambling 'lang toon.' Its flax-mill machinery, I remember, was turned mainly by wind, and curious blue-painted wheels with oblique vans rose from many roofs for that end." In later days Carlyle and his wife often visited Kirkcaldy, and stayed at Auchtertool with Mrs Carlyle's cousin, the Rev. Walter Welsh.

Still another and much more charming and lovable literary association of Kirkcaldy is its connection with Pet Marjorie, the child genius and friend of Sir Walter Scott. The old stone over her grave in Abbotshall churchyard tells simply the date of her death, but a white marble cross more recently set up by her relative, Captain Bremnor, chief constable of Fife, bears the inscription: "Pet Marjorie, Marjory Fleming, born 1803, died 1811."

A still later incident in the literary history of Scotland associated with Kirkcaldy was the fatal duel between Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart., of Auchinleck, and James Stewart, Younger of Dunearn, which took place in the neighbourhood in 1822. Some articles in the *Glasgow Sentinel*, attributed to Sir Alexander, had seemed to reflect on the character of Mr Stewart, who sent Boswell a

challenge. The meeting took place on the farm of Balbar-ton, in a hollow just beside the present railway line. Boswell's second was the Hon. James Douglas, brother of the Marquess of Queensberry, and Stewart's the Earl of Rosslyn. At the first shot Boswell fell. He was carried to Balmuto House, the seat of his relative, Lord Balmuto, the estate having belonged to the Boswell family since the fourteenth century, and there he died next day.

This was one of the last duels fought in Scotland, though four years afterwards, on 23rd August, 1826, another was fought near Shaw's Mill by two Kirkcaldy gentlemen, Landale and Morgan. In this case Morgan fell, and Landale fled to France, but, giving himself up, was tried and acquitted. The pistols used on this latter occasion, described as large, heavy, and single-barrelled, are still the property of a townsman.

Two years after the last-named event Kirkcaldy was moved by a much more terrible tragedy. It was a communion thanksgiving service in the parish kirk on a summer evening in 1828. The preacher was Carlyle's friend, the Rev. Edward Irving, whose wife was the daughter of the parish minister, and a crowd of over 1600 filled the church to overflowing. Slowly under the weight the joisting of the back gallery moved out of its place in the masonry, and seemed about to collapse upon the area beneath. Only one person was killed by the accident, but in the panic which followed twenty-seven lives were lost.

Kirkcaldy was long known as the "Lang Toun" from the fact that it consisted almost solely of a single rambling street, three and a half miles long, running parallel with the shores of the Firth of Forth. To-day, however, it has spread considerably inland. At the same time, for the most part it has lost its antique character. Its oldest houses to-day are to be found in the Kirk Wynd and Oswald's Wynd, but in other parts it has many fine modern buildings; one or two of its streets are as handsome as may be found in any Scottish town; and with the fine Beveridge Park at its western end and Dunnikier Den not far east of its centre, with Raith estate and other beautiful private

pleasances available within easy reach, it has charms enough and to spare. Its Adam Smith and Beveridge Public Halls form a noble pile, while its county buildings, Town House, High School, and St. Brycedale U.F. Church are all notable architectural features. Here it is worth noting that Scottish architecture owes more than is generally supposed to the old burgh of Kirkcaldy. Gladney House in Links Street was the home of Mary Robertson, wife of William Adam, the architect, and the style of architecture adopted by her two more famous sons is largely that of this old mansion of their grandfather, the Laird of Gladney.

Among the older institutions of the town the Links Market is now little more than a biennial gathering of merry-go-rounds and travelling shows, though for many a day after 1672, when it was granted to Sir Andrew Ramsay, Laird of Abbotshall, it served a very real purpose as a market. Robert Philp's trust, for which a Kirkcaldy linen manufacturer bequeathed some £35,000 in 1820, served to educate thousands of children of the poorer townsmen till superseded by the Education Act of 1872, and still provides books and bursaries for the more deserving. The old cross of the town, which stood in High Street, west of the Kirk Wynd, was taken down in 1782, and its disappearance gave rise to a local jibe:

Kirkcaldy poor people
Took down their cross
To build up their steeple.

The innuendo was, of course, untrue.

To-day the town is a place of many thriving trades, notably of linen and linoleum manufacture; and if the harbour, notwithstanding the effort and expense which have been put forth to improve it, is not yet as convenient and commodious as some others among its rivals, it is nevertheless the most improved and modern of the mercantile harbours on the shores of Fife.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT

MEMORIES of old unhappy far-off things and associations with the pleasant social life of a leisured community at the present hour mingle in the character of the two chief towns of "the Stewartry." Both places as they exist to-day possess all the amenities of the best managed Scottish communities. Both are well laid out, well-built, and highly attractive places of residence. These facts have long ago been found out by numbers of well-to-do people who have settled within their bounds, and give an air of comfort and prosperity to the society of both towns. The prosperity is testified by the number of banks and insurance companies which thrive in both communities, while the taste and culture of the residents is made evident by the number of churches, libraries, reading-rooms, and other social institutions with which the places are provided. Both have business enough to do also, in their several pleasant ways. These are not the sometimes objectionable ways of industrial manufacture which may imply noise and smoke. Castle-Douglas is the chief agricultural market in the county, and the selling of corn and beasts, and the hiring of men and women, go on blithely within its bounds; while Kirkcudbright has a certain amount of leisurely shipping, and, as the county town, thrives to a large extent on the dignified business of law and government, once administered by the stewards of the overlord, but now by the law officers of the Crown. At the same time both places take a distinct savour from their associations with the men and deeds of a different age—the stately doings of the great ancient Lords of Galloway, the ridings and raidings of the Douglas Earls, and the efforts of the more or less feckless Maclellans of Bombie, who were the earthen pot that clashed with the Douglasses' iron kettle.

Of these matters Kirkcudbright in particular has a strange old tale to tell. Nowhere in Scotland are there more remains to be seen of the dwellings and forts of the ancient Pictish inhabitants of the country than in the neighbour-



Photo Valentine & Sons.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT FROM THE NORTH.

Facing p. 250.

hood of the town. No amount of digging into these rude mounds has revealed much of the life of the people who were here when the Romans came, but the remains are there to testify to the place that the Picts of Galloway—Selgovae to the east of the Dee and Novantes to the west—occupy in the vague traditions and histories of that time. Of the intimate life of the great ancient Lords of Galloway, Roland and Fergus and the rest, independent princes in their time, one would likewise wish to know more. The mounds with their fosse by the river-side at Kirkcudbright, once known as Castlemains, and now as Castledykes, bear but silent witness to their ancient greatness. Here one may picture the last of her race, the Lady Devorgilla, planning the gracious works which perpetuate her fame—the founding of Baliol College at Oxford which received her husband's name, the building of the great bridge which still crosses the Nith at Dumfries, the endowment of the Church of the Minorites, there, in which Bruce afterwards slew the Red Comyn, and the establishment under the slopes of Criffel of that delightful Abbey of Dulce Cor, of the Sweet Heart, in which she herself still lies with her husband's heart on her breast.

She was a great and gracious lady, that mother of the Scottish King John, but there was something—perhaps over-refinement—in the Baliol blood which unfitted it for the strife of that rude age. It burns still like an insult to recall that, in the year 1300, after he had deposed Baliol from the kingship, Edward I. of England with his queen and court, took up residence in this castle of his victim's forefathers at Kirkcudbright.

When, in the days of Bruce's son, David II., Edward Baliol, last of his race, shot his final bolt and failed, his great forfeited Lordship of Galloway passed into the hands of the Earls of Douglas, and here and at their stronghold of Threave, near Castle-Douglas, they lived like independent princes for more than a hundred years. It stirs strange feelings to think of the child heiress of these great possessions in the days of James II., Margaret Douglas, the Fair Maid of Galloway, who, to save the estates for the family, was married

first to one cousin and then to another—Earl William and then Earl James, the last of his line.

It was not at Kirkcudbright but at Threave that the tragic act took place which added the last straw to the forbearance of James II. with the increasing arrogance of these Douglas earls. The estates and strongholds of the Maclellans of Bombie were too near those of the Douglasses to escape exciting annoyance in the minds of these earls. Matters reached their climax when Sir Patrick Maclellan, the tutor or guardian of the laird of Bombie, was taken out of his castle of Raeberry on the Kirkcudbright coast and imprisoned at Threave. When his uncle, Sir Patrick Gray, arrived with an order from James II. to set him free, the Earl detained him in conversation till his secret orders could be carried out, and then, with mock apologies, presented Sir Patrick with his nephew's body, "wanting the head." After such an act it is not difficult to forgive the young king his hasty slaughter of Earl William with his own hand in the little supper cabinet at Stirling. In the course of the Douglas wars which followed, King James himself visited the great old stronghold at Kirkcudbright, and when Earl James at last was utterly overthrown, the king took his young wife, the Fair Maid of Galloway, and married her to his own half brother, son of the Black Knight of Lorn, the two becoming ancestors of the Earls and Dukes of Atholl.

The old castle by the Dee at Kirkcudbright, however, having been forfeited, remained in possession of the Crown, and there, in 1461, after his defeat at Towton, Henry VI. of England found a retreat, while his energetic wife, Queen Margaret, went to Edinburgh to plead the cause of the House of Lancaster. Later still, in 1508, James IV. himself occupied the stronghold. On that occasion he was hospitably entertained by the burgh, and, perhaps as a result of this, he presented the castle to the town in the following year.

In 1547 one of the forces sent into Scotland by Henry VIII. to compel the Scots to marry Queen Mary to his son Edward, approached Kirkcudbright. But the burgliers barred their gates, and, safe within their wall and fosse, defied the enemy.

The Maclellans now began to make headway again. Sir Patrick Maclellan, who suffered at the hands of the Earl of Douglas, had been forfeited for his depredations on the Douglas lands. The forfeited baiony, so runs the tradition, was offered by James II. to any one who should break up a band of gypsies then infesting the country, and bring in its leader, dead or alive. On this intimation Sir William Maclellan, son of the forfeited laird, promptly took the field, accomplished the task, presented the head of the gypsy chief on his sword to the king, and received back his patrimony as the promised reward.

Bombie, the stronghold from which they took their designation, lay in the country two miles to the east. In 1582 Thomas Maclellan of Bombie built as a town house the massive castle, the ruin of which still stands in the burgh. A later laird, Sir Robert, was gentleman of the bedchamber to James VI. and Charles I., and was raised to the peerage as Lord Kirkcudbright in 1633. John, the third lord, fiercely opposed Cromwell, and nearly ruined his estates by his levies of men and the expenses he incurred in fitting out his vassals for war. After the Restoration he completed his ruin by supporting the rioters against Episcopacy, when he was arrested and imprisoned in Edinburgh.

From these acts the family fortunes never recovered. One titular Lord Kirkcudbright is sneered at by Goldsmith as the keeper of a glove-shop in Edinburgh. In the days of George III. the family was formally and loyally reinstated in its honours, but in 1832, on the death of the ninth lord, the title became extinct.

The Maclellans were succeeded, as the family of chief influence in the neighbourhood of Kirkcudbright, by the Earls of Selkirk, junior line of the great house of Douglas, who became Dukes of Hamilton. Their seat, St. Mary's Isle, at the mouth of the Dee, three-quarters of a mile south of the town, is one of the most beautiful demesnes in Scotland. It occupies the site of a priory of Augustinians founded in the time of David I. by Fergus, Lord of Galloway. David Panther, its prior in the time of James V., was perhaps the finest Scottish Latinist of his time. A famous

event was the attack on St. Mary's Isle by the American "admiral," Paul Jones, in 1778. The Earl of Selkirk, whom the attackers hoped to capture, was from home, but his silver-plate was carried off, to be returned intact seven years afterwards.

To later days still belong the exploits of the smugglers on this coast, to which an immortality has been given by Sir Walter Scott in his novel of *Guy Mannering*. The great cave on the coast near the site of Raeberry Castle probably furnished Scott with the suggestion for Dirk Hatteraick's stronghold. In that "free trade" the inhabitants of Kirkcudbright took an active part.

KIRRIEMUIR

IT was long ago remarked by Lady Mary Wortley Montague that the most interesting district of every country, and that which exhibits the varied beauties of natural scenery in greatest perfection, is the region where the mountains sink down upon the more level land. This is certainly the case in Scotland, and particularly on the southern slopes of the Grampians, where places like Dunkeld, Blairgowrie, and Kirriemuir, with the mighty hills above and the rich, river-watered plains below, bask all summer long in the sun. Above them, as Sir Walter Scott noted, the vegetation of a happier climate and soil is mingled with the magnificent characteristics of mountain scenery; and woods, groves, and thickets in profusion clothe the base of the hills, ascend the ravines, and mingle with the precipices. Each of these places lies at the foot of one of the great passes which lead through the mountain barrier to the straths and valleys of the north, and so has access to some of the wildest and most famous scenery in the country. All lie along the Highland line, and for that reason had a part in the more heroic events of history which belong peculiarly to a border country.

It is understood that the inhabitants of Kirriemuir are not anxious to have their pleasant little hillside town called by any other name than its own. The outside world is well aware that the place served as model for the village depicted under the name of "Thrums" in the books of a well-known modern writer. But that name, like most of the productions of its author, conveys something more than a suspicion of a caricaturing, or "taking off," of its subject, and the natives of Kirriemuir reject the epithet as savouring of innuendo from the pen of the superior person who, having fared to London, is inclined to patronise his native place. From time to time, it is true, some visitor may ask for the cottage with the window which figures conspicuously in Sir J. M. Barrie's best known book, and he is pointed to a little white-washed house with a bole-window high in its gable, where

lemonade and light refreshments are sold, at the head of the steep slope above the railway; but there is not much to be made of the spot, with the modern buildings about it. If "A Window in Thrums," as seems likely, finds a permanent place in the school of Scottish fiction, of which the novels of Galt are the best examples, and Mrs Hamilton's "Cottagers of Glenburnie" is a classic specimen, it will not be by the exceeding good-will it has earned in its author's native town.

Similarly, at an earlier day, the good people of Kirriemuir seem to have had reason to defend themselves from the airs assumed by the neighbouring folk of Forfar. The ancient feud, indeed, between the sutors of Forfar and the weavers of Kirriemuir is a matter of history. So long ago as the seventeenth century it gave rise to an amusing incident. William Drummond of Hawthornden, the famous poet, was well known as a Royalist, or King's man, and for that reason was equally unwelcome in the two towns. As he travelled that way, however, Forfar somewhat too demonstratively closed its doors against him. That fact was enough for Kirriemuir, which forthwith proceeded to show its opinion of its neighbour's action by entertaining and making much of the traveller.

But Kirriemuir does not depend for its charm upon its literary associations. There is a quaintness about the ramifications of its little red-sandstone streets and the sunny quiet of its central square that serves to recall the life and manners of an earlier century. About these crooked streets, with house gables and corners thrust here and there upon the pavement, one takes pleasure in picturing the scenes and characters of the picturesque burgher life of the days when King Jamie sat upon the Scottish throne. The town still lives by its linen manufactures, and although the old hand-loom has nowadays made way for machinery, the character of the place and its people remains hardly less strongly marked and interesting than when the clack of shuttle and thrust of loom were to be heard from every house. It is this flavour of character that has made the little weaving town so rich a field for the teller of tales and maker of books.



THE WINDOW IN THRUMS, KIRRIEMUIR.

Facing p. 256.

Spread high, too, on the warm southern slope of the Grampian foothills, it enjoys from its upper parts a superb view to east and south and west over the fertile valley of Strathmore, a region that in earlier centuries was the granary of Scotland and chief support of the capital at Perth. Down there, among the woods and cornlands, lie the scenes of many strange old stories, whose monuments remain, in mediæval stronghold and curiously carved stone, to keep their memory green. Gleaming lakes and streams and smoking towns make up a panorama hardly to be surpassed for richness, while beyond the rolling heights of Finavon Hill on the east appears the grey line of the mysterious sea. Behind the town again lie the most famous "dens" or glens of the Grampians, penetrating far into the mountain fastnesses, with passes leading east and west of Lochnagar to the famous Royal valley of the north.

After the golden mountain air and the soul-satisfying richness of the scene there come the usual pursuits and social attractions of a favourite holiday resort, to occupy and interest the sojourner; for "Kirrie," as the place is affectionately called by the citizens of Dundee and other East of Scotland towns, has long been famous as a recruiting spot. When these attractions have been exhausted he would be hard to please who could not find endless interest and occupation amid the scenes of natural beauty and storied memory which lie in all directions around.

Though the town itself has figured little in the general history of the country, its immediate neighbourhood has played a part in more than one thrilling episode, and the burghers doubtless had their own parts to play in some of the frays of the region. They had as much as anyone to lose at the hands of the hot-foot Highland reivers who again and again came pouring, on blackmail intent, out of the Grampian fastnesses. One is left to imagine the scenes of former days about the Court-hillock and the Witch-pool, to the west of the town; while the arrow-heads and battle-axes, querns and canoes, that have turned up from time to time in different parts of the parish, with the two rocking-stones which till some eighty years ago stood to the north-west of

the hill which overlooks the town, had a still earlier story to suggest. Witch-hunting, in particular, appears to have been something of a frenzy in this part of the country in the seventeenth century. The last word in the unholy horrors of that persecution is spoken by the ghastly iron branks, or witches' bridle, which is shown yet in the town steeple at Forfar. This horrible contrivance is an iron cage which fastened round the head, while a gag which entered the mouth and pressed upon the tongue added silence to the other agonies of the poor creature burning at the stake.

More heroic is the tradition that the southern part of the parish in which the town itself stands, formed part of the great ancient forest of Platane, which, during one memorable winter, afforded a kindly shelter to the little army of Sir Andrew Murray, the Scottish patriot leader of Wallace's time. So closely grew the trees at that period, it is said, that a wild cat might have passed from end to end of the forest by leaping from bough to bough. Scoiland, and the high-hearted heroes who fought for its freedom, owed much at that time to the great old forests which covered a large part of the country, such as the Torwood in Stirlingshire, the Leglen Wood in Ayrshire, and the forests of Platane and Gask. There, again and again, they found shelter from their enemies, and were enabled to gather strength for fresh attempts.

Another tradition of the feudal centuries is connected with the long-standing quarrel between the Lindsays and the Ogilvies. These southern slopes of the Grampians were the country of the Ogilvie clan, and the burghers of Kirriemuir could scarce avoid taking part in that clan's frequent skirmishes and battles. The feud reached a climax in the year 1445. In that year the monks of Arbroath had chosen Alexander Lindsay, eldest son of the Tiger-Earl of Crawford, to be their justiciar, but he quartered so many men on them, and lived so extravagantly at their expense, that they were constrained to take the office from him, and confer it on Alexander Ogilvie of Inverquharity here, nephew of Ogilvie of Airlie. The Lindsays, at that time, through an alliance with the great Earl of Douglas, were very powerful

and dangerous enemies; but Ogilvie raised his followers, and marched to assert his rights. Accident helped him, for Sir Alexander Seton of Gordon happened to lodge for the night at Ogilvie's house, and the ancient laws of hospitality bound him to fight for his host. He at once joined his company to that of Inverquharity, and marched to Arbroath. There they found the Lindsays and Douglasses drawn up in superior force before the gates. Just as the armies were about to charge, the old Earl of Crawford, anxious to prevent a battle, galloped between the lines, but by misfortune he was acciden'tally killed. His death lent fury to the Lindsays' attack; their furious onset soon broke the ranks of their opponents, and so disastrous was the result that, partly owing to their gallant resistance, the Ogilvies were almost entirely cut to pieces, and lost five hundred men. Nor was this all. Lindsay, with great ferocity, over-ran the Ogilvie estates; the braes of Inverquharity above Kirriemuir were harried and destroyed, the wives and children of the Ogilvies were carried into captivity, and the castle of Inverquharity itself was given to the flames.

Interest of the weirder kind, again, hangs about the tremendous old castle of Glamis in the midst of the strath, some four miles south of the town. All the world knows the tradition of its secret room, though only three persons—the Earl of Strathmore, his heir, and another—are said to know the secret it contains. Conjectures on the subject are fruitless, and there is a story of a recent Countess who tried in her lord's absence to unveil the mystery, and was visited with most solemn threats upon his unexpected return. The existence of an undiscoverable chamber in that vast mediæval stronghold is quite possible, for when the late Earl, a number of years ago, was effecting some improvements, a couple of forgotten stairways and a great ancient well were brought to knowledge in the very heart of the keep. Besides the secret chamber, however, Glamis has endless other interests. Here, it is said, the murdered Malcolm II. died; and though the place was never a thanedom of Macbeth, as Shakespeare has led the world to believe, it was a Royal castle long before that great king's day. Sir Walter

Scott, in his "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," has given a vivid account of his impressions of the stronghold when, as a young man, he spent a night in it. A wonderful carved stone in the garden of Glamis manse is said by tradition to mark the spot where Malcolm II. was attacked, and when Forfar Loch was partly drained what were believed to be the treasure-chest and weapons of the assassins were discovered. It was winter at the time of the deed, and tradition runs that as they fled across the snow-covered loch the ice gave way, and the villains were drowned. Among those who suffered the cruel penalty of witchcraft in the bad old days, it may be remembered, was Janet, the beautiful widow of the sixth Lord Glamis, whom James V. hated because she was a daughter of his enemy, the Earl of Angus.

Once more, in the opposite direction from Kirriemuir, lies the famous pass through the Grampians, by Glen Prosen and Glen Clova, to Ballater and Braemar. On the way, at the junction of the Carity and the South Esk, the ruin of Inverquharity still bears witness to its old burning by the Lindsays, and the existing splendours of Cortachy Castle testify how the Ogilvies have survived their disaster. Then, further up in the heart of the hills, one may see the house at Clova to which the young King Charles II. fled on the eve of his coronation at Scone, in hopes of escape from his task-master, Argyll, who had almost forced him to marry his daughter Anne. Poor Charles was disappointed of his promised Highland help, and was carried back crestfallen to his ministers.

These are a few of the countless scenes and memories, strangely human and suggestive, that await the intelligent holiday-maker who takes up his headquarters at Kirriemuir.

LARGS

“THE Largs ” remains to-day, as it has been for half a century and more, one of the most popular and populous of the uncounted watering-places on the shores of the Firth of Clyde. During Glasgow Fair the crowds of bathers on its shingly beach remain as great as ever, the lovers who wander in the enchanted alleys of its Broomfields are not less numerous than of yore, and the number of holiday-makers poured out upon its pier by steamer after steamer and from its railway station by train after train shows no abatement from of old. But, “other times, other manners.” The mind of the Glasgow boy of forty years ago turns back with regret to the more primitive town of that day.

The pier, as it stood then, may have been inconvenient for steamers; but there was a pleasant sense of protection about its weather-worn breastwork walls in a gale, that is missed from the more modern open quay. The town's links along the shore front are no doubt cleaner and less obstructed since the removal of the fishers' booths which used to stand along their sea edge; but with the booths has vanished not a little of the quaint, old-world picturesqueness which made a great part of the place's charm. There seemed to be more shouting of dealers and galloping of steeds for sale at the fair on St. Columba's Day long ago, and more opportunities for the fearful joy of watching the wiles of “prick the garter” and “three card tricks” and “pea and thimble” men, while the latest addition of motor car merry-go-rounds on the switch-back principle, with steam orchestrions and other improvements, no whit makes up for the disappearance of the time-honoured greasy pole, with its leg of mutton prize at the top for the climber who succeeded in getting there.

Perhaps the thing that has made the most change in Largs is the coming of the railway to the town. No doubt it has made the place accessible to many who feared the steamer voyage from Wemyss Bay. But to the lovers of

Largs that seven-mile sail along the Skeimorlie shore made part of the charm of the place. The railway bridge has spoilt the fine vista up the Gogo Burn; the making of the station wiped out one of the most characteristic parts of old Largs—the weavers' shops set back among their bee-haunted gardens, where the looms clacked all day long; and, most unforgivable of all, it cut off the clear runnels of water which used to descend both sides of the main street, and in the hottest days of summer gave a coolness and freshness to the town. These were famous sailing places for many a two-inch yacht, and have not been altogether compensated for by the model yacht pond at the Gogo mouth.

But modern "improvement" has not altogether done away with the ancient charm of the place. Perhaps the great banks of scented whin on the Broomfields are thinner now, but to the Glasgow boy no doubt their sequestered nooks, full of the nests of mavis and other birds, are still an enchanted world. The fragrance of old-world flowers—carnations and sweet peas and tea roses—still haunts the air on the shoreside path under the garden parapets of Elderslie and Curling Hall. And there are still the old walled fruit-gardens by the Haylee Road, with their pleasant little arbours among the sunny flower borders, where many a happy party has enjoyed its feast of strawberries and cream. The Gogo, too, has no doubt still its trout that may be guddled for by freckled, bare-legged boys. And though the postman with his wooden velocipede—one of the earliest in the country—has been replaced on the Skelmorlie Road by an endless careering of motor cars, and the grassy marshlands by the Noddle mouth, at the north end of the links, with their black mud ditches and carpet of flowering sea-pinks, have been covered with red stone villas and trim parterres, the small harbour with its jetty inside the stone pier is still the haunt where youthful Glasgow gets its first lessons in seamanship with punt and sculls, before it promotes itself to the bay outside, and the winning of fame in the lug-sail races of the Mosquito fleet.

There was a stir of interest in the town some thirty years ago when the late Lord Kelvin, then Sir William Thomson,



LARGS, MAIN STREET.

built his red stone turreted mansion of Netherhall near its northern end, and it lent some reflected honour to the place when the great scientist added the designation "of Largs" to his title. But already Largs had more than one claim to a blazon on the page of fame.

To the north of the town, in Brisbane Glen, stands the quaint old Scottish mansion, Brisbane House. The Brisbanes of that ilk have been settled there for many generations. Perhaps the best known head of the house was Sir Thomas Macdougall Brisbane. He it was who added more than anyone else perhaps to the amenities of Largs, by presenting the town with the fine common beyond the Gogo Burn, since known as the Broomfields. At the same time he carried the name of his native place far afield besides, for, as Governor of Queensland, he founded the capital of that colony, and gave it the name of Brisbane.

But the name perhaps longest associated with Largs was that of the ancient house of Montgomerie, now Earls of Eglinton. The chief memorial of their ancient greatness in the place stands in the heart of the town. In the little old graveyard hidden behind the houses at the foot of Main Street the quaint Montgomerie Aisle is a relic worth taking some pains to see. It was built in 1636 by Sir Robert Montgomerie of Skelmorlie, and the monument to himself and Dame Margaret, his wife, which fills half of the interior above ground, is declared to be the finest thing of its kind in Scotland. The kick of a horse which killed his lady at Largs Fair sobered the wild laird, and sent him to solitary vigils in the vault of this Aisle of his.

Among others of the race whose dust lies there is the famous Sir Hugh Montgomerie, who, on that moonlit night of 1388, succeeded the dead Earl of Douglas in command at Otterburn, and won the battle. He it was who took Hotspur prisoner on the field with his own hand, and compelled him for a ransom to build for him the strong castle of Polnoon on the Eaglesham moors.

Just outside the walls of the little graveyard, again, in which the Montgomerie aisle stands, is another interesting relic of the past. It is the Mote-hill, on which the ancient

lords of the barony used to administer justice. The earliest of these owners were the great ancient Lords of Galloway, and it passed through their heiress, the famous Devorgilla, founder of Baliol College at Oxford and Sweetheart Abbey at Dumfries, to King John Baliol, her son. It is a strange pageant which one may picture of these great lords of the high justice and the low holding their assize here, and startling evidence of their proceedings was brought to light some years ago, when the mound was opened, and found to contain large numbers of human bones.

Curiously enough, Largs finds mention in the great epic poem which describes the downfall of the Baliol race—Barbour's "Bruce." After describing the overthrow of Edward I.'s lieutenant, Sir Philip de Mowbray, by the Good Lord James of Douglas, the poet narrates how he fled by Kilmarnock and Kilwinning to Ardrossan, "Syne throw the Largis, him alane, till Ennerkip."

But it was in the time of Devorgilla herself that the greatest event in the history of Largs occurred. It was autumn in the year 1263 when the Norwegian King Hakon sailed up the Firth of Clyde with a hundred ships and twenty thousand men. He had come to settle, once for all, the old dispute between Scotland and Norway regarding possession of the Western Isles. Twenty-one years earlier Alexander II. of Scotland had set forth upon that same errand, swearing to "plant his standard on the walls of Thurso," but had died at Kerrara on the way. It was now Hakon's turn. The Scottish King, Alexander III., was a young man, but, under the advice of Alexander the High Steward, he showed singular astuteness. He was at Ayr when the Norse envoys reached him, and he kept Hakon in treaty, in the knowledge that every day of the advancing season added to the difficulties of the Norse invaders. He was willing to let the Hebrides go, but declared he must have possession of Arran, Bute, and the Cumbræes within the Firth of Clyde. Hakon moved from Lamlash to Bute, and later to the treacherous anchorage of Millport Bay; then, tiring of the delay, he ended the truce, sent a flotilla of sixty ships up Loch Long, which crossed the isthmus of

Tarbet, descended Loch Lomond, and ravaged the Lennox as far as Stirling. This weakening of his fleet was fatal to the Norse king; the ships which had been sent away did not return till Thursday, October 4th.

Meanwhile on the night of Sunday, September 30th, a great storm arose. A large transport drifted down on Hakon's ship, and when it was cast loose went ashore at Haylee, and next day five other ships shared its fate. Hakon sent the shipwrecked crews some help, and they managed to keep the Scottish marauders at bay that day. Next morning the Scottish host appeared above Largs, its armour flashing and pennons waving against the dark hillside. The young King of Scots himself was there, but the host was commanded by Alexander of Dundonald, the Steward of Scotland.

Hakon landed with as many men as he could to defend his ships, but was begged by his followers to retire again to the fleet, and did so, leaving a thousand warriors on shore. Then from the Royal galley he beheld the Scots sweep down upon his men, his advance guard, under the Baron Agmund Krokidans, driven back fighting from the hillock. As their retreat became a rout, he saw a sudden panic seize the main body on the shore. Some, crowding into the boats, sank them and were drowned. Others fled south along the shore, and were pursued and slain. Then the Norsemen rallied behind one of the stranded ships and a desperate battle began. Twice the young and valiant Piers of Curry, in splendid inlaid armour, rode through the Norwegian ranks, but at the third charge was slain by Baron Andrew Nicholasson, who at one stroke hewed through his thigh. The Scots were gaining the upper hand, when a lull of the tempest enabled two Norwegian barons to land with fresh troops and drive them back, and as night fell the Norsemen were able to go on board their ships. Next day, Wednesday, October 3rd, they returned under truce and buried their dead, and on Thursday the ships that had been sent up Loch Long came back. But the struggle was over, the Waterloo of early Scotland was won, and the Norse dominion in the Western Isles, which had

lasted for five centuries, was a thing of the past. On Friday Hakon burned his stranded ships, and removed with his whole fleet to Lamlash, and presently he sailed away to die of a broken heart at Kirkwall.

Dealing with the battle of Largs, the poem of "Hardyknute" links the town with a curious incident of Scottish literary history. When Lady Wardlaw first made the ballad public, she gave out that she had found it in fragments written on the bottoms of weaving clews, and it was regarded as a genuine antique, dating from the time of the battle, and therefore our earliest historical ballad. The fine descriptive passage regarding old Hardyknute, the father of the heroine, Fairlie Fair, beginning—

Stately stept he east the wa'
And stately stept he west,

was associated with Fairlie Castle, which still stands in Fairlie Glen, a little way south of the scene of battle. The mystery of the ballad's authorship might have been cleared up a good deal sooner had it been known that Fairlie Castle dates only from 1521, and that Lady Wardlaw probably spent a considerable part of her childhood at Largs, her father, Sir Charles Halket of Pitfirrane, being the owner of a property where Netherhall now stands.

While Fairlie Castle was not in existence at the time of the battle of Largs, the great tower of Kelburne Castle at hand, now the seat of the Earl of Glasgow, actually dates from the days of Alexander III., and probably saw the conflict.

A few years ago a monument, on the model of the famous Round Tower at Brechin, which was probably itself built as a defence against the Norsemen, was erected on the Bowen Craig at the spot below Haylee, where the battle was fought.

Certain stones and buried remains in the grounds of one of the mansions on the Broomfields have sometimes been taken to be relics of the Norwegian battle, but experts seem agreed that they belong to events of a very much earlier date.

Among more recent events of which Largs keeps memory are the capsizing, with fatal results, of a boat-load

of passengers off the jetty while the pier was being built, and the wreck of a passenger steamer at the mouth of the Gogo Burn. In the latter case, the passengers were taken ashore in carts.

LINLITHGOW

LINLITHGOW has a story that goes back to a highly remote past. The name is said to belong to the old Cymric or British language, and to signify the "lake in the wide hollow." The town has been identified with the Lindum of the Romans, who had a fort on the site of the present palace, and according to popular fable it was founded by King Achaius. Skene in his *Celtic Scotland* identifies the place with the scene of one of the most notable events of early British history. At hand, he says, identifying the topography of the early British historian Nennius, the actual King Arthur of the sixth century won his crowning victory of Badon Hill, which gave peace to the civilised Britons between the Roman walls for twenty years. There seems to have been a chapel on the site of St. Michael's Church before the days of David I., and that king built a castle, probably on the ruins of the Roman fort, to protect the royal grange around.

In 1296 Edward I. compelled the two bailies of the place, with ten burgesses, to swear fealty to him, and two years later he encamped with his army on the burghmuir, east of the town, on the eve of his great defeat of Wallace and the Scots at the battle of Falkirk. Two years later still he built, on the site of the older castle, a strong peel tower, in which he spent the Christmas of the following year.

In 1307 this tower was the scene of the romantic capture by the farmer Binnock or Binnie, attached to the cause of Robert the Bruce. In a cart of hay which he was leading into the stronghold he concealed eight armed men, and as the cart passed under the portcullis he cut the traces of the oxen. At the same moment the men leapt from the cart, while, summoned by his cry, "Call all, call all!" other men in ambush rushed forward, and the garrison was overpowered.

In the time of James I. the royal residence here was called a palace, though it was twice burnt, in 1411 and 1424; and from the time of James II. it formed the principal dower house of all the queens of Scotland.



LINLITHGOW PALACE, SOUTH FRONT.

The Palace, which was the ancient dower-house of the Scottish queens, remains as it was left after the conflagration kindled by the carelessness of General Hawley's troops on the night after their defeat by the Highlanders at the Battle of Falkirk in February, 1746.

In one of the vaults below the western end of the Palace, where the original peel-tower stood, James III. took shelter from an attempt to assassinate him by some of his rebel subjects.

In the youth of James IV. Linlithgow witnessed the lavish expenditure by that monarch of his father's hoarded wealth in the entertainment of the fair young Margaret Drummond, whose sudden death with her two sisters at Drummond Castle, when it became imperative that James should marry the daughter of Henry VII., forms one of the tragic mysteries of Scottish history. Afterwards, when James was meditating his invasion of England, it was here in St. Michael's Church that he was treated to that strange vision of St. John by which it is thought Queen Margaret, with the help of Sir David Lyndsay, tried to dissuade him from his enterprise. And the high chamber window is pointed out from which it is said Margaret afterwards watched in vain for the king's return from Flodden's fatal field. James IV. built the eastern side of the palace quadrangle.

In 1517 Stirling of Keir, after his attempt near Holyrood to assassinate Squyer Meldrum, his rival for the hand of the fair widow of Haldane of Gleneagles, as related in Sir David Lyndsay's poem, seized the palace here, but was soon beset and captured by the Queen's lieutenant, De la Bastie. And a mile north of the town in 1526 took place the struggle between the forces of the Earl of Arran and the Earl of Lennox for possession of the boy-king, James V., in which Lennox, after being given quarter, was slain by Sir James Hamilton. The latter was rewarded by the Queen's husband, the Earl of Angus, with the captaincy of the palace. He became a favourite of the young king, and showed his faithlessness by two attempts to murder him here and at Linlithgow—attempts for which and for other crimes he suffered with his life. His friend, John Knox, chose to resent his execution, and describes the king as suffering terrible dreams and being visited at Linlithgow by the apparition of Hamilton on the night of the execution.

Mary of Guise, the queen of James V., declared, on her

first visit here, that she had "never seen a more princely palace." The royal pair came hither after their first marriage festivities at Fife and at Stirling, and were entertained by the long performance of Sir David Lyndsay's bold and scathing interlude, the "Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis." Linlithgow Palace was thenceforward the Queen's favourite residence, and here on 7th December, 1542, her daughter, afterwards Mary Queen of Scots, was born. It was after the battle of Solway Moss, in which the Scottish army under the king's favourite, Oliver Sinclair, had been shamefully routed. James himself, then only thirty years of age, was dying of a breaking heart at Falkland. When he was told there was good news from Linlithgow he roused himself to ask whether the child was a lad or a lass, and on being told it was the latter he said, "The crown cam' wi' a lass and it will gang wi' a lass!" and turned his face to the wall.

During Queen Mary's infancy, in 1545, three Parliaments were held in the Palace. In 1559, just before she returned from France, her half brother the Lord James Stewart, her brother-in-law the Earl of Argyle, and John Knox came here on their iconoclastic march from Perth to Edinburgh, and destroyed the religious houses, the convent of the White Friars to the south of the town and that of the Black Friars to the east. And in 1570, three years after the execution of the Queen at Fotheringay, her fate was avenged upon the Lord James, now the Regent Earl of Moray, by a shot from the carbine of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh as he rode slowly up the High Street here. The house of Archbishop Hamilton, from which the shot was fired, stood on the south side of High Street, in the space now occupied by the County Buildings. Moray was carried up the steep narrow brae to the Palace at hand, and died in the dark guardroom at its entrance.

The northern, most modern, and most magnificent part of the Palace, overlooking the lake, was built by Queen Mary's son, James VI., after his visit to Scotland and Linlithgow in 1617. The noble pile must then have amply

merited Scott's description of it in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel":

Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling
In Scotland, far beyond compare
Linlithgow is excelling, etc.

It stood a stately place till the 3rd of February, 1746. On that day the English General Hawley was defeated on the moor above Falkirk by the Highland clansmen of Prince Charles Edward, and, retreating to Linlithgow, took up quarters in the Palace. Alarmed at the great fires the men were making on the hearths, the housekeeper, Mrs Gordon, drew Hawley's attention to the danger. He answered, it is said, with an oath, whereupon the old lady, justly offended, made the scathing retort, "Very well, General, I shall leave the house. I can flee from fire as fast as you can!" What she feared actually took place. Linlithgow Palace was burned down that night.

Meanwhile, in 1646, during the plague in Edinburgh, Linlithgow afforded refuge to the senate of the University, and the Palace was opened for a session of the Scottish Parliament. In 1662, on the anniversary of the Restoration, the Solemn League and Covenant was burned at the cross; and in 1685 the Duke of York, afterwards James VII. and II., was sumptuously entertained by the burgh. The expense long remained a burden on the town. Lastly, in 1842, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, on their progress from Perth to Edinburgh, passed through Linlithgow, and it was noticed by the huge concourse which filled the High Street that they "looked long and anxiously at what was once one of the noblest of Scotland's royal palaces, now only a picturesque ruin."

As early as 1348 Linlithgow was one of the chief royal burghs in Scotland. In that year, along with Lanark, it was appointed to fill a place in the Court of Four Burghs to replace Roxburgh and Berwick, then in English hands. From Blackness, which stands on its lands, the town carried on a considerable foreign trade, till it was eclipsed by Bo'ness and Queensferry. At a later day the Union Canal

brought further traffic, till it was superseded by the Edinburgh and Glasgow railway. In the feudal centuries the town contained several houses of the Knights of St John, who had their headquarters at Torphichen at hand, as well as of nobles who desired to be near the court; but it suffered serious loss of consequence when James VI. became King of England and removed his court to Westminster.

After the battle of Dunbar in 1651, when Cromwell's troops came to the town, they stabled their horses in St. Michael's Church, and destroyed the tombs of the nobles there. But they are said to have introduced the tanning of leather to the town, and from that day to this Linlithgow has been famous for its tanneries and its shoemaking.

The most imposing buildings in the place, after the Palace and St. Michael's Kirk, are the old town house on the central square, dating from 1668, the County Buildings, on the site of Archbishop Hamilton's house; and the heavily turreted new Town Hall. Finer than any of these, however, is the elegant carved fountain in the centre of the town. Occupying the site of the ancient cross, this Cross Well was built in 1805, in the exact model of a more ancient structure. It was the work of Robert Gray, an Edinburgh artist, who had only one hand, and executed the sculptures with a mallet fixed to the stump of his handless arm. With its thirteen jets of ever-flowing water, this quaint and beautiful monument unites with other fountains in giving the town its ancient repute—"Glasgow for bells, Linlithgow for wells, and Falkirk for bonnie lasses."

In days gone by the town gave the title of Earl to the Livingstone family, and to-day gives that of Marquess to the Hopes of Hopetoun.

NAIRN

FACING the north, along the shore of the Moray Firth, from Inverness to Elgin, there lies between the mountains and the sea a narrow lowland strath which is said to possess the finest climate in Scotland. It has more sunshine and less rainfall during the year than any other part of the United Kingdom, and with its warm, sandy soil, brilliant scenery, and crowded legendary and historic memories, it fully deserves its rapidly-growing repute of recent years as one of the most delightful holiday resorts in Britain.

The charms of this pleasant and fertile strath have attracted the visitors of all ages. Here in the eleventh century the Danes, under Sweyn, the father of Knut, made their most determined attack upon Scotland. They were defeated by Malcolm II., and hurled back, and to keep them out the later kings of Malcolm's race set up a barrier range of thanedoms along the strath. Two at least of these thanedoms are still in existence—Cawdor and Brodie; but the Danes were never altogether driven out, and in the stalwart forms of the fisher folk whose communities fringe the coast are to be recognised at the present day the lineaments of the old-time rovers of the Danish Main.

One of these fisher villages appears to have formed the nucleus of the existing town of Nairn. It still thrives, a busy and populous community, on the low sandy peninsula at the mouth of the Nairn river, where no doubt the Danish pirates a thousand years ago made landing from their ships; and though in the centuries that have gone since then another town has grown up on the higher ground above, the two races remain as distinct and separate to-day as they were when Dane and Scot were fighting for possession of the land.

Tradition runs that when Macbeth succeeded his uncle on the throne in the middle of the eleventh century, he made his brother Thane of Cawdor here. The Thaness of Cawdor were Constables of Nairn, and their stronghold stood on the

projecting bluff by the riverside above the fisher town. Here they could command the entrance of the harbour, and keep the Danish settlement below in check. The stronghold has long since disappeared, but Lord Cawdor is still Hereditary Constable of Nairn, and his factor's house on the spot is known for that reason as Constabulary Gardens. It is not difficult to picture the little cluster of dependants' dwellings that grew up under the walls of the Thanes' stronghold—the thatched biggings of smith and falconer and the rest which were the beginnings of the modern town, and the descendants of whose owners still keep the names of their ancient occupations in the place.

At Nairn the Thanes of Cawdor had no sinecure for many a day in their task of keeping the peace for the king. On the one hand they had to keep watch from their eyrie on the pirates of the North Sea, and inland at the same time they had to keep an iron hand, as far as discretion demanded, on the turbulence of the not less warlike Highland clans. The neighbourhood is full of traditions which illustrate the ruthless spirit of these clansmen. These traditions may be found in detail in the admirable *History of Nairnshire*, by Mr George Bain, but one typical story may be recounted here. Rait Castle, whose ruin still stands no great distance away, is pointed out as the scene of the incident.

The laird of Rait, it appears, had for some time been at feud with a neighbouring clan, and he determined to put an end to the feud and to the whole tribe of his enemies at one and the same time. He pretended to be weary of the feud, professed a desire for friendship, and invited the tribe of his opponents to a feast at Rait. Secretly, however, he arranged that at the feast each of his own clansmen should have one of the guests seated at his left hand, and at a signal which he himself should give, each Rait retainer was to draw his dirk and stab his neighbour to the heart. To ensure secrecy, the crafty chief made each clansman swear to reveal the plot to no living creature. It chanced, however, that the old laird's daughter had for lover, unknown to her father, the young chief of the doomed tribe. Like the rest, she had been made to swear secrecy, but she got



HIGH STREET, NAIRN.

Facing p. 274.

over the difficulty by telling the plot to a boulder on the moor, behind which she knew her sweetheart was waiting to meet her. The result was as might be looked for. The guests came to the feast as they had been bidden, and each one of them sat with a Rait clansman on his right hand; but before the time came when the host was to give the fatal signal, another sign was given by the man he meant to destroy, and each guest rose and plunged his skeandhu in his neighbour's throat. Only, by the mercy of the guest, the old chief himself was spared, and with an intuition as to the revealer of his plan, he rushed to his daughter's chamber. The girl saw him come, and, perceiving his errand, sprang to the window; but as she hung for a moment from the sill, fearful of the fall, her father rushed forward, and with a sweep of his sword cut her hands from the wrists. She dropped into her lover's arms, and though she lived long afterwards, and reared a family, she is remembered to this day as the handless bride.

Cawdor Castle itself, five miles inland from Nairn, has many most interesting stories connected with it; and, indeed, untouched as it has stood for nearly two centuries, though still inhabited, it is to-day one of the most perfect specimens of a feudal stronghold existing in Scotland.

The earlier fastness, presumably that which belonged to the brother of Macbeth, though not the place in which King Duncan was murdered—this was at Bothgofuane, near Elgin—stood some half-mile away. When the Thane wished to build the present castle he was told, it is said, in a dream, to place his iron coffer on an ass's back, and build where the ass lay down. The story goes that the ass stopped at the third hawthorn tree it came to, and, in proof of the tradition, coffer and tree are still to be seen in the dungeon of the stronghold. The building took place in the year 1454, the time of the great Douglas downfall. The Thane was one of those appointed by James II. to demolish the Douglas stronghold of Lochandorb, and it is the famous iron "yett," or gate, of that stronghold, carried over the hills, it is said, on the back of a Highland Samson, which gives entrance to Cawdor Castle at the present hour.

The downfall of the original Cawdor family itself took place not long afterwards. Old Thane William had taken some despite against his eldest son, so he resigned all his estates into the hands of the king, and had them settled by a new charter upon his second son, John. No sooner was this done, however, than John died, leaving as his sole heir a posthumous daughter, Muriel. This girl the Thane tried by all possible means to set aside, but without avail; the new charter was too sure and explicit. The worst came when the Earl of Argyll, who was then Justiciar of the Kingdom, obtained the wardship of Muriel, and sent to fetch her away. It is said that her grandmother, fearing treachery, heated the key of her coffer in the fire, and before parting with the child pressed it for a branding mark upon her thigh. Nor were her fears groundless, if we are to believe the tradition that on the girl's arrival in the South, when some one suggested that she might die, and all Argyll's trouble be in vain, Campbell of Inverliver replied, with a laugh, "Muriel of Cawdor will never die so long as there is a red-haired lassie on the shores of Loch Awe!"

Partly for these reasons, Muriel of Cawdor was not left to go south without an effort. When her uncles heard she was being carried off, they gathered all their forces and went in pursuit. But Argyll had chosen a crafty messenger. Inverliver sent the girl off hot-foot southwards under a sure guard, while, dressing a sheaf of corn in her clothes, he remained to do battle with the Cawdor clansmen. Deceived by the sheaf of corn, the uncles fought fiercely, and it is said Inverliver saw seven of his sons fall before he gave way; but by that time the heiress of Cawdor was far beyond pursuit. At the age of twelve Muriel married Sir John Campbell, the Earl of Argyll's second son, and it is from this pair that the Earls of Cawdor are descended at the present day.

Nairn has also an intimate connection with more recent and disastrous strife. Some twelve miles to the eastward, in the upper valley of the Nairn, lies that fatal moor of Culloden, where the Jacobite clans under Prince Charles Edward were cut to pieces by the Duke of Cumberland. It was on the 15th of April, 1746, the night before the battle,



CAWDOR CASTLE.

The keep dates from 1454.

and the little Jacobite army was encamped upon the moor, when Lord George Murray thought of an enterprise which, if it had been carried out promptly, might have resulted in another victory as brilliant as that of Prestonpans. The 15th was the Duke of Cumberland's birthday; his army might have been expected to be making merry over the occasion; and the plan was to surprise him as he lay in his headquarters here at Balblair, close by Nairn. There was delay in getting the starving clansmen together, and they were late in setting out, but they marched fast, and had almost accomplished their purpose. As they came sweeping down the valley, they were almost within striking distance of Balblair, when a drum was heard beating to arms. The enterprise had been betrayed, the camp was awake, and there was nothing for it but to fall back, wearied and dispirited, and await the last attack on Culloden Moor. Very different had been the issue just a hundred years before, when at the little village of Auldearn, a couple of miles out of Nairn, the bold Marquess of Montrose won, against General Urry, one of his most brilliant victories for Charles I.

But the smoke of that old-time musketry blew leeward long ago. For nearly three hundred years the Covenanters who fell before Montrose have slept under the sloping fields at Auldearn; and the white heather has blossomed for over a century and a half about the green trenches where Prince Charlie's clansmen lie at peace on Culloden. Nairn to-day, with its superb golf links and its matchless sea-bathing, its river murmuring softly in the wooded strath behind, and the blue sea whispering along its golden shore, is brilliant all summer long with crowds of fashionable folk, and might be taken for a place where wounds and agony were never heard of, where the drums of Cumberland never beat their ominous reveille, and night never fell upon an afternoon of blood and tears.

NORTH BERWICK

“EAST is east, and west is west,” as Mr Kipling has reminded us in his now classic phrase, and the distinction applies not only to the orient and the occident of the hemispheres, but to the East of Scotland and the West in quite a marked degree. It is difficult to say what the difference is between such places as Rothesay and Musselburgh, or North Berwick and Oban. Something of it no doubt arises from the difference of climate, and something also from the difference of race. Softer and warmer in atmosphere, and inhabited by the more imaginative Celt, the coast towns of the West of Scotland are somehow richer and warmer in character, while the coast towns of Haddington and Berwick shires, home of the more practical and self-possessed Anglian stock, and exposed to the keen airs and strong sunshine of the wide North Sea, are bright and bracing, with a sharply cut quaintness and colour about them, and less of drowsiness and mystery.

To-day North Berwick, under its famous Law, with the Bass Rock in the offing, Tantallon Castle on its headland at hand, and the swift tides racing along its clean-swept coast, is undoubtedly one of the healthiest and most bracing resorts in the three kingdoms. Next to St. Andrews it is perhaps the golfing resort of most repute in Scotland, and the fame of its “Redan ” and “Perfection ” holes is hardly less than that of the most admirable points of the Old Green at the Mecca of golf itself.

Though it is from first to last a golfing and holiday resort to-day, North Berwick has memories of a curious past which make up a strange and striking tale. From the little harbour here from time immemorial the ferry has plied across the Firth of Forth, and many a strange and fateful embassy has stepped on board or ashore at the spot. Twenty years before the Norman conquest of England the boat came flying hither which brought from the shores of Fife the fugitive Macduff, thane of that district, escaping from the threatened vengeance of the stern Scots king, Macbeth, to



QUALITY STREET, NORTH BERWICK.

seek refuge at the court of Siward of Northumberland, and, if possible, to rouse the sons of the "gracious Duncan" there to return and take possession of their father's throne. Tantallon Castle, the greatest of the Douglas strongholds, has seen many an episode of siege and defence; many a state prisoner of the highest name has languished within its dungeons; and it has been immortalised typically by Sir Walter Scott as the scene of one of the most thrilling incidents in "Marmion." The Bass also, within easy reach by boat on a summer's day, has its memories of the early St. Baldred, of the setting forth of James I. for the court of France, of the imprisonment of Covenanters in the "killing times," and of its defence, for four years after the Revolution, by a handful of Jacobites in the interest of King James VII. and II.

The Lauders of the Bass owned the great rock from the days of Robert the Bruce till those of Queen Mary, and they were succeeded by the Hepburns and the Ramsays, till it was purchased by the crown in 1671 for £4000 sterling, in order to be used as a prison for the Covenanters. Similarly Tantallon was acquired first by the Black Douglases from the Regent Robert Duke of Albany in 1370, and after the fall of that house in 1455 was bestowed by James III. on the 5th Earl of Angus, Archibald Bell the Cat. It was captured by the Covenanters in 1639, and twelve years later was taken from them after a twelve days' siege by General Monk, who dismantled it and left it in ruins. Margaret, Countess of Mar, who had been mistress of William, first Earl of Douglas, dragged out here a long life of memories from 1350 to 1388, and here another great lady, Isabella, Duchess of Albany, was shut up for a time after the execution of her husband and her two tall sons by James I. on the heading hill at Stirling in 1425. Here also, four years later, the king's cousin, Alastair, Lord of the Isles, who had been reduced to sue humbly for peace, clad only in his shirt, and with a rope about his neck, at James' feet in St. Giles', was shut up, chafing impotently like a caged lion within the stone walls. The stronghold and the Douglas estates in the district, which include North Berwick itself, were sold in

1699 to the Dalrymples, who still remain lords of the manor.

The town house of this family still stands within the burgh, looking from its quaint old ivied pleasance down Quality Street to the harbour. In its garden stands the finest chestnut in Lothian, and its flower beds and window boxes all summer through are bright with flowers.

Among other interesting old houses which still stand in the town is the "Jacobite chapel," an apartment above a pend close leading into a court of old houses with tiled roofs and outside stairs. Here it was that, after the Revolution in 1689, when episcopacy had become a crime almost as great as allegiance to the Stewarts, a remnant of the disestablished congregation, now persecuted in its turn, gathered to cherish hopes of the return of King James and of their ascendancy in affairs of church and state.

Not the least remarkable of the memories of North Berwick, however, are those which deal with witchcraft and fairyland. Possibly this characteristic of the place is derived from the neighbourhood of North Berwick Law, which towers just above the town, and which in early times, like the Eildons at Melrose, was probably a worshipping place of Baal and the nature gods.

In the little old graveyard beside the ruined Parish kirk in High Street lies the grave of a woman, said to have been young and beautiful, regarding whose fate a strange story is told by Sir Walter Scott in his "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft." After the funeral it was whispered that the woman, whose face it was noticed had been twisted by convulsions, had really been carried off by the fairies, and a false corpse substituted. Her husband, a weaver, was about to marry again, when his wife appeared to him in a vision of the night, told him she was a prisoner in fairyland, and bade him seek the help of the minister, to have her coffin lifted, and the body seized by a swift runner as it fled. The vision appeared three nights in succession, and, to prove its case, actually gave suck to her child, and spilt some milk on the bed clothes. The minister, however, on being appealed to, would have nothing to do with the

matter; the weaver married again, and the dame presumably is a prisoner yet in Middle Erd.

More terrible is a memory of the older kirk of St. Andrew, which stood near the present coast-guard station, on the spot said to have been occupied by a Culdee cell. According to the legal records of Scotland that kirk and kirkyard were, in the latter days of the 16th century, the scene of certain cantrips by one Dr. John Fian and a Wise Wife of Keith, beside which the performances detailed in Burns' "Tam o' Shanter" sink into commonplace. It seems that King James VI., that "wisest fool in Christendom," had suffered from *mal de mer* when crossing the North Sea to seek a wife. On his return he determined to find out the occult cause. The Wise Wife of Keith had been foolish enough to say something mysterious on the subject, so he had her brought before him, and by dint of knotted cords twisted round her head, induced her to reveal the whole truth. She confessed that, along with the schoolmaster of Tranent, the above-mentioned Dr. John Fian, she had raised the storm which had afflicted the king. Fian was accordingly arrested, and under inducements which included the tearing away of his finger nails and the driving of iron spikes into their places, he was brought to reveal everything. The Wise Wife and he, it appeared, had headed a procession of witches and warlocks, who first capered withershins round the old fane on the Kirk Green. Fian next opened the door by blowing into the lock, and obtained light by blowing certain black candles round the pulpit into flame. Satan was then summoned, the joints of a fresh corpse were divided among the revellers, and while Fian took the place of honour at the Devil's left elbow, the company engaged in a dance to the tune of "Cummer gang ye." In the interest of science King James had the tune played to him, and afterwards, by way of avoiding sea-sickness and other similar unpleasantnesses in the future, ordered Dr. John Fian and the Wise Wife of Keith to be properly strangled and burned.

About the same time as the execution of these unfortunates, the last prioress of the convent of St. Mary

at North Berwick signed the deed by which the property of that convent was alienated for ever. For nearly four hundred years, since its foundation by Malcolm, Earl of Fife, in 1216, the convent had housed a community of Cistercian nuns, known as the White Ladies of North Berwick, many of whom were daughters of the noblest houses in the country. A strange story is told of the opening of the tomb of one of these some sixty or seventy years ago. It was when the foundations of one of the buildings near the railway station were being removed. The workmen came on a stone coffin, and, on opening it, discovered with amazement the body of a young, fair-haired, and beautiful woman, perfect as on the day when she had died, with a blue bead lying on her neck. In silence for a few minutes they gazed at their discovery. Then, with a pair of scissors, someone tried to cut a lock from the beautiful fair hair. At the touch of the desecrating hand the whole lovely form began to disappear, and in a little nothing was left but a slender heap of dust. At the same time the onlookers were conscious of a sweet fragrance rising in the air, breathing charm such as the dead girl herself had diffused about her when she was a living and gracious presence on earth.

But, as already said, the main attraction of North Berwick to-day lies not in its story of the past, but in its recreative glories of the present. The game of golf was played here certainly as long ago as the 15th century, when an order was issued by James I. directing the burgesses to spend less time upon golf and more upon archery. The game, however, was probably played at North Berwick long before the time of the poet-king. It is indeed a joke of the place that certain little earthen urns occasionally turned up when bunkers are being repaired, and which contain the dust of the prehistoric inhabitants of the spot, are really the quaichs from which golfers took their refreshment here in the Early Bronze Age. So popular had the game become in 1775, that the Town Council issued an order forbidding persons to play on the Town Green without a runner going before to warn passengers of danger. The first of the modern golf clubs at the place was founded by a little coterie of



Photo. Batman.

NORTH BERWICK GOLF COURSE. EXTENSION 1ST HOLE.

Three extensions of the links have been made in order to widen the course at the 1st and 2nd holes. Ground that was formerly shingly beach has been filled in and turfed.

players, which included Sir David Baird of Newbyth, Captain Brown, a veteran wounded at Waterloo, and Major Buchan, a retired officer of the East India Company. The club met four times a year to compare notes in a marquee on the links, and to wind up the occasion with a sumptuous feast at the Dalrymple Arms. These occasions were celebrated by one of the members in a poem of no small merit, entitled "The Golfiad." Before the great war began, there were no fewer than seven golf clubs at North Berwick, four of them playing over the West Links and three over the Rhodes Links, besides the ladies' golf club, which has its own course west of the Marine Hotel. Now that the war is over, the glories of golf at North Berwick have revived once more, and meantime nothing has spoiled the charm of the quaint and beautiful old burgh by the shores of the outer Firth of Forth.

PEEBLES.

IF there is a spot in all broad Scotland where loveliness of surrounding scenery, quaintness of character in itself, and interesting memories of the past should make its inhabitants happy that spot is surely Peebles. With the silvery Tweed flowing under its walls and the Eddlestone water making music in its midst, surrounded by storied mansions and castles and ancient woods, and shut in by a screen of low green hills with a far horizon of mountain heights, it is indeed a place to enjoy and remember. There is abundant evidence that the charms of the spot were known to our remote British ancestors, for the name itself of Peebles means the "tents" or "shielings," probably of the earliest of that race who settled in the river valleys of the region. The hill of Cademuir—Cathmore or "great fight"—too, to the south-east, still keeps the camps and monuments of Britons and Romans, the early defenders and invaders of this happy valley.

"Peebles for Pleasure!" is an ancient saying, corroborated both by tradition and by descriptions in ancient Scottish poetry. Did not the gay Gudeman of Ballengeich, King James V., give it this character in his time when he wrote—

Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene
Sic dansing nor deray,
Nouthar at Falkland on the Grene,
Nor Pebilis at the play,
As wes of wowarris as I wene
At Christis Kirk on ane day?

And the same Royal reveller's other poem of "Peblis to the Play" itself describes a right riotous festival indeed—

At Beltane, quhen ilk bodie bownis
To Peblis to the play,
To hear the singin' and the soundis,
The solace, suth to say.
All the wenchis of the west
War up or the cok crew;
For reiling thair nicht na man rest,
For garray and for glew.

The modern Beltane Fair of Peebles, we know, took the place of famous sports held there from remote times, and no doubt those sports represented the ancient Baal-tein or Baal-fire festival celebrated in the neighbourhood on 2nd May by the ancestors of the inhabitants in early pagan days.

According to Tytler, "this town, situated on the banks of the Tweed, in a pastoral country abounding with game, was much resorted to by our ancient Scottish princes. The plays were probably golf, football, and shooting for prizes with bow and arrow. The shooting butts still remain; archery, within the memory of man, was still kept up at Peebles; and an ancient silver prize arrow, with several old medallions appended to it, is still preserved in the Town House."

There appears to have been a church at Peebles from the earliest Christian times, perhaps from the days of St. Mungo himself in the sixth century, for in 1120, when David I. restored the Bishopric of Glasgow, Peebles was noted as an ancient possession of the See. The name of St. Mungo's Well, indeed, on Venlaw, which from the earliest times supplied the inhabitants with water, would almost show that the Glasgow saint had visited the spot. In David's time the church, which stood at the west end of the Old Town, was known as St. Mary's, but when it was rebuilt in 1195 it was dedicated to St. Andrew, who has remained the patron saint of the place. Peebles was even then of importance. The Bishops sometimes held their Synods in its church, and its rector or vicar was Archdeacon of the Glasgow Diocese. One of its rectors, Ingelram, was made Chancellor of the Kingdom by David I. in 1151, and became Bishop of Glasgow thirteen years later. Previously he had been strong enough, first in a Council at Norham and afterwards in the Papal Court at Rome, to defend the independence of the Scottish Church against the claims of Roger, Archbishop of York, and to win his case with Pope Alexander III.

Besides St. Andrew's Church there was, near the east

end of the Old Town, a convent of the Holy Cross which had a strange story connected with it. On the spot in the year 1261 was discovered under the soil a magnificent and venerable cross, believed to have belonged to the early St. Nicholas, martyred in 296. Rumour declared that the actual body of the saint himself had also been found close by, cut into pieces, in a stone coffin and undecayed. Forthwith King Alexander III., then a youth of twenty-one, built on the spot a magnificent church and convent for seventy Red or Trinity Friars. It was one of the four in Scotland called Ministries, and, drawn by the repute of miracles performed there, crowds of people flocked to it from all parts of the country. The veneration in which it was held down to the days of James V. is shown by the oath in "Peblis to the Play"—"By the Haly Rude of Peblis!" The ruins of St. Andrew's Tower and the Cross Kirk remain among the most interesting features of the place.

There was also the ancient castle chapel near the point of the peninsula on which the New Town stands, between the Eddleston water and the Tweed. The castle to which it was attached is not remembered, but the chapel was old in the days of William the Lion, who gave it to the monks of Kelso.

Robert the Bruce gave Peebles the right of holding a market, and James II. made it a Royal burgh. During the feudal centuries a wall surrounded the whole of the New Town except the part facing the Tweed, and the ancient bridge, originally only eight feet wide, connecting it with the south bank of the river, gave the place additional importance. The fact, too, that the town was the seat of a great Church dignitary like the Archdeacon of Glasgow must have added to its vogue. The quaint old castellated Dean's House afterwards became the residence of the noble family of March in the town, and was the birthplace of the last Duke of Queensberry. Other old names and localities, like King's House, King's Orchards, Castle Hill, and Usher's Wynd, must have been derived from the visits of Royal personages; and from the name of another ancient house—



MAIN STREET, PEEBLES.

Cuinzee Neuk—it has even been supposed that money was at one time coined in the town.

The “Hammer of Scotland,” Edward I., received the submission of William de la Chaumbre, the bailiff, John the vicar, and several burgesses of Peebles at Berwick in 1296, and in 1304 granted the town and its mills to Aylmer de Valence and his heirs. Thirty years later Edward Baliol, as part price of his crown, handed over the town and castle of Peebles to Edward III., and in 1545, during Henry VIII.’s rough wooing of the infant Queen Mary for his son, the Earl of Hertford reduced the place to ashes. Twenty-one years later the Queen’s husband, Lord Darnley, lived for a time here in a state of exile, and in 1745 a part of Prince Charles Edward’s Highland army spent a day in the town on its way to Dumfries and Derby.

Much of the feudal romance of the region, however, gathers about the deserted walls of old Neidpath Castle, which stands on the sloping bank of the Tweed, some three-quarters of a mile above the town. For centuries the strongest fortress in Peeblesshire, it was in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the chief seat of the great Fraser family. The last male of the race in Tweeddale was the famous Sir Simon Fraser, who in one day defeated no fewer than three English armies on Roslin Moor. After his death it passed in 1312, through an heiress, to the Hays of Yester, ancestors of the Marquesses of Tweeddale. When Charles II. marched to the battle of Worcester in 1651 it was garrisoned by the second Earl, and held out against Cromwell longer than any other castle south of the Forth. Thirty-five years later it was acquired by the Queensberry family, and it was the fourth and last Duke of that name who, being without a son, to spite his distant heir, cut down the noble trees which once rendered the scene one of the richest in Scotland. His vandalism stirred Wordsworth, when he visited the scene, to his well-known sonnet of indignation—

Degenerate Douglas! Oh, the unworthy Lord!

Wordsworth’s poem was not, however, the first associated with the spot. Dr. Penicuik, in his “Description of Tweed-

dale," had detailed its charms in his own sincere if somewhat pedestrian style—

The noble Neidpath Peebles overlooks,
With its fair bridge, and Tweed's meandering brooks,
Upon a rock it proud and stately stands,
And to the fields about gives forth commands.

Finest, however, of all its literary associations is with the famous song of "Tweedside," composed here about 1680 by Lord Yester, of which the first stanza runs—

When Maggie and I were acquaint
I carried my noddle fu' hie;
Nae lintwhite in a' the green plain,
Nae gowdspink sae joyous' as me.
I saw her sae fair, and I lo'ed,
I wooed, but I cam' nae great speed
Sae now I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

Peebles itself and the district also contain many other literary memories. At the north side of the Cuddie Brig over the Eddlestoun Water a grain store occupies the site of the early Virgin Inn, where on St. Bride's Day, about the year 1460, forgathered the famous Three Priests of Peebles—

In Peblis toun sumtyme, as I heard tell,
The foremost day of Februare befell
Three priests went into collatioun
Into ane privie place of the said toun.

And in the narrow thoroughfare running westward from the spot were born the brothers William and Robert Chambers and Professor John Veitch, who have done more than even Sir Walter Scott to make the place illustrious. The old Cross Keys Hotel off the Northgate was in the end of the eighteenth century the hostelry of Marion Ritchie, immortalised by Scott as the redoubtable Meg Dods of *St. Ronan's Well*. And at the head of the Briggate stands the house, then known as The Pillars, in which Scott's friend, Mungo Park, lived for two years while practising as a doctor in Peebles before setting out on that second exploration of the Niger from which he was never to return. Much of the romantic charm of the region is expressed in Kirk-

patrick Sharpe's fine ballad, "The Bush aboon Traquair." Traquair House itself stands only a few miles down the river. There the Marquess of Montrose found refuge after his defeat at Philiphaugh, and there, a hundred years later, the great gates closed behind the young Prince Charles Edward.

The wild roses twine on the gateway there,
And the green wood grows and the bramble clings,
Barring the road to thy hearth, Traquair,
With the loyal hands of the earth's green things.
The wind through the rusted iron sings,
The sun the selfsown tangle burns,
But never a hoof on the roadway rings;
The gate is shut—till the King returns.

The shaft of the town's market cross dates from the fourteenth century, and the centre part of the Tweed Bridge from the fifteenth. Among other interesting features of the town is the Chambers Institution. Before the Reformation this belonged to the Church of the Holy Cross, and was the Dean's house. In 1624 it was acquired by the first Lord Tweeddale, in 1687 it passed to the first Duke of Queensberry, and within its walls in 1725, as already mentioned, "Old Q" of the Regency was born.

Among later literary memories, Alexander Smith, the Glasgow poet, has commemorated his visit to the town in some fine lines—"I lay in my bedroom at Peebles"—and the place has counted among its residents R. L. Stevenson in his youth, and S. R. Crockett in his later years.

Within the last half century a strong attraction to visitors has been the great Hotel-Hydro on the slope of the Venlaw, and the festivities there at certain times of the year revive not a little of the ancient repute of Peebles for mirth and good company.

Winter and summer the town has the best of sport for its visitors. With golf and tennis, bowling and boating, curling and skating, capital fishing in the Tweed, and a matchless countryside in all directions to explore, it would be impossible here to find time hang heavily on one's hands.

PERTH

THE good folk of Perth are justly proud of the high antiquity of their town and of the character it bore at its earliest mention in history. According to Fordoun's *Scotichronicon*, there stood on the spot before the Christian era a native British temple. The site of this is believed to have been at the south side of the High Street near its foot. When an ancient building, the House of the Green, on this spot was taken down at the end of the eighteenth century, there were discovered below its foundations two arched chambers 26 feet by 14, with walls $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick. Tradition further runs that the Roman legions, on first coming round the shoulder of Moncrieff Hill by the Wicks of Baiglie, and setting eyes on the spot, shouted in sudden rapture, "Ecce Tiber! Ecce Campus Martius!" The exclamation, according to Sir Walter Scott, was more complimentary to Rome than to Perth.

"Behold the Tiber!" the vain Roman cried,
Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's side;
But where's the Scot that would the vaunt repay,
And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay?

According to *The Muses' Threnodie*, Geoffry of Monmouth, and Hollinshed, Agricola made the ancient British town the capital of his colony of Victoria. He is also said to have founded the castle, which stood outside the Skinner Gate, and his seaport was at the mouth of the Earn, a little way to the south. Three Roman roads, from Stirling, Kinross, and Abernethy, met within the walls of the town; the Romans worshipped Mars in the ancient British temple; an aqueduct, still flowing, and known in the days of Alexander II. as the King's Mill Lade, brought water from the Almond to fill the moat; and Perth appears to have been a place of high consequence. About the time the Romans left the country, in the year 410 or thereabout, it is believed there was founded here the original "Kirk of the Holy Cross of St. John the Baptist." From this kirk the place took the name by which it was known throughout the middle cen-



Photo. T & R. Annan & Sons.

BRIDGE OVER THE TAY AT PERTH.

Facing p. 290.

turies, "St. John's Toun," or St. Johnston. The kirk stands yet, doubtless after more than one destruction and rebuilding, and, alas! is almost the only monument of the hoary and dramatic past of Perth which the greed or carelessness of bygone generations has allowed to survive. Its great bell, booming yet from the blackened tower, sends the same sound over town and meadow as it did when it rang the burgesses to arms for the rescue of the Earl of Gowrie in the days of James VI.

Perth again rose into consequence in the middle of the ninth century, when Kenneth II., King of Scots, won his great victory over the Picts, and, becoming their king, established his capital at Forteviot, on the Earn, a few miles to the west, and brought the Stone of Destiny from Dunstaffnage, then threatened by the Norsemen, to Scone on the Tay, a little way north of the town. On that stone, till it was removed by Edward I., and at the spot for several centuries afterwards, the Scottish kings were crowned, and the event must at recurring intervals have brought vast crowds of nobles and churchmen to Perth. During their great invasion, which threatened the country for five hundred years, the Norsemen penetrated by the estuary of the Tay to Perth, and suffered one of their earliest repulses at the hands of Kenneth III. at Luncarty, a few miles to the north; but no monument remains here of that invasion. According to tradition the battle was won for the Scots by the timeous onslaught of the ancestor of the great Hay family and his sons; and it was from Kinnoull Hill, opposite Perth, that next day the stout farmer was ordered to let fly his falcon. It alighted at the spot still known as the Hawkstane, near Errol, and all the land between was given to Hay as his reward. Thus, runs the story, was founded the great family of the Hays of Errol, Kinnoull, Tweeddale, and others.

More authentic history begins towards the close of the thirteenth century. According to Henry the Minstrel, Perth was the scene of one of the most romantic adventures of Sir William Wallace. The hero knew the district, for, as a boy, he had lived with his mother in the Carse of Gowrie, and had gone to school in Dundee. It was shortly after his

first successes in the field that, finding himself in the neighbourhood, probably in a favourite haunt, the forest of Gask to the westward, he was seized with the desire to visit a fair lady in Perth.

Then Wallace said he wald go to the toun,
Arayit him weill intill a priestlik gown;
In Sanct Jhonstoun disgysit can he fair
Till this woman the quhilk I spak of ayr.

At his first visit he made an appointment to return in three days, and in the interval his mistress was forced to arrange his betrayal. When he came back, however, the girl's distress revealed the plot, and her lover, after forgiving and comforting her, borrowed her dress and set forth. When he had passed the gate his stride excited the suspicion of the warders, and two of them followed him through the South Inch; but no sooner were they beyond reach of help than Wallace threw off his disguise, drew his sword, and slew them both.

Edward I. of England, during his occupation, kept a strong guard here, and when his lieutenant, Sir Aylmer de Valence, in 1306, heard that Robert the Bruce, who had just been crowned king of Scots at Scone, was lying with a small force at Methven, he sallied forth, surprised the little army, and cut it to pieces. Five years later Bruce besieged the place. But the walls were strong, and, with the river flowing round them, defied attack. He accordingly struck his tents and moved off, followed by the jeers of the garrison. At midnight, however, he was back, swimming the moat and scaling the wall in front of his men, and captured the place.

Bruce took much interest in Perth. He ordered the Kirk of St. John, which had become dilapidated, to be restored, and he granted the town its first authentic charter, though it claims to have been made a royal burgh by William the Lion.

It was at the Miller's Haugh on the Earn below Forteviot, a few miles west of Perth, that in 1332 Edward Baliol encamped with his little English army before his surprise attack on the riotous Scottish host on Dupplin Moor

opposite, which brought the whole of Scotland into his power. As a result, Perth remained in English hands for seven years, till the young High Steward, afterwards King Robert II., retook it after great deeds of valour in 1339. It was during that occupation that Edward III. slew his brother, the Earl of Cornwall, in the Kirk of St. John. Edward at the time was anxious to conciliate the Scots, and at his brother's account of how he had burned Lesmahagow with the fugitives who had taken sanctuary in its church, the king, it is said, burst into sudden wrath, and struck him dead at his feet.

Chiefly by reason of the romance which Sir Walter Scott has woven round the incident in his *Fair Maid of Perth*, all the world knows of the great battle fought between the confederacies of Highland clans known as the Clan Quhele and the Clan Kay, on the North Inch here in 1396. The authentic story is told by Wyntoun and Bower. Thirty on each side were chosen to fight out their differences to the death. Barriers were erected, and from the Gilten Arbour King Robert III. and his court watched the crowds and the battle. When the combat was about to begin, it was found that one of the Clan Quhele was absent, and the king was about to declare the encounter off, when an armourer of Perth, Hal o' the Wynd, sprang into the lists, declaring himself ready for half a merk and a pension to "try the game." No sooner had the chief of Clan Quhele agreed to his terms than he bent his bow and shot one of the opposite side through the heart. In the end twenty-nine of Clan Kay were slain, and its last man, plunging into the Tay, swam across and escaped, while of the eleven of Clan Quhele who remained alive only Hal o' the Wynd was unhurt.

The Wynd from which Hal took his name is said to have been the street built along the side of the castle yard after the moat was filled up by Robert the Bruce. It is now known as Curfew Row, and a little old house which still stands in it was made by Scott the home of his heroine, the "Fair Maid of Perth." The house was latterly the meeting-place of the Glovers' Incorporation, but was previously part of a chapel dedicated to St. Bartholomew, and in a corner of

its wall may still be seen the niche in which the curfew bell was hung. It was probably the chapel belonging to the Blackfriars' Monastery behind. If so, some of the Scottish parliaments were held within its walls, and there Elizabeth Mure, mother of King Robert III., was buried. Whether or not such a fair maid as Scott pictures ever dwelt within these walls, and ran the risk of abduction by the dissolute young Duke of Rothesay, it is certain that another of the Duke's love affairs had a connection here. The Lady Elizabeth Dunbar, daughter of the Earl of March, whom he had first promised to marry, and whom his uncle, the crafty Duke of Albany, made him forsake for the daughter of the great "Tineman," Earl of Douglas, retired after her disappointment to St. Leonard's monastery at hand, and became its superior in 1411.

Twenty-six years later, when the gay young Duke, starved to death in the tower at Falkland, was dust in the Abbey of Lindores, his younger brother, King James I. of Scotland, came to spend Christmas in the Blackfriars' Monastery at Perth, which had been founded by Alexander II. By his firm and fearless rule he had made many enemies, and on a wild night of February, led by the fiercest of their number, Sir Robert Graham, they broke into the king's apartments. Hearing them coming, James with the tongs wrenched up a plank of the flooring, and sprang into the sewer vault beneath, while, to gain time, Catherine Douglas thrust her arm into the empty staples of the door. But for the fact that he had caused the mouth of the vault to be built up a few days previously because his tennis ball fell into it, and the further fact that in his impatience he pushed up the plank of the flooring too soon, the king might have escaped, but, as it was, the conspirators found the place, and, after a terrific struggle, slew him with sixteen wounds. Part of the vault into which he sprang is said still to exist under the "Fair Maid's" house. The poet-king and his queen, in whose honour while he was yet a prisoner in England he had written the immortal *King's Quair*, were buried in the Carthusian Monastery which James had founded west of the town. After its destruction at the Refor-



COUNTY BUILDINGS, PERTH, ON SITE OF GOWRIE HOUSE, THE SCENE OF THE
GOWRIE CONSPIRACY.

Facing p. 294.

mation, their tombstone is said to have been removed to the eastern part of St. John's Kirk.

A century after this royal pair, Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII. of England, and queen of James IV., was also buried in the Carthusian Monastery. Thus, by a curious coincidence, two of the English queens of Scotland were buried together. Of the other two, Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore, lies at Dunfermline, and Sybilla, wife of Alexander I., in the little islet at the eastern end of Loch Tay.

In the time of the early Stewart kings, Perth was a city of palaces. The ancient Parliament House stood on the north side of High Street till 1818, and among other buildings were the mansions of the Earls of Athol, Errol, Gowrie, Lord Crichton of Sanquhar, Lord John Murray, Lord Chancellor Hay, and others.

Among the cruelties which helped to bring about the Reformation in Scotland, Perth had its share. From the Spey Tower the notorious Cardinal Beaton watched the hanging and drowning of heretics on the Inches at hand. Then, at the psychological moment, on 11th May, 1559, John Knox preached in St. John's Kirk. It was in Perth that he had been called to the ministry, and only a week previously he had returned here from exile. His text was the commandment against the worship of graven images, and he boldly described the Mass as an abomination. What followed was dramatic enough. A tactless priest had the temerity to open a splendid tabernacle above the altar, and begin that very service of Mass which Knox had condemned. Somebody called out, "This is intolerable!" The priest replied with a blow. Thereupon, according to the historian Calderwood, a boy threw a stone which hit the tabernacle and broke an image. This was the signal for a general breaking of images. St. John's was cleared first, and the rioters rushed next to the Carthusian Monastery, the richest religious house in the town, which they zealously plundered, and thence the conflagration spread through the length and breadth of Scotland. Twice during the struggles which followed Perth was besieged and captured, and a memorable

incident was the march of three hundred Perth men to the relief of their friends at Stirling. The three hundred wore halters round their necks, to be used for hanging them if they deserted their colours. After that event the hangman's rope was known in Scotland as the St. Johnston tippit.

Another incident of that time, of which Perth was the scene, was the Gowrie conspiracy. There were really two conspiracies. The scene of the earlier was Ruthven Castle, now known as Hunting Tower, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of Perth. There the boy-king, James VI., was seized and held a captive by the first Earl of Gowrie, that dark and ambitious spirit who is said to have had dealings with wizards and necromancers, and who seems to have had dreams of playing the part formerly taken with success by the Crichtons, Boyds, and Douglasses during the boyhood of earlier kings. But Ruthven failed, and paid for his adventure with his life. The second conspiracy was not less fatal to his family. Its scene was Gowrie House, a noble mansion of the town, with gardens sloping to the Tay. Built in 1520 by the Countess of Huntly, it has been described as the Whitehall of Scotland, and was the town seat of the young second Earl of Gowrie, to whom James had restored his father's titles and estates. Whether the king or the Earl was the plotter remains one of the unanswered questions of Scottish history. Those who wish to study the arguments of the case may consult the writings of Andrew Lang.

The incident occurred in the month of August, 1600, and James's story was that, while hunting at Falkland, he was lured to Gowrie House by the Earl's younger brother, Alexander Ruthven, with a story of a pot of gold in possession of a Jesuit captured and detained by his brother. Their arrival seemed to surprise the Earl, but he welcomed his royal visitor heartily. After dinner Alexander Ruthven led the king to an upper chamber, where, in a turret, James came upon a man in full armour. At that moment Ruthven drew his dagger and said the king must die. James reminded him of royal favours conferred on his house, whereupon Ruthven seemed to relent, and left the apartment. A few minutes later the king's attendants in the courtyard

below were being urged by the earl to leave the premises, with the assurance that their master had already ridden away. At that moment a cry was heard overhead, and the white face of James appeared at the window, a hand grasping his throat while he shouted, "Help! Treason! Help! my Lord of Mar." On rushing up the turret stair they found the door locked. But Sir John Ramsay remembered another entrance, and, finding the way, discovered the king struggling with Alexander Ruthven. He sprang forward, and, helped by Sir Thomas Erskine and Sir Hugh Herries, who just then appeared at the head of the stair, despatched Ruthven. As he died he exclaimed, "Alas! I am not to blame for this action." Just then the earl himself appeared with seven followers, demanding his brother. When he saw the latter lying dead he instantly attacked the gentlemen with the king. The fierce melee ended with Ramsay running his sword through the earl's heart, and when he fell his retainers fled. The king, however, was not yet safe, for the people of Perth came crowding round the house, calling for the earl, who had been their provost; and it was only with difficulty that the magistrates induced them to disperse.

Gowrie House has disappeared, like most of the historic buildings of Perth. After the tragic event above related it passed into possession of the town. When, after the battle of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland came to Perth, the magistrates presented it to him. On their doing so he inquired with heavy humour whether "that piece of land called the Carse of Gowrie" went along with it. The duke sold it to the Government, and for a time it was used as barracks. At a later day the town bought it back, sold its materials for a few hundred pounds, and granted the site for county buildings. A tablet on the wall alone now marks the spot where one of the most curious episodes of Scottish history took place.

Another memorial of James VI., however, is to be seen in Perth. This is the King James VI. Hospital, which gives a quaint old-world look to a noted corner of the town. It stands on the site of the old Carthusian Monastery, within whose walls King James I., his queen, Joan Beaufort, and

Queen Margaret Tudor were buried, though the exact spot of their burial is unknown.

In the civil wars of Charles I. and Charles II., Perth took its own part. In 1644, after his victory at Tibbermuir, not far off, Montrose seized the place, and seven years later, when Cromwell besieged the city, the burgesses kept up such a din behind their gates that he took them for a strong military force, and offered them advantageous terms.

The town of Perth itself is perhaps not alone to be blamed for the disappearance of its historic buildings. In 1652, after his victory over the Presbyterian army of the Covenanters at Dunkar, and his dispersal of the forces of the young Charles II. at Worcester, Cromwell proceeded to secure his hold on Scotland by the building of four great citadels. One of these was erected on the South Inch here. For its materials he not only caused to be cut down the trees of the royal hunting park at Falkland, but took the stones of the Greyfriars' Monastery at Perth itself, the material of the town's hospital and High School, the wood of all the fishing boats within reach, 300 tombstones from the graveyards, the stone pillars and abutments of the bridge, and no fewer than 140 of the dwelling-houses of the town. The citadel was surrounded with a moat and earthworks, the latter made of soil stripped from the Inches, thus ruining grass land which had brought a rental of 2000 merks a year. The whole must have been a formidable fortress, though its occupation did not last long.

At that time, it has been remarked, the town of Perth, alike in situation and appearance, in the colour of its history and the temper of its inhabitants, bore a remarkable resemblance to ancient Paris. The likeness was carried out in such details as the Moncrieff Island in the river and Cromwell's great citadel, which stood to represent the Bastile. During the century which followed the Protector's time the townsmen quarried the materials for their houses from the fortress, and to-day not a mark remains on the grassy level of the fair South Inch to show where it stood.

Another erection which must be regretted more keenly is the Market Cross, built by the king's master architect



Photo. T & R. Annan & Sons.

THE FAIR MAID'S HOUSE, PERTH.

Latterly the hall of the Glovers' Incorporation, this is believed to have been the chapel of the Blackfriars' Monastery, founded by Alexander II., in which James I. was assassinated in 1437.

in 1668 to replace the older cross which had gone, like so much else, into the building of the citadel. It appears to have been a notable erection, and once, at any rate, on an anniversary of the Restoration, the magistrates had its terrace carpeted, and ran French wine from its griffins' mouths. Afterwards, however, perhaps to show that they abjured the Stewart dynasty, they put it up to auction, and disposed of it to a mason for the splendid sum of £5.

Perth had its share in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745. It was here, during the former of these attempts, that the Earl of Mar wasted time waiting for reinforcements, while his opponent, the Duke of Argyll, was every day gathering greater strength to oppose him. And after his defeat at Sheriffmuir it was on Perth that he fell back, burning the country behind him, to meet his master, the forlorn "James VIII. and III.," before their final flight from Montrose, and the general dispersal of their forces. In 1745 Prince Charles Edward placed a garrison in the town, and on George II.'s birthday a mob rose, placed guards at the gates, rang the fire bell, and tried to overwhelm the little force. They were driven off, however, and the garrison increased.

During his descent upon Scotland, the Prince was attended by the chief of the Drummond family, which took its principal title from the town. He was third Duke of Perth at the exiled court, and sixth Earl of Perth in Scotland. For its share in the rebellion the family was attainted, but the earldom was restored to its male heir by Act of Parliament in 1853, and the head of the family is Earl of Perth at the present hour.

During the Napoleonic war in 1812 a large number of French prisoners were confined in the town, and the great Penitentiary on the South Inch was built for their accommodation in 1812. It was afterwards used for over seventy years as the general prison for all Scotland.

To-day Perth is one of the pleasantest towns in Scotland. Set in the midst of lovely scenery, with the rapid Tay rolling past its front, and its noble pleasure grounds, the North Inch and South Inch, stretching along the river-side on

either hand, it is one of the busiest of county towns and a charming place of residence. About the beginning of August in each year its great railway station is a sight to see, as the centre through which tides of sportsmen pass on their way to the deer forests, grouse moors, and salmon rivers of the north.

In the matter of industry the town was famous at an earlier day for the treatment of hides and the making of gloves. At a later period, in 1819, it had as many as 2400 looms engaged in cotton and gingham weaving. Situated on the Tay, much as Glasgow is situated on the Clyde, it was in early times a port of much traffic with the Netherlands; but, unlike Glasgow, it failed to develop its harbour and waterway. At the present hour the chief industry of the town is that of dyeing and cleaning. This may be said to have been begun by the founding of the Messrs Pullar's business nearly a hundred years ago. From its first beginnings in a modest way, in Mill Street in 1824, the enterprise has grown to huge proportions, absorbing a tannery, a weaving factory, two schools, and a gas work, overleaping streets and extending in all directions. The chief extension of the works occurred in 1882, when a hundred acres of ground were acquired in the outskirts of Perth for the accommodation of a number of expanding departments. The great works are a model of organisation and equipment, containing within themselves a chemical laboratory, an engineering workshop, an electric generating station, and a fire brigade. The discovery of aniline dyes as a product of gas tar, made by Sir W. H. Perkin in 1856, was largely helped by the experiment he carried out and the practical assistance he received in the application of the colours at Pullar's Dye Works.



Photo. T & R. Annan & Sons.

INTERIOR OF ST. JOHN'S KIRK, PERTH

In this kirk Edward III. is said to have struck his brother, the Earl of Cornwall, dead, and it was here that John Knox preached the sermon which set alight the fires of the Reformation.

PETERHEAD

PETERHEAD has a highly interesting story. The chief town in Buchan to-day, it consisted down to the time of Mary Queen of Scots of nothing more than a fisher hamlet on the point of the promontory. On old Dutch maps this is named Peterpol, and to-day has its site occupied by the quarter known as Keith-Inch. The lands were a former possession of the abbey of Deer, acquired at the Reformation by Robert Keith, son of the fourth Earl Marischal. In 1593, George, Earl Marischal, procured a charter erecting the haven of Peterhead into a burgh of barony in favour of fourteen feuars, all fishermen, the purchase money being 3000 merks and the annual feu-duty £7 11s Scots. The feuars undertook to build themselves stone and lime houses, sufficiently slated, and they were put in possession of considerable property in moss-lands, fisherlands, commonage, and pasture. On the forfeiture of the Earl Marischal in 1715 the superiority of the estate was acquired by the York Buildings Company, which sold it to the governors of the Merchant Maidens Hospital of Edinburgh, by whom it is still owned.

Owing to the popularity of the Earls Marischal the inhabitants of the town were strongly Jacobite, and women as well as men took arms for the Stewarts. For this reason probably it was that, after the fate of Mar's rebellion had already been decided at Sheriffmuir, the forlorn "James III. and VIII." landed here.

For two centuries Peterhead set chief store upon its advantages as a watering-place. It was known as the Scottish Scarborough, its mineral waters were vaunted as similar to those of Bournemouth, Brighton, and Tunbridge Wells, and it established baths of extensive sort to which gouty, rheumatic, obese, nervous, and dyspeptic patients flocked to derive benefit. The baths are still flourishing, and still, with the bracing air of the place, make Peterhead a highly popular health resort. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, however, the place came to assume

importance more and more as a shipping port and harbour of refuge. For a hundred years it was the chief seat of the British whale and seal fisheries, as many as forty vessels sailing from the harbour to the Arctic seas in a season. As the whale fishing declined after the middle of the nineteenth century its place was taken by the herring fishery, till some 600 boats carried on operations from the port. Latterly steam has superseded sail, and the fishing vessels are larger and fewer. Meanwhile Peterhead had been recommended by a Royal Commission as the best site on the wild eastern coast of Scotland for a harbour of refuge. With a view to the employment of convict labour on the work a great prison was planned in 1885. The first convicts arrived in 1888, and from then till now the building of the great breakwaters has gone on.

This work has contributed to the development of the Peterhead granite quarries, which are to-day as famous as those of Aberdeen.

At the same time Peterhead has attractions enough of a less utilitarian cast. Its 18-hole golf course at Craigewan is one of the best sporting courses on the northern coasts, the fishing in the Ugie, for salmon, grilse, finnock, and sea-trout, attracts anglers from all parts of the kingdom. One of its libraries, the Peterhead Reading Club, dates from 1808, and no town is better supplied with art galleries, churches, and schools. Most notable of the place's sons was the great Marshal Keith, brother of the forfeited Earl Marischal, who played so remarkable a part in the Spanish, Russian, Swedish, and German wars. He was born in the old castle of Inverugie near Peterhead, and his statue, presented by Wilhelm I., Emperor of Germany, forms one of the chief ornaments of the town.



Photo. Valentine & Sons.

MARISCHAL STREET, PETERHEAD.

Facing p. 302.

PORTOBELLO AND MUSSELBURGH

THE two most popular watering-places on the East Coast of Scotland, though almost adjoining each other, afford a curious contrast both in age and origin. While Portobello is a place of yesterday, fostered by the growth of industry and the modern pursuit of pleasure, Musselburgh dates from Roman times, and is storied with many memories of war and learning.

Down to the year 1762 the spot on which Portobello stands was a waste of moorland and whins along the sea shore. It was known, from the stream which ran through it, as the Figgate-whins, and had only one solitary human abode. This humble cottage is said to have been built by a sailor or marine who had served under Admiral Vernon in the South American expedition of 1739, and from the fact that its owner had taken part in the capture of the South American town of that name, he gave his abode the high-sounding designation of Portobello. The cottage afterwards came to be used as a hostelry on the road across the whins from the Fishwives' Causeway to Musselburgh.

In 1762 the Figgate-whins were let at a rent of some £11 sterling, and were shortly afterwards sold for £1500 to Baron Muir, who began to feu them at £3 per acre. Three years later one of the feuars, William Jamieson, discovered near the Figgate-burn a valuable bed of clay, which he forthwith began to turn to account for the making of bricks and tiles, and afterwards of earthenware. This enterprise in turn gave rise to a small village, to which a number of Edinburgh citizens made their way for the sea-bathing to be had on the magnificent sand beach at hand. After the beginning of the century these citizens began to build villas and dwelling-houses for themselves at the spot, and by this means it gradually became a fashionable watering place. In 1806 a fine suite of hot and cold salt water baths was erected on the sea front at a cost of £4000, whence the name of Bath Street at the present day. At the head of Bath Street also, after the fashion of that time, an Assembly Room

was built for the convenience of fashionable gatherings. This, however, afterwards descended to the purposes of an inn. A somewhat fantastic feature was added to the town by one of the earliest feuars in the shape of a tower overlooking the beach, and consisting in part of carved stones said to be from the old Cross of Edinburgh and the ruins of St. Andrews. It is after this building that Tower Street takes its name.

Portobello's great day came in 1822, when George IV., on the first visit of royalty to Scotland since 1685, held a notable review of Scottish Yeomanry and the Highland Clans on the superb Portobello sand beach.

The beach has always been the chief attraction of the place. Smooth as a pavement, and nearly half a mile broad at low water, this is a feature which many another summer spa may well envy. With its bathing machines and holiday attractions all summer through, this forms one of the most favourite resorts of Edinburgh citizens from May to September. An additional advantage of the place was discovered in 1839, in the shape of a valuable bed of oysters on the sea-bottom off these sands. Only the growth of the town has deprived it of the benefit of this asset.

Within recent years a further step towards the popularising of the watering-place on the lines of Blackpool and the Isle of Man was taken by the erection by private enterprise of the Marine Gardens. This building, with its Moorish domes and towers, forms the most outstanding feature of Portobello at the present hour.

Curiously enough, notwithstanding its name, the town has never really possessed a harbour or any seaward trade. A small quay was constructed at the mouth of the Figgate Burn in the eighteenth century by William Jamieson, the owner of the clay beds, but this was used only for boats, and afterwards became ruinous.

In this respect Portobello is eclipsed by Fisherrow, two miles to the east, whose convenient little harbour, dating from Roman times, not only affords shelter for fishing boats, but has always done a considerable coasting and foreign trade. Fisherrow is the part of Musselburgh lying on the



THE OLD BRIDGE ACROSS THE ESK AT MUSSELBURGH, FROM THE SOUTH.
Part of the masonry is Roman.

Facing p. 304.

west side of the Esk, and its former street, the Marketgate, has been a thoroughfare from time immemorial. Chambers, in his History of the Rebellion of 1745, narrates how Prince Charles Edward, on his way from Edinburgh to the battle of Prestonpans, as he passed along the Marketgate, "bowed gracefully to the ladies who surveyed him from their windows." He and his army then crossed the Esk by the ancient bridge of Musselburgh, and held away eastward by the old post road lying to the south of the town.

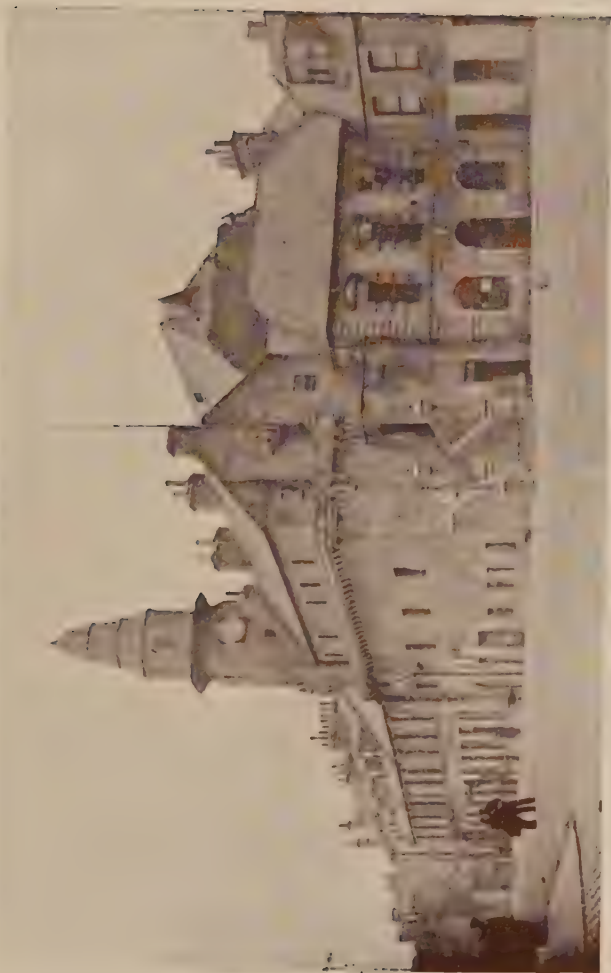
The people of Musselburgh still call this viaduct "the Roman Bridge," and though the present structure is said to have been built by Jean Hepburn, widow of George, fourth Lord Saltoun, between 1513 and 1520, there can be no doubt that a bridge stood here in Roman times, and the materials are probably the same. The bridge is narrow and high, formerly had a gate in the centre, and is connected at each end with a causeway, which till recent times showed traces of Roman handwork, connecting the harbour of Fisherrow with the Roman station on the hill at Inveresk. The parish kirk which stands on the site of that Roman station to-day has been said by a competent authority to be largely built of Roman ashlar, and the same authority has declared that the neighbourhood contains more Roman work above ground than any other part of Scotland. The sloping ends of the bridge have in recent times been cut away, and replaced by steps, but it is certain that over this narrow causeway has passed, not only Prince Charles Edward Stewart on his splendid enterprise, but such makers of history in their different ways as Oliver Cromwell, John Knox, and Mary Queen of Scots.

The earliest name of Musselburgh was Eskmouth. It is mentioned under that name by Simeon of Durham as early as the seventh century. The town is believed to have taken its present designation from a bed of mussels off the shore, but the name of the parish is Inveresk, and the kirk on its height behind the town, and the manse in its ancient walled garden below, still bear that name. The town itself, however, is old enough. The dial of the clock in the quaint old tower of the Tolbooth is said to bear the date 1496, the year

in which the clock itself was presented to the place by the Dutch States, "to encourage the continuance of the extensive commerce with their towns." Still earlier, it was in a house which stood till 1809 on the south side of High Street, at its eastern end, that, in July, 1332, died the great Randolph, Earl of Moray, nephew of King Robert the Bruce, and Regent of Scotland. He was on the eve of setting forth to resist the invasion of Edward III. and Edward Baliol, and there is reason to believe his death was brought about by poison. Sir Walter Scott was of opinion that the well-known ballad, "Lord Ronald," was a composition in commemoration of that event.

In Musselburgh again, in 1201, the barons of Scotland assembled to swear fealty to the infant son of William the Lion, afterwards King Alexander II., and earlier still David I. conferred the manor of Musselburghshire on the monks of Dunfermline.

Of a date still earlier, however, appears to have been the chapel and hermitage dedicated to our Lady of Loretto on the opposite side of the highway, beyond the eastern gate of the place. From its character and antiquity there is room to believe that in Roman times this had been a temple of the Paphian Venus. In the feudal centuries this was a shrine of the greatest sanctity, to which the faithful made pilgrimage for the sake of the cures miraculously effected there. People of all ranks and ages brought gifts to the spot, and the holy hermit who inhabited the place was a being of much reverence and awe. James V. himself made pilgrimage hither on foot from Stirling in August, 1530, on the eve of his romantic setting forth in disguise for France to see for himself the princess who was being wooed for him. Even then, however, the Reformers had begun to pay some attention to the shrine, which, they averred, had become a place of questionable character. Sir David Lyndsay had something to say about it, and, at the instance of the Earl of Glencairn, John Knox wrote a feigned epistle from the holy hermit describing the misdeeds of the parish. In 1544 the chapel and part of the town were destroyed by the English under the Earl of Hertford,



THE TOLBOOTH, MUSSELBURGH.

For building their tolbooth of the materials of the hermitage of Loretto the inhabitants of Musselburgh were excommunicated at Rome annually for some two centuries.

when they came to prosecute the rough wooing by Henry VIII. of the infant Queen Mary for his son, afterwards Edward VI. The shrine was afterwards rebuilt. It was too precious an asset to be allowed to lapse. But at the Reformation it was finally destroyed, and in 1590 the Tolbooth of Musselburgh was built out of its ruins. For this sacrilege the burgesses of the town are said to have been excommunicated annually at Rome for two hundred years. All that is now left of the chapel is a cell, twelve feet by ten, under a little mount behind the roadside wall. When part of the cell floor was dug up in 1831 a number of skulls were discovered, doubtless those of dead and gone hermits who had been buried there. The name, however, is perpetuated as that of the famous public school, on the model of Eton and Harrow, which occupies the spot.

Across the way from Loretto, and outside the eastern end of the town, Pinkie House also keeps a series of ancient and romantic memories. Here the wealthy Abbots of Dunfermline, who were superiors of the regality of Musselburgh, had a seat, and if tradition is to be believed, it was the scene of certain gay goings on of which these prelates in their later days were accused. In 1543 Pinkie House was seized, along with the castle of Dalkeith, by Arran, the Scottish Governor, as a place in the interest of the Earl of Angus, who was plotting to hand over the infant Queen Mary to Henry VIII. At a later day it was the home of the sinister Pitcairn, Abbot of Dunfermline, who plotted with the Earl of Morton and others to bring about the return and execution of the Queen, then a prisoner in England. There is a tradition of one of the Scottish kings, caught in a gay intrigue, making his way through a door still pointed out, on to the bartizan of the roof. The first Earl of Dunfermline, who had succeeded to the possessions of the abbots, is said to have built an addition to the mansion, and he died here in 1622. In his time the future Charles I., as an infant three years old, is said to have spent some time at Pinkie House, and the bedroom is still shown in which Prince Charles Edward spent the night after his victory at Prestonpans. Happy, no doubt, were his dreams. Since

1788 Pinkie House has been the chief seat of the Hopes of Craighall in Fife, of which family the Marquess of Linlithgow is a cadet.

But probably the greatest national incident connected with Musselburgh was the battle of Pinkie, fought here in 1547. Henry VIII. was dead; but the Protector Somerset still cherished his policy of uniting the two kingdoms by a marriage between Edward VI. and the infant Queen Mary. His attempt, however, like that of the Earl of Hertford three years earlier, was of the roughest sort. He invaded Scotland with eighteen thousand men, and came face to face with the Scottish army here. The Esk lay between the hosts, and Somerset would probably have been forced to retreat had not the Scots grown impatient and advanced from their impregnable position. Their first step might have warned them; as they crossed the bridge the English vessels lying in the firth opened fire, and the Master of Montrose and several other persons were slain. Then came the English charge, repelled by the hedge of Scottish spears, the Scottish shout, "Come on, ye heretics!" and Lord Grey's refusal of Somerset's order to charge again. He might as well, he said, be ordered to charge a castle wall. But what cavalry could not do, bows and muskets could, and the close Scottish phalanxes, mowed down from a distance, at last fell into confusion. Then the English charged again, the Scots broke, and between the foe in front and the river behind the carnage was terrific. For five miles, it is said, the fields were covered with the Scottish dead, and the battle of Pinkie, while it was the last great defeat suffered by the Scots at the hands of the English, was also one of the most dreadful.

Ninety years later, in 1638, a curious sight was witnessed by the inhabitants of this old town. The Marquess of Hamilton, bearing the commission of Charles I. to put down the Covenant in Scotland, found himself met on Musselburgh Links by thousands of the undaunted folk, and as he moved along the coast was astonished to find on the rising ground near Leith Academy some six hundred Presbyterian ministers in bands and gowns sternly watching his progress.

Twelve years later still, in 1650, Oliver Cromwell encamped here—his infantry in tents on the links, his cavalry quartered in the town, and his own pavilion pitched on a spot opposite Linkfield House—while he made his unavailing efforts to break through General Leslie's masterly lines and enter Edinburgh. On that occasion the English general made use of a feature of the place that had already a story of war attached to it. This was a mound at the churchyard of Inveresk, which had been thrown up in 1547 by the Protector Somerset, on the eve of the Battle of Pinkie, to defend the passage of the old bridge.

In 1746, after the collapse of the Jacobite rebellion at Culloden, a number of the prisoners were confined in Musselburgh Tolbooth until they could be shipped off as slaves to the American plantations.

More pleasant memories are those of the days when "Jupiter" Carlyle was minister of the parish. In the old manse of 1681, now replaced, that notable divine entertained such distinguished guests as Smollett, Hume, Robertson, Mackenzie, Home, Beattie, Campbell, and Logan. There the Rev. John Home wrote a great part of his tragedy of "Douglas," and there, among Dr. Carlyle's papers, after his death, was found a complete copy of the long-lost ode of Collins, "On the Superstitions of the Highlands."

According to "Humphrey Clinker" it was in a house at the west end of Musselburgh High Street that Smollett was received by Commissioner Cardonell.

But Musselburgh has memories of a greater than any of these, Sir Walter Scott. Here in 1797 and afterwards, as quarter-master of the Edinburgh Light Horse, which he had been the chief means of raising, he spent several weeks in billets, when his zeal for the efficiency of the corps was only equalled by the hilarity by which he kept the whole body in good humour. On one of these occasions, in 1798, Matthew Gregory Lewis, better known as "Monk" Lewis, from the name of his once famous romance, spent a few days with him, and Lockhart tells how Scott received Lewis "in his lodgings, under the roof of an ancient dame, who afforded him much amusement by her daily colloquys with

the fisherwomen—the “Mucklebuckets” of the place. Lewis was himself at that time a resident in Fisherrow.

Nor was Scott's work with the Yeomanry all in the region of peaceful parade. In the autumn of 1805, when the false alarm of a French invasion and the premature lighting of a beacon on Home Castle, sent the Yeomanry and Volunteers of the Border hotfoot to their rendezvous, and Sir Walter Scott came galloping from Gilsland Spa in Cumberland, a hundred miles in twenty-four hours, it was at Dalkeith and on the Links of Musselburgh that he found the forces mustered. The alarm passed off with some sham battling and a few evenings of high jollity.

But the literary personage whose memory Musselburgh most delights to honour is Dr. Moir, long a physician and public man in the town, and known to all the world as the “Delta” of Blackwood's Magazine, and the author of the immortal “Mansie Waugh.” His statue, erected in 1853, stands at the west end of High Street.

The links of Musselburgh form one of the oldest golf courses in Scotland, and were long a famous rendezvous for the practice of archery. On these links a racecourse was formed in 1816, and the greatest crowds that have frequented the place in recent times have come hither on occasion of the annual autumn event variously known as the Edinburgh and Musselburgh Races. Something of the character and importance of the festival even at a later day is still to be gathered from the spirited description of the earlier “Leith Races” by the ill-fated poet, Robert Ferguson. That description furnished Burns with a model for his poem on “The Holy Fair.”

To-day Musselburgh subsists not only by the summer visitors but by such substantial industries as paper-making, wire rope manufacture, the weaving of fishing nets, and the practice of market gardening. Musselburgh leeks have long been the most famous variety of this vegetable. The situation of the place on the rising ground between the Esk and the sea makes it inevitably healthy, and the beauty of its surroundings, especially of the sylvan Haugh at the back of the town, through which the classic river flows, must always make it a spot of much natural charm.



PINKIE HOUSE, MUSSELBURGH, THE SEAT OF SIR JOHN HOPE, BART. OF CRAIGHALL.
Prince Charles Edward Stewart slept here on the night after his victory at Prestonpans.

ROTHESAY.

OF seaside places in Scotland, probably none has pleasant memories for so many men and women as the ancient royal town of Rothesay. At the head of its bay in the heart of the hills it has been the favourite Firth of Clyde resort of all sorts and conditions of men for more than a hundred years. Before the coming of the river steamers it had a reputation as the Madeira of Scotland. People made their way thither, crossing by smack and ferry boat from Greenock, and the place was famous as a resort of invalids.

The town and bay all summer long make up a brilliant scene. There are steamers constantly coming in from the outer world with crowds of gay and happy folk, then going off, with dusky plumes of smoke and dazzling tracks of foam, across the blue waters that wind into the far recesses of the hills. There are the yachts that come sweeping with white wings silently round cape and inlet. And there are the little boats that dance everywhere merrily on the sparkling sea. At the same time, ashore, pier and esplanade are bright with the dresses of the holiday throng, and the strains of Strauss and Mendelssohn drift on the sunny air from the bandstand among the trees.

Many a famous testimony has been given to the charm of the island town. Few who enter the bay for the first time, say, on one of the summer evenings which fall with such splendour there, fail to recall Mrs Craik's fine eulogy—

It's a bonnie bay at morning,
And bonnier at the noon,
But bonniest when the sun draps
And red comes up the moon—
When the mist creeps ower the Cumbræ,
And Arran peaks are grey,
And the great black hills, like sleeping kings,
Sit grand round Rothesay Bay.

Then as the steamer sweeps along the shore it passes the little kirk of Ascog on its tiny promontory. On the few paces of greensward under its wall, on the sunny

side, lies a single grave. There it was that Montague Stanley, actor and artist, when his last hour came, desired to be buried, "where the sun should shine and the spray could fall." It was at Rothesay also that Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, whose work for histrionic art in Scotland has never been sufficiently acknowledged, sought a retreat in his later days. And at the side of Loch Fad, in the hollow of the hills above the town, the cottage still stands which was built by Edmund Kean, when the longing seized him to leave the stage, and retire to the charm of the simple life. In his case the fancy passed, for the great actor found he could not live without the glare of the footlights and the thunders of theatrical applause; but for a time at least he was drawn hither by the magic of the shimmering waters and the music of the whispering woods.

Still another famous name gives a lettered interest to the region, for at Port Bannatyne, which may now be fairly reckoned a part of Rothesay, Kames Castle was the birthplace of John Sterling, the friend of Thomas Carlyle.

Rothesay Castle is believed to have been founded first about the year 1098 by Magnus Barefoot, that Norwegian king who has left so many traces of his conquering and colonising energy among the Western Isles. It appears to have been by reason of the encroachments of Magnus and his successors that, after the battle of the Standard in 1138, King David I. settled at Renfrew the Shropshire knight, Walter Fitz-Allan, who became ancestor of the great house of Stewart. At any rate the first enterprise of the Stewart was to drive the Norsemen out of the isles of Clyde. In particular he captured Bute, and took possession of Rothesay Castle.

By way of retaliation the famous Somerled, Lord of the Isles, sailed up the Clyde with a fleet and army in 1164, and attacked the Stewart in his own territory at Renfrew. Somerled was defeated, and slain in the battle, but this did not end the Norwegian attempts on Rothesay. Twice the "sea-wolves" came back, and on the second occasion, in 1228, Olaf, King of Man, and Husbac, a Norwegian chief, attacked the stronghold with eighty ships. After a fierce



ROTHSAY CASTLE.

Built by the Norsemen about 1098, and captured by the Stewards of Scotland half a century later, the stronghold was a centre of conflict till the overthrow of the Norwegians at the battle of Largs in 1263. King Robert II. built the part on the left, known as the Palace, and Robert

III. died within its walls.

siege they gained entrance by a sap, and stormed the place, slaying the Steward himself upon the wall, with three hundred and ninety of his men.

It is to that time that the ghostly tradition of the stronghold is believed to belong. A stair, which ascends to the rampart behind the chapel in the castle courtyard, is pointed out as the scene of the tragedy, and is still known on that account as the Bluidy Stair. The story is best told in the following verses of the popular ballad on the subject:

Oh, Rothesay's tower is round about,
And Rothesay's tower is strang,
And loud within the merry wa's
The roar o' wassail rang.

A skald o' Norroway struck the harp
And a guid harper was he,
For hearts beat mad and looks grew wild
Wi' his sang o' victory.

When the feast was ower, and a' was husht
In midnicht and in mirk,
A lady was seen, like a spirit at e'en,
To pass by the haly kirk.

She stood at the foot o' the chapel stair,
And she heard a footstep's tread;
The wild Norse warrior was there,
And thus to the lady said:

"I'm Ruari Mor, the island chief,
I'm Roderic, Lord of Bute;
For the Raven o' Norroway flies above,
And the Lion o' Scotland is mute.

"Yet kiss me, lovely Isobel,
And lay your cheek to mine,
Though ye bear the bluid o' the High Steward,
I'll woo nae heart but thine."

"Awa'! awa'! ye rank butcher,"
Cried the Lady Isobel;

"Beneath your hand my father dear
And my three brave brothers fell."

"It's I hae conquered them," he said,
"And I shall conquer thee;
For if in love ye winna wed,
A waur weird ye shall dree."

“ The stars will dreep out their beds o’ blue
Ere you in love I wed;
I liefer wad fly to the grave and lie
I’ the mouldy embrace o’ the dead !”

An eye was seen wi’ revenge to gleam,
Like a shot star in a storm,
And a heart was felt to writhe, as bit
By the never-dying worm.

A struggle was heard on the chapel stair,
And a smothered shriek of pain,
A deidly groan, and a fall on the stone,
And all was silent again.

May morning woke on the Lady’s bower,
But nae Isobel was there;
May morning broke on Rothesay’s tower,
And bluid was on the stair.

And rain may fa’, and time may ca’
It’s lazy wheels about,
But the steps are red, and the stains o’ bluid
Will never be washen out.

According to tradition the stronghold remained in possession of the family of Mac-Ruari or MacRoderick till the time of Alexander III., but after the Norse defeat at the Battle of Largs it was retaken by the Scots, and has since remained a Stewart possession. During the usurpation of Edward Baliol in 1334 it was held for the English by Alan de Lyle, and its proper owner, Robert, the High Steward, lurked in hiding in the neighbourhood. But one night he escaped in a boat with two faithful followers to Dunbarton, and presently news arrived that he had stormed and taken his other stronghold of Dunoon. This was the signal for the people to rise all over Scotland, and here in Bute the “ faithful Brandanes,” or personal followers of Stewart, gathered, overwhelmed the English garrison in the famous “ Battle of the Stones,” and sent De Lyle’s head in fierce triumph to their master.

In 1376 the Steward, now become King Robert II., came back to Rothesay, and built the palace, which still bears his name, in front of the castle. He also made his natural son, John, Constable of the stronghold, and erected Bute,



ROTHERSEY CASTLE : THE BLUDY STAIR.

The ruined stairway between the back of the chapel and the rampart wall was, according to tradition, the scene of the incident narrated in the ballad.

Arran, and the Cumbraes into a hereditary sheriffdom in his favour. That son's direct descendant is Marquess of Bute and Constable of Rothesay Castle at the present hour.

History, however, was not finished with Rothesay Castle. The stronghold was a favourite residence of Robert III., and he made it give title to the first Scottish dukedom, which in 1398 he conferred upon his eldest son, Prince David. To the present day the eldest son of the reigning monarch remains, from that creation, Duke of Rothesay.

A few years later the first Duke had been starved to death at Falkland, by his uncle, and James, his brother, had been seized at sea by the English. News of the latter event reached old King Robert here, and thirteen months later, worn out with grief, he died within these walls.

Among the prisoners who have fretted in Rothesay's dungeons perhaps the most famous was Patrick Lyndsay. In the boyhood of James IV. he successfully defended his brother, Lord Lyndsay, against an action of attainder, but, in doing so, managed to offend the young king, who declared he would set him where he should not see his feet for twelve months, and kept the promise by immuring the skilful advocate here.

As a royal stronghold, Rothesay Castle was stormed by Cromwell's men after the overthrow of the Scottish Army at Dunbar, and thirty years later, during the rebellion of the Earl of Argyll against James VII. and II., it was burned for the same reason by that Earl's brother. Since then it has lain a ruin.

Close at hand stands an interesting relic of another sort. This is the first cotton mill set up in Scotland. It was built by an English company in 1778, but was soon acquired by the famous Glasgow worthy, David Dale, who wrought it along with his mills at Dornoch, Blantyre, and New Lanark. The mill was Rothesay's chief source of prosperity till steam took the place of water-power.

But besides these old-world interests, there are rambles and drives from Rothesay in all directions about the island of Bute. Westward one may go through Port Bannatyne, with its hedges of crimson fuchsia, its beds of plummy pampas

grass, and its pale wisteria trellises, to the shelly shores of Ettrick Bay, and the narrow waters of the Kyles of Bute. And southward one may make one's way by Ascog, already mentioned, and by Mount Stuart, princely seat of King Robert's descendant, the Marquess of Bute, to the pleasant clachan of Kilchattan Bay, with St. Blane's Chapel and the Devil's Cauldron on the isthmus at hand, and the vitrified fort and caves of Dunnagoil on the low ridge at the south end beyond.

ST. ANDREWS

THERE must be some strange natural charm about that gentle swell of land on the eastern coast of Fife from which at the present day the ancient city of St. Andrews looks out upon the grey North Sea. Century after century, from the earliest age, the spot seems to have appealed especially to the people of foremost learning and taste in their time. To-day, as a place of fashionable resort, and the home of famous schools, it derives much of its attraction from the beauty of its ruins and the charm of associations with a richly storied and vividly dramatic past. No more happy fate could be imagined for a young man or maiden of Scottish blood than to be quartered for school and college years in this town of ancient learning, where every stone has a tale to tell of events that changed and moulded the destinies of Scotland, where at every turn some ruined arch or broken battlement represents an ideal of a day gone by, and where gloomy dungeon and sunny, old-world garden speak alike of bygone dreams of power and pleasure, whose vanishing has formed some noted instance of "this false world is wavering." These things may account for the city's modern vogue, alike as a place of schools and colleges, as a tourist resort, as a haven of retirement for veterans who have earned name and fame, and for the golfers who have made it a Mecca these hundred years past and more. But St. Andrews was not less attractive to the intellect and taste of earlier times, to the prelates and princes of the Church in the feudal centuries, and to the missionary apostles of the Christian faith in a still earlier day, of whom only the shadowy tradition and uncertain picture have come down to us.

The legend runs that the first founding of St. Andrews was owed to an accident. The original name of the spot is said to have been Mucross, the "Foreland of Boars," and the name of the neighbouring village of Boarhills, together with the arms of the city, a bear leaning against a tree, commemorate the ancient characteristic of the neighbour-

hood. As late as the 12th century, according to Boece, Alexander I. bestowed upon the Bishop a tract of land here known as the *Cursus Apri*, or Boar's Chase, so named, said tradition, from a huge beast which once dominated the district. But about the year 365, St. Regulus or Rule, a monk of Patras, in Achaia, having been directed in a vision to set sail with the bones of St. Andrew for a region in the West, was wrecked here. He proceeded to convert the Picts, and received from their king, Hungus, a piece of ground near the harbour, where he created a chapel and tower, which still stand. The name of Mucross was then changed first to Kilrymont, "the King's Chapel on the Mount," and afterwards to Kilrule, "the chapel of St. Regulus." It was only in the ninth century, after the conquest of the Picts by the Scots, that the name of the place was changed to St. Andrews. The spot remained one of the headquarters of the Culdee Church till as late as the thirteenth century, and the square tower of St. Regulus ranks with the round towers of Brechin and Abernethy as monuments of that bygone ecclesiastical system. Already, however, in the year 1140 the town had become of sufficient importance to be made a royal burgh, and in 1144 a priory or monastery for Augustinian monks was founded here by Bishop Robert. Thirteen years later the great cathedral is said to have been begun, and before the end of the century the castle was built by Bishop Roger. Still later, a Dominican convent was founded by Bishop Wishart in 1274, and an Observantine establishment was founded by Bishop Kennedy 150 years afterwards. So great, also, became the repute of the miracles wrought by the arm of St. Andrew, and so great was the concourse of pilgrims attracted to the place, that near St. Leonard's Church there had to be set up a hospitium or guest-house, which was to have a sufficiently chequered history in the years that followed. Henceforth, besides the wealth which was brought to it by the followers and suitors of the bishops and abbots, it gradually became an important harbour, with ships trading to Holland, Flanders, and France. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, at the great annual fair known as the *Senzie* market, held in the



Photo. T & R. Annan & Sons.

CATHEDRAL AND ST. RULE'S TOWER, ST. ANDREWS.

Facing p. 318.

Priory in the month of April, as many as 300 vessels might be seen in the port.

St. Andrews definitely established its lead as a place of learning in Scotland by the foundation of its University in 1411. This great work was accomplished by Bishop Henry Wardlaw, who, two years later, obtained the necessary confirmation from Pope Benedict XIII. This was the first university in Scotland, and though at the present day it is the smallest, it still retains its honourable place in the esteem of all scholars and lovers of learning. As a result founded by Bishop Kennedy about 1455, St. Leonard's College in the buildings of the old Hospitium, near the of the success of the University, St. Salvator's College was Priory by Prior Hepburn in 1512, and St. Mary's College by Archbishop Beaton, uncle of the Cardinal, in 1537. In 1579, under the direction of George Buchanan, who was Principal of St. Leonard's College, these Colleges were remodelled, and St. Mary's, devoted exclusively to the study of theology, became known as the Divinity or New College. Later still, in 1747, St. Salvator's and St. Leonard's were formed into one society under the name of the United College.

St. Andrew's, however, made its greatest step in the eyes of the world in 1471, when Patrick Graham, its thirty-third Bishop, half brother and successor of Bishop Kennedy, was made an archbishop by the Pope. King Kenneth III. had, according to tradition, translated the metropolitan episcopal see of Scotland from Abernethy to St. Andrews; Malcolm Canmore had styled the Bishop of St. Andrews Episcopus Maximus, and Canmore's son, King Edgar, had been crowned by Bishop Godricus. But the English Archbishops of York had again and again made claim of superiority over the Scottish clergy. It was this claim which, as much as anything else, led to the great Wars of Succession and Independence between the two kingdoms, and it was a revival of the claim by Neville, Archbishop of York, which finally brought the question to a head. To prevent further dangerous disagreement on the subject, and to silence the pretensions of York for ever, the Pope raised

the Bishopric of St. Andrews into an Archbishopric, and subjected to it the other dioceses of the Church in Scotland. A few years later, the Bishopric of Glasgow was also erected into an Archbishopric, but though the prelates of the See frequently rivalled those of St. Andrews in ability and political power, the earlier archbishopric remained to the last the metropolitan see of Scotland.

Meanwhile St. Andrews naturally played a most important and striking part in the history of the country. Hither it was that, in the tenth century, after a reign of thirty years, King Constantine III. retired. According to Wyntoun's *Chronicle*,

Kyng he sessyd for to be,
And in Sanct Andrewys a kylde;
And there he lyvyd yheris fyve,
And, Abbot mad, endyed his lyve.

This was in A.D. 943. In 1033, according to the *Annals of Ulster*, Hugh MacFlavertai O'Neill, King of Ailech and heir of Ireland, also retired here and died. In 1298, after the defeat of Sir William Wallace at Falkirk, Edward I. of England sent an armed force to punish Fife. They found St. Andrew's deserted, and forthwith "wasted it full plain." Six years later Edward I. himself came here, and took up his quarters in the castle. By this time the cathedral was one of the most magnificent ecclesiastical buildings in Europe. According to Fordoun, the English king on this occasion stripped all the lead from the great refectory of the Dominicans to furnish missiles for the catapults with which he proposed to besiege Stirling. Five years later, in March, 1309, Robert the Bruce convened here his first parliament, and had his title to the crown duly recognised. The same king was here again in 1318, when the cathedral was reconsecrated by Bishop Lamberton, after its spoliation by Edward I. This good Bishop had played the patriot's part in Bruce's wars, and had been the mentor of Bruce's lieutenant, the Good Lord James of Douglas, as a lad. The king must, therefore, have taken peculiar pleasure in witnessing the restoration of the Bishop's great cathedral church.

During the next ten years the castle of St. Andrews was enlarged and repaired, but in 1336 it fell into the hands of Edward III. On his departure it was besieged and taken by the regent, Sir Andrew Moray of Bothwell, who entirely demolished it. Towards the end of the fourteenth century, however, the stronghold was again restored by Bishop Trail. Within its walls the ill-fated Duke of Rothesay was imprisoned for a time, and there also, at a later day, James III. was born.

But before this date the fires of persecution had begun to burn in the ancient episcopal city. In 1407, John Resby, an Englishman, was burnt at St. Andrews for preaching the doctrines of Wiclif, and twenty-four years later, Paul Craw, a Bohemian physician, suffered the same fate at the market cross for preaching those of Jerome and Huss. Still later, on 1st March, 1527, the young and accomplished Patrick Hamilton, Abbot of Ferne in Ross-shire, and a grandson of the Duke of Albany, was burnt for heresy before the gate of St. Salvator's College; and a few months afterwards a man named Forest was likewise burned for saying that Hamilton had died a martyr. Most noted of all, however, was the burning, on 28th March, 1545, of the saintly George Wishart, the inspirer of John Knox. Wishart's martyrdom took place before the castle, the front of which was hung on the occasion, as for a festival, with rich tapestry, while velvet cushions were laid in the windows for the cardinal and churchmen to repose upon while they feasted their eyes on the dreadful sight. It was the crowning act of Cardinal Beaton's cruelty. Two months later, Norman Lesley, Master of Rothes, with his uncle, John Lesley, the famous Kirkaldy of Grange, and fourteen associates, entered the castle at three in the morning, turned out the servants, and put the cardinal to death with swords and daggers. The assassins afterwards exposed the body of the cardinal in the very window, still to be seen, from which he had watched the dying agonies of Wishart, and they afterwards kept it, preserved in salt, for nine months in the dungeon of the Sea Tower. The incident was very

justly commemorated in the verse of Sir David Lindsay—

As for the Cardinal, I grant
He was a man we weel might want;
God will forgive it soon.
But of a truth, the sooth to say,
Although the loon be well away,
The deed was foully done.

After the assassination of the cardinal the conspirators were joined by some hundred and twenty of their friends, including John Knox, and they defended the castle for more than a year, till a French fleet of sixteen galleons under Leo Strozzi, knight of Rhodes and Prior of Capua, laid siege to the place, breached the walls, and brought the garrison to surrender. Norman Lesley, John Knox, and the rest thereafter “did time” as slaves in the French galleys as a punishment for their bloody deed.

Meanwhile St. Andrews had become a shrine of other and less cruel memories. Suggestive of bygone hospitalities was the name of the Old Inn, once the prior’s house, which stood to the south-east of the cathedral as late as the end of the seventeenth century. The New Inn, which was the latest of all the monastery buildings erected before the Reformation, had its origin in a touching circumstance. In 1537 the young James V., having made a romantic journey to France, and fallen in love with the Princess Madelene, only and lovely daughter of Francis I., had married her and brought her home to Scotland. As she stepped ashore, the young queen, not seventeen years of age, knelt down, it is said, and kissed with passionate devotion the soil of her husband’s country. Alas! she was too delicate a flower for this cold soil. The physicians advised her to reside at St. Andrews, and forthwith, at the king’s command, the New Inn was built for her residence. So eagerly did James push on the work that the building was finished, it is said, in a single month. But the queen did not live to inhabit it. She died at Holyrood on 7th July, six weeks after her arrival in the country. When, that early romance over, the young King of Scots had to take to himself another wife, it was before the cathedral altar of St. Andrews that he espoused

Mary of Guise, who was to become the mother of Mary Queen of Scots.

It was while this young Queen of Scots was far away at the gay court of France that the old city of St. Andrews passed literally through the fires of the Reformation. In April, 1558, Walter Mylne, the frail old priest of Lunan, near Montrose, was, notwithstanding his eighty years, burnt here for the crime of heresy. The Church's methods of frightfulness were, however, getting out of date. So dangerously did the people show their detestation of this deed that the prelates did not venture upon another execution of the kind in Scotland. In June of the following year John Knox preached a sermon in the cathedral which so roused his hearers against the priests and their oppressions that they not only destroyed the images and ornaments of the cathedral itself, but, rushing to the monastery of the Blackfriars, so thoroughly destroyed it that little but the bare walls was left. The ivy-clad ruins that remain to-day in South Street afford a memorial in their broken beauty to the fine taste of the old churchmen which was so strangely united to a fierce fanaticism of intolerance. From that time the cathedral, for lack of funds, seems to have fallen, first into neglect and latterly into ruin. The lead was stolen from its roof; by parliamentary authority in 1649 the town council used some of its materials to build fortifications for the city, and for something like a century and a half it served as a common quarry for the inhabitants. A monument of the past which has suffered still more than the cathedral is the old town cross, which stood between College Street and Church Street, for it has altogether disappeared. Here the too gallant Chatelar, for loving his queen not wisely but too well, was beheaded in 1563, and in 1660 Samuel Rutherford's book, *Lex Rex*, was burned by the common hangman. The author, who was Principal of the New College and Rector of the University, died next year.

The Castle of St. Andrews, however, was still a stronghold in 1583 when James VI. came here to pay a visit to his uncle, the Earl of March. The king had been captured at Ruthven by the Earls of Gowrie, Mar, and others, and kept

in captivity for a twelvemonth at Falkland, when he got permission to pay this visit. On entering the fortress, however, he suddenly commanded the gates to be shut and his escort to be refused admission, and forthwith issued a proclamation summoning his friends. St. Andrews thus saw this king dramatically come to his own again.

But the city was to see more of James VI. In 1609 his secretary of state, Lord Balmerinoch, was tried here for surreptitiously procuring the king's signature to a letter to the Pope, and, being found guilty, was sentenced to have his hands and feet cut off and his lands and titles forfeited. By the intervention of the queen the first part of the sentence was remitted, but he died in his own house soon afterwards of a broken heart.

Eight years later the king was again in St. Andrews, possessed, as he himself declares, of "a salmon-like instinct" to see the place of his breeding. On that occasion he convened the clergy, bishops, and ministers, lectured them for their contumacy, and declared his intention to introduce Episcopacy. It was a dire intention for the House of Stewart, leading directly, in the first place, to the beheading of his son, Charles I. When that son's son, the young Charles II., received the keys at the West Port of St. Andrews in 1650 he was little more than a king in name, and ten years of exile had to come and go before he really ascended the throne at the Restoration.

The resolve of James VI. was fated, however, to bring about still another tragic event in connection with St. Andrews which was to rival the assassination of Cardinal Beaton in the previous century. This was the murder of Archbishop Sharp by the Covenanters, Hackston of Rathillet, Balfour or Burley, and others, on Magus Moor, at hand, on 3rd May, 1679. Sharp had been sent to London as a Presbyterian envoy, and had returned as an Archbishop, and he was commonly looked upon by the Covenanters as the Judas who had betrayed their cause. He had enjoyed his ill-gotten honours, however, for seventeen years before his carriage was waylaid upon the Magus Moor, and his brains were scattered on the ground before his daughter's

eyes. His monument, erected by his son, is still to be seen in the Parish Church of St. Andrews.

Among the numerous buildings of interest in St. Andrews, the Parish Church just mentioned is by no means the least historic. The original building is said to date from 1120; it was restored in 1778, and though almost destroyed in 1907, remains a shrine of many memories. Within its walls John Knox preached in 1547. Here Alexander Henderson preached at the renewal of the National Covenant in 1638. And here, on 20th April, 1662, Archbishop Sharp delivered his inaugural sermon. Among the possessions of the church are a silver ewer and laver given by Sharp; a horrid torture instrument, the "Bishop's branks," used to silence the cries of sufferers at the stake; a beautiful stone font in memory of Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, who was minister of the church, and a lectern given by his widow in 1900.

Still more interesting relics are preserved in the town hall in the shape of the headsman's axe, the silver keys of the city, the brass measures curiously inscribed, the matrices of the city's common seals, and the original charter of Malcolm IV. of the twelfth century. The University library, founded by James VI. in 1612, also has many treasures, including the copy of "the Solemn League and Covenant," signed at St. Andrews in 1643, while the University further possesses authentic portraits of John Knox, Cardinal Beaton, and other notables. In the building beside the tower of St Salvator's Chapel is to be seen the beautiful silver mace, said to have been found in Bishop Kennedy's tomb, while in the museum of the United College is preserved John Knox's pulpit. In 1832 St. Andrews received a new impetus from the founding of the Madras College for boys through a bequest of the Rev. Dr. Andrew Bell, a native of St. Andrews and a prebendary of Westminster, who was founder of the Madras system of education; and later, by the establishment in the buildings of the old St. Leonard's College of an equally important and successful school for girls.

From first to last, from the nature of things, St. Andrews has never been without its succession of famous men. The

first principal of its University was Hector Boece, perhaps, after all, the most famous though by no means the most reliable of Scottish historians. Among the host of illustrious scholars who have been trained in the colleges was the celebrated Latinist and even more unveracious historian, George Buchanan; and among the great scholars and teachers who have sown the seeds of learning within these walls has to be counted a long array of great divines and scholars.

It is perhaps characteristic of our time that the reputation of St. Andrews as a place of learning and literature is rivalled by its reputation as the great "Mecca" of golf, that its fame as the retreat of the late Andrew Lang is matched in public consideration by its fame as the scene of the prowess of the late Tom Morris. It is doubtful whether its ruins of castle and cathedral and monastery attract as many visitors as the green-mounded reaches of its velvet links. Its Witch Hill, where women were burned, and its Bow Butts, where the burghers long ago practised archery, never attracted crowds so great as did the golfing matches a few years ago in which Braid and Vardon and the other champions displayed their prowess on these wonderful turf-clad dunes. The golf links of St. Andrews, however, amply justify all that has been said and written about them. The attractions of the Old Course in particular, with its matchless variety of hazards and opportunities for the proof of forethought and skill, are never likely to be rivalled anywhere, and no real player is likely ever to be satisfied until he has tried his prowess by driving a ball over the wonderful stretches of these world-famed links.

STIRLING.

AT the mere mention of the name of Stirling a brilliant pageant of historic scenes passes at once before the mind's eye of the lover of Scotland's past. Though the town was never a capital like Dunstaffnage, Forteviot, Dunfermline, and Edinburgh, it was so placed in the neck of land between the Kilsyth Hills and the Forth that it formed in many a crisis in the country's history the real key to the kingdom. For this reason, the district round its walls has been from the earliest times the battle ground of the north, and within a few miles of its ramparts to-day can be counted something like a dozen scenes of conflict on which the national issues were fought out by the heroes of their time. In early records the name appears as Striveling; there is little doubt it meant "The Place of Strife," and probably no name was ever more appropriate. It was also known as Snowdoun, and appears under that name in the verse of Sir David Lyndsay as late as the middle of the sixteenth century; but Striveling or Stirling has always been the more appropriate name, and probably for this reason has become the permanent one.

There was probably a Pictish stronghold on the summit of the rock from times before the dawn of history; Agricola is said to have raised a fortification on the spot, and tradition declares it to have been one of the royal seats of the historic Arthur. There is reason to believe, indeed, that the flat table-land which rises to the south-west of the castle was the Round Table on which that king trained his forces, and regarding which so much of the romantic literature of later times has been written. The verses of Sir David Lyndsay, already referred to, give it this name:

Adew, Fair Snowdoun! with thy touris hie,
Thy Chapell Royall, park, and tabyll rounde!

and two centuries earlier John Barbour, describing the flight of Edward II. after the battle of Bannockburn, gave this natural feature the same name:

Beneath the castell went thai soyne,
Richt by the Rownde Tabill thair way.

According to monkish tradition, when Wilfred the Northumbrian king took possession of the Lothians and established an Anglican bishopric at Abercorn on the Forth in 681, he rebuilt Stirling Castle and threw across the river below a bridge with a cross and an inscription, part of which forms the legend on the ancient seal of the burgh:

*Anglos a Scotis separat crux ista remotis.
Hic armis Bruti: Scoti stant hic cruce tuti.*

But when in 685 Egfrid with most of his invading force fell in conflict with the Picts at the great battle of Nectan's Mere, near Dunnichen in Forfarshire, the Anglican bishop fled from Abercorn, and the Anglican garrison must have abandoned Stirling Castle.

In 838 the last great battle between the Scots and the Picts was fought out under the walls of Stirling. On the opposite link of the Forth, now called after him Cambuskenneth, the Scottish king, Kenneth MacAlpine, overcame the forces of the Picts, and so made sure of inheriting the throne of the Pictish royal house, of which through his mother he was heir.

To this half-legendary period belongs the tradition of the Wolf's Crag in Port Street, one of the narrow thoroughfares leading up to the castle. Near the close of the ninth century it is said the little town was in danger from an invasion of Danes. The sentinel at the South Port had fallen asleep, but was roused by the growls of a wolf which had taken up its position on the rock. The alarm thus given saved the town, and the wolf on its crag found a place in the early arms of the burgh.

Whether or not it was Kenneth III. who defeated the Danes at the battle of Luncarty a century later, tradition recounts that it was at Stirling that the Scottish forces gathered before marching to the battle. Alexander I., son of the mighty Canmore, after founding the original Chapel Royal on the castle rock, and erecting the town into a royal burgh, died at Stirling in 1124, and this was one of the Scottish strongholds pledged to Henry II. for the ransom of William the Lion, and afterwards restored by Coeur de

Lion. Here William held a parliament, and here in 1212 he died. Here Alexander II. enacted his famous law establishing trial by jury. Here Alexander III. in 1257 laid out the Royal Park. And here John Baliol held several parliaments, and in 1295 wrote to the King of France proposing a marriage with a French princess for his son.

Stirling, however, only burst into the full blaze of national history at the close of the thirteenth century. One can picture the little town at that time nestling high on the castle crag under the immediate walls of the stronghold. When Edward I. swept over the country in 1296 the inhabitants and garrison fled. They had seen the smoke of burning villages and towns away to the southward going up to heaven on the desolating lines of march of the invading army, and they felt themselves too weak to withstand an attack. In the following year, however, the stronghold walls looked down on a sudden changing of the national fortunes. The ancient wooden bridge of Stirling crossed the deep channel of the Forth some sixty-five yards above the present old bridge. Above its gate appeared the Latin legend already quoted. This was afterwards freely translated by Bellenden as:

I am free march, as passengers may ken,
To Scots, to Britons, and to Inglis men.

But it proved no free march to Inglis men on that September day. Scoffing at the caution of his fellow commander, the Earl of Surrey, the English Treasurer, Cressingham, pressed on over the high narrow footway, and half the English army had reached the northern side, when the watchers from the castle beheld the Scottish forces under Sir William Wallace sweep down from the Abbey Craig a mile beyond, and proceed to cut the crowded and ill-marshalled English forces to pieces and drive them into the Forth. The castle itself, held by Sir Marmaduke de Twenge, was forthwith captured by Wallace, and a few months later, when the tide of war again turned, and the Scottish hero was defeated at the battle of Falkirk, he dis-

mantled the stronghold. The heroic defence by Sir William Oliphant followed, when for three long months Stirling defied the utmost efforts of Edward I.; and all the world knows how in 1314 it formed the gage of battle, when the great struggle between English and Scots was fought out a mile to the south on the field of Bannockburn. It was afterwards captured and re-captured by Scots and English in the wars of David Bruce and Edward Baliol, and so, down to the end of the fourteenth century, continued to justify its ancient name of the Rock of Strife.

At the same time it was otherwise an important place. With Edinburgh, Berwick, and Roxburgh, it formed the Court of Four Burghs, a sort of commercial parliament established by David I., which in the days of James III. became the Convention of Royal Burghs, still a useful institution in Scotland.

When the Stewarts in the person of Robert II. ascended the throne in 1371, Stirling became one of their favourite seats, James II., James III., and James IV. being born here. At Stirling died in 1419 the poor wanderer believed to have been Richard II. of England, escaped from Pontefract, whose tale remains one of the strange unsolved mysteries of English and Scottish history. Here it was that in the month of May, 1424, in the old palace of the stronghold, James I., enthroned as supreme judge, presided at the trial of his cousin, Murdoch, Duke of Albany, that noble's two sons, and his father-in-law, the aged Earl of Lennox, when all four noble personages were condemned to death, and forthwith led out to the Heading Hill and executed amid the lamentations of the common people. The heading stone on the Gowlan Hill, on which these executions took place, is still invested with the horror and grief of that tragedy, and the character of the spot is commemorated in the lines of Sir Walter Scott:

But ah, thou sad and fatal mound,
That oft hast heard the death axe sound,
When on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand.

Strangely enough, it was on the same spot, thirteen years

later, that Sir Robert Graham and the other assassins of James I. himself were put to death with horrible tortures, tearings with burning pincers and crowning with red-hot crowns.

A tragedy not less memorable took place within the walls of the stronghold some thirty years later. Every reader of Scottish history knows how King James II. had practically to fight the great house of Douglas for his throne. The Earl of Douglas could take the field with 20,000 spears at his back. He had not scrupled to laugh openly at the king's authority, and, when required by the king to release the Tutor of Bomby, whom he had arrogantly imprisoned, he had handed over the person of the Tutor "wanting the head." He had also entered into a treasonous league with the Earls of Crawford and of Ross, and, making use of the old scurrilous assertion of the illegitimacy of the royal house descended from the first wife of Robert II., was even suspected of setting forth that by blood he had a better claim to the throne than James himself. This was the state of affairs when the king invited the earl to visit him and settle their differences at Stirling Castle. After supper, it is said, the two retired to the little panelled apartment still to be seen over the archway in the westmost part of the castle. There James is said to have asked Earl William to renounce his treasonous league, and there, on the earl's straight refusal, he drew his dagger and, with the words "If you will not dissolve the league, my Lord, this shall," plunged it into the Earl's throat. Douglas's body, it is said, was thrust out of the little window above the archway, and a skeleton found a hundred years ago in the earth below is believed to have been that of the once too powerful noble. From the incident, the little green-swarded enclosure here within the rampart is still known as the Douglas Garden, and to many minds it remains the most romantic spot within the castle walls.

James III. made Stirling his special residence and delight. It was he who built the great Parliament Hall in the upper quadrangle of the castle, now debased to the purposes of a common barrack. He also rebuilt the Chapel Royal,

embellished it splendidly and endowed it royally as a collegiate religious house. This proceeding indeed cost him his life, for, when he annexed the revenues of the Priory of Coldinghame for its support, he so excited the anger of the great families of Hume and Hepburn that they raised the insurrection which ended in his overthrow and death at the battle of Sauchieburn a mile to the south. James IV., however, who never ceased to lament the part he took against his father on that battlefield, confirmed the endowment of the chapel, and it is interesting to know that its treasurer at that time was John Major, the historian, afterwards Provost of St. Salvator's College at St. Andrews.

In the days of James IV. there occurred at Stirling an incident which should entitle the town to a place in the early history of the aeroplane. A certain Italian, John Damian, had gained the interest of James by asserting his power to transmute the baser metals into gold, and had been made Abbot of Tunland by the king. In course of time, little gold forthcoming, Damian found it necessary to support his claim to royal interest by further efforts. He gave out accordingly that on a certain day he would fly from the walls of Stirling Castle to Paris. The day came, the king and court were there to see, and the abbot, furnished with a huge pair of wings, boldly launched forth upon his journey. His attempt ended at the foot of the castle wall, where he was picked up with a broken thigh. Like most failures, Damain was ready enough with a reason. A mistake had been made, he said, in the construction of his wings. Had these been entirely made of eagle's feathers, they could not have failed to soar, but by inadvertence there had been included feathers of the common barndoor fowl, which naturally could only seek their own place on the prosaic earth. The luckless airman, however, had a rival in the witty poet, William Dunbar, who promptly proceeded to record his competitor's downfall in an amusing poem, "The Feinzeit Freir of Tunland."

But the Stewart king who did more than any other to add lustre and romance to Stirling was King James V. Here in 1513, a few days after the fall of his gallant father at



THE DOUGLAS GARDEN, STIRLING CASTLE.

It was from the small window above the pend that the body of William Earl of Douglas was thrust out after his assassination by James II.

Flodden, he was crowned. One of the most vivid memories of the place is of the morning when, as a boy of sixteen, James escaped from the Douglas thralldom at Falkland, and came galloping hither with a single attendant, ordering the gates of Stirling bridge to be closed as he crossed these high narrow arches, and denouncing as a traitor every Douglas who should come within twelve miles of his person. Within the castle in 1540 he began to build the wonderfully carved palace which still forms its chief ornament, and from these walls he sallied forth disguised in the fashion so well remembered in Scottish tradition, to mingle in the common life of his people. From the postern way out of the castle known as the Ballengeich Road, he took his favourite designation when thus travelling incognito, as the Gudeman of Ballengeich, though he was otherwise known, from the colour of his hair, and the love of justice he showed, as the Red Tod and the King of the Commons. He himself has left pictures of these excursions in his poems, "The Jolly Beggar" and "The Gaberlunzieman." Under such a character Sir Walter Scott has made him the hero of his "Lady of the Lake," and a number of traditional incidents of his adventures form the subjects of romantic narratives in Wilson's *Tales of the Borders*. All the world is familiar with the scenes of "The Lady of the Lake," in which Stirling figures—the games in the King's Park, in which the Douglas chief strove vainly to win back the lost favour of the king, and the final scene in the palace, where James, exclaiming "Fetters and warder for the Graham," threw his own royal chain round Ronald's neck "and laid the clasp in Ellen's hand." Those were the days when the rank and beauty of Scotland sat on the Ladies' Rock below the castle rampart, and watched from that lovely vantage spot the royal games proceed in the "Valley" below. Those were the days, too, when the royal gardens in that Valley, still marked by the curious terracings known as the King's Knot, formed a lovely pleasure ground; when the royal barges sailed on the pleasure canal there, now filled up, and when James and his nobles flew their hawks and hunted the fallow deer in the royal forest still known as the King's Park.

Nearly four hundred years have passed away since the gay Gudeman of Ballengeich hunted in the King's Park, and watched with his courtiers the movements of the royal beasts in the Lion's Den, which still remains to be seen within the castle, and stole away disguised down the Ballengeich Road to take part in rustic revels; but his memory still imbues the place with its own atmosphere of adventure and romance, and the history of Stirling and of Scotland would lose not a little of its charm if the memory of this gallant James were wiped out.

Alas! the Gudeman of Ballengeich died in his new-built palace of Falkland at the age of thirty, leaving his throne to the "lass" born a few days previously at Linlithgow Palace. That infant, Mary, was crowned Queen of Scots in Stirling Castle before she was ten months old, and spent her infancy there. Her rooms were in what is perhaps the oldest part of the castle, the block facing the Parliament House, where her boudoir still has her initials cut over one of its windows. It is now an officers' mess room. It was in Stirling, after her return from France, that the incident of the fire in the queen's bedroom occurred, and on the morning after, the 14th September, 1461, she was having mass sung in the Chapel Royal when the Reformers broke in, and priests and clerks were left with broken heads and bloody ears. In Stirling Mary intimated her intention of marrying Lord Darnley, and it was to Stirling that her infant son was brought for safety a few hours after his birth, having been lowered in a basket from the walls of Edinburgh Castle for the purpose. Here that son was baptised with gorgeous ceremonial in the Chapel Royal, the country being taxed £12,000 Scots for the purpose, and Queen Elizabeth furnishing a silver-gilt font which cost £1043 19s. If the prince had grown too big for the font, Elizabeth slyly suggested, it might serve for the next. Alas! less than a year later Mary had been deposed, and her infant son was crowned where his mother had been, in the old High Kirk of Stirling on the Castle Hill.

Four years later occurred the famous Raid of Stirling which nearly succeeded in placing Mary once more upon



THE PALACE, STIRLING CASTLE.

Built by King James V, about 1540, this is the richest piece of architecture remaining in the stronghold.

the Scottish throne. Kirkaldy of Grange and a party of the queen's men, making a dash from Edinburgh Castle, had surprised and taken prisoners the chief men of the king's party attending a Parliament here, when the Earl of Mar, leading a body of soldiers from the castle, lined the walls of his half-finished house, Mar's Work, at the head of Broad Street, and poured such a fire upon the invaders that they were forced to flee.

About this same time another grim tragedy was enacted here. James Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, had been one of the queen's party captured at the surprise of Dunbarton Castle. He was suspected of having countenanced the assassination of the Regent Moray at Linlithgow, and accordingly he was brought hither, and hanged over the middle arch of the Old Bridge.

James VI. spent the first thirteen years of his life in Stirling. Here it was that he was schooled by the famous Latinist, George Buchanan, and an outer stairway is still shown which leads to the royal schoolroom. Here it was that the incident occurred, typical of many others, when, James and the Master of Mar having quarrelled over a tame sparrow, and pulled it to pieces between them, Buchanan boxed the ears of his royal pupil, and called him "a filthy bird out of a bloody nest."

At this time Stirling was at the height of its splendour. In Broad Street, which was the ancient High Street of the burgh, still stand a number of the old houses which were the residences of the Scottish nobility when they came to attend court. At the south-east corner of the street was the Earl of Morton's lodging, which was set on fire at the Raid of Stirling in 1571, and another house, erroneously marked as "The Nursery of James VI." was probably the "Willie Bell's Lodging," still known as "Darnley's House," in which that unfaithful spouse is said to have taken up his abode when he did not wish the queen's company. But the most interesting and pretentious dwelling in the street was that now represented by the ruin at the head, known as Mar's Work. As long ago as 1360 Sir Robert Erskine had been appointed governor of the castle by King Edward II., and,

along with other grants for the maintenance of the garrison, had obtained all the crown feus and revenues, with wardships, escheats, and other emoluments, in Stirlingshire. He had bequeathed these to his descendants, and when his representative, Sir Robert Erskine, was made Earl of Mar by Queen Mary in 1565, he was still possessor of most of them. At the Reformation Mar also obtained a grant of the temporalities of Cambuskenneth Abbey and of the Blackfriars and Greyfriars monasteries in Stirling itself, and it is said to have been from the materials of these old religious buildings that in 1570 he erected his ornate mansion at the head of Broad Street. So great was Mar's establishment here that a Stirling merchant, home from the Baltic, declared it to be greater than the King of Denmark ever did or could keep. It is recorded that when James VI. and his young queen came to Stirling in December, 1593, they were entertained in the Earl of Mar's house until the castle could be made ready for their reception. Mar, however, had further displayed his reforming zeal by destroying the organ and ornaments of the Chapel Royal after the coronation of James, and accordingly, when the time came for the baptism of that king's son, Prince Henry, the king declared that the chapel "should be utterly razed and a new one erected in the same place that should be more large, long, and glorious, to entertain the great number of strangers expected." The old building of James III. was accordingly taken down and the present Chapel Royal erected in 1594. The baptism cost £100,000 Scots, and was the most magnificent pageant Scotland had ever seen.

To the reign of James VI. also belongs that other notable and beautiful mansion in the Castle Wynd, known as Argyll's lodging, and now used as a military hospital. One of the most beautiful examples of Scottish baronial architecture in existence, this was erected in 1630 by Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, afterwards Earl of Stirling. The earl was famous as a poet, and was one of the most notable statesmen of his time. He was perhaps the most active projector of the British colonies. The king made him a grant of the whole of Canada, and it was he who

formed the plan for colonizing Nova Scotia by the creation, for certain considerations of payment or settlement, of the order known as Nova Scotia baronets. The earl was virtual ruler of Scotland, and was accused by his enemies of debasing the coinage. They accordingly parodied his motto, "Per mare, per terras," into "Per metre, per turners," the "turner" being one of the new coins he issued on the same principle as that of our token coinage of the present day. The earl was without doubt one of the most far-sighted men of his time, but he shared the obloquy of his royal master Charles I., was a heavy loser by his public enterprise, and in the end died insolvent. His noble mansion then passed into the possession of the Argyll family.

As the residence of the Marquess of Argyll, who was head of the Scottish government at the time of Cromwell's victory at Dunbar, it may be a matter of surprise that this lodging on Stirling Castle Hill escaped destruction when the Protector's lieutenant, General Monk, besieged the castle in 1651. On that occasion Monk mounted a battery of guns in the great tower of the High Kirk, the walls of which still show marks of the shot discharged by the artillery of the castle. As a result of his siege Monk captured the stronghold, and this was the last occasion on which this ancient fortress of the Stewart kings was taken in war.

At the Union of the Parliaments in 1707 Stirling Castle was declared to be one of the four great fortresses of Scotland in which a garrison must for ever be maintained, and Queen Anne's Battery and other additions—the last—were made to the defences at that time.

Meanwhile, in February, 1681, in the noble old "lodging" the Earl of Argyll entertained James, Duke of York, who afterwards, as James VII., signed the order for his execution, and thirty-four years later, in the same apartment, the earl's son, first Duke of Argyll, held the council of war which enabled him to overthrow the hopes of James VII.'s son at the battle of Sheriffmuir, a few miles to the north.

That battle of Sheriffmuir also overthrew the fortunes of the Earls of Mar, who till then had been Argyll's most stately neighbours on the Castle Hill of Stirling, for it was

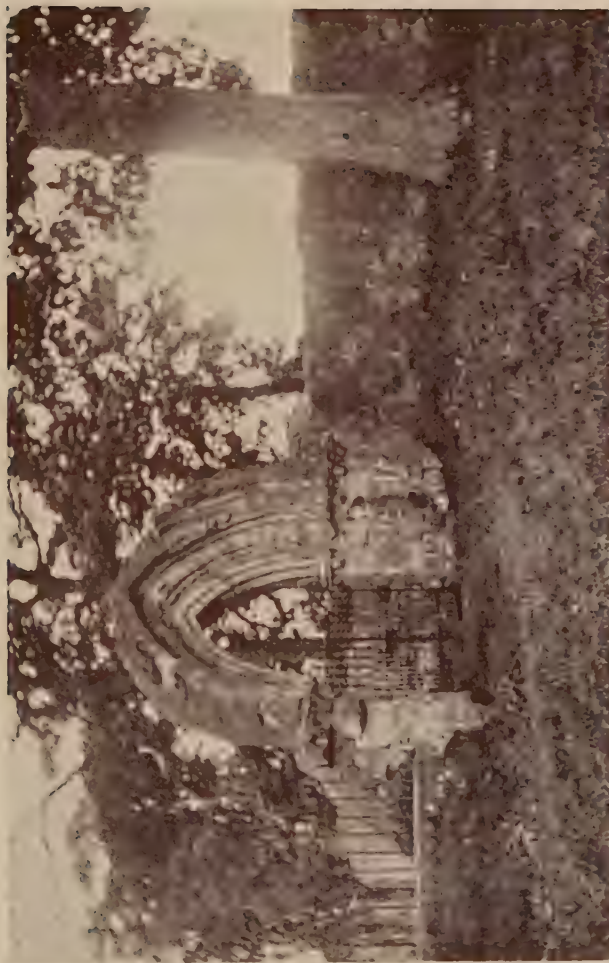
John, eleventh Earl of Mar, who raised and led the Jacobite forces on that occasion, and who suffered forfeiture of title and estates in consequence. From that date may probably be counted the ruin of the earl's great mansion of Queen Mary's time, now known only as Mar's Work.

Stirling, however, was yet to hear more of the sounds of war. After the landing of Prince Charles Edward in 1745, when he was known to be marching south at the head of a Highland army, General Blakeney, governor of the castle, blew up the south arch of Stirling bridge. The Jacobites, however, crossed the Forth at the Fords of Frew, a few miles to the west, where Charles I.'s general, the Great Marquess of Montrose, had crossed on a similar errand exactly a hundred years before; and in the first days of 1746, after the raid to Derby and the victory at Falkirk, the prince came into Stirling from the south. Here he made the mistake of besieging the castle. He followed Monk's plan of placing a battery in the church tower, and his French engineers tried to throw up trenches on the Gowlan Hill. But the Duke of Cumberland was following on his heels, and he was forced to raise the siege and retreat into the north. Before doing this, the Jacobites blew up their powder magazine in the little kirk of St. Ninian's, a mile to the south.

There is a tradition that Charles did not go north at once with his army, but that he spent a last night at the little mansion-house of Torbrex, then a possession of his adherent, John Walkinshaw of Barrowfield, and there, it is presumed, he had the company of Walkinshaw's daughter, the beautiful Clementina, who was afterwards to play an outstanding part in his career.

When the Duke of Cumberland, pursuing the prince, came to cross Stirling bridge, the gap made a few months earlier had to be made good with beams.

Just about a hundred years after Bonnie Prince Charlie had ridden away northward to see his fortunes finally overthrown on Culloden's fatal field, Queen Victoria paid a visit to Stirling. She was no more than twenty-three years of age, and with her young husband, Prince Albert, by her



OLD GATEWAY, CAMBUSKENNETH ABBEY.

Here King Robert the Bruce held the Parliament which settled the Crown of Scotland
on the House of Stewart.

side, showed a vivid interest in going over the castle associated with so many of the tragic memories of her race. Her name is carved on the coping of the castle wall above the Douglas Garden looking north, and the memory of her visit in those youthful and joyous years still adds charm to the precincts of the grey old fortress.

Besides those already mentioned, Stirling has many points of interest ancient and modern. In the castle itself, above the archway which was the ancient entrance from Ballengeich, rises the old square house which was for centuries the Scottish mint. Whether or not the building dates from 1165, when the mint is understood to have been established here, this is regarded as one of the oldest portions of the castle. Here, in the childhood of Queen Mary, were minted the coins, value $1\frac{1}{2}$ d, composed of an alloy of silver and copper, on which appeared the child-queen's head, from which they took the name of "babies," or "bawbees." The copper for them was got at Airthrey, from the mine which now supplies the famous Airthrey mineral wells.

Next to the castle, perhaps the most interesting building in Stirling is the ancient High Kirk, now known as the East and West Churches. A kirk of the Holy Rood stood here as long ago as 1124, the year in which Alexander I. died. In 1414 this was burned and the present West Church built on the site, and in 1507 the part now known as the East Church was added as a choir by James Beaton, Abbot of Dunfermline, the upper part of the tower of the West Church being added about the same time. Within its walls in 1543 the Regent Earl of Arran renounced the Protestant faith, and here, as already mentioned, the infant Mary, Queen of Scots, and the infant James VI. were crowned, John Knox in the latter case preaching the coronation sermon. Of the four bells in the tower, the oldest dates from 1310 or 1340, and has still a rich sweet tone.

Close by the kirk, Cowan's Hospital, founded by the most famous of Stirling merchants, John Cowan, in 1639, for the lodging and support of twelve decayed guild brethren, stands yet, a quaint old house, crow-stepped and gabled. Its chief apartment, the Guild Hall, has a roof of open wood-

work like that of the Parliament House at Edinburgh, and within it are preserved such interesting relics as the Stirling Jug, which was the ancient standard pint measure of Scotland, while outside lies one of the oldest bowling greens in the country, with a pleasant garden laid out in the Dutch style.

Only a little way off, on the south slope of the Castle Crag, lies the modern cemetery of Stirling. Such a wooded, sunny resting-place robs death of half its grief. One might indeed say of it, as Shelley said of the grave of Keats outside the walls of Rome, "It would almost make one in love with death to be buried in so sweet a spot." Here, among other famous Sons of the Rock, lies Professor Henry Drummond, whose book, *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, wrought a silent revolution in the religious thought of its time; and here monuments to John Knox and the Wigtown martyrs keep green the memory of those very different upholders of presbyterianism. Among these woods also, under this side of the Castle Crag, and skirting the remains of the old town wall, the Back Walk has been the rambling place of many generations of lovers, and by means of it one may return to the more populous upper town. Here in John Street, Erskine Church has in front of it the grave of Ebenezer Erskine, one of the founders of the Original Secession Church, while the old Sheriff Courthouse has beside it the quaint old hangman's dwelling. Further down the hill, in Spittal Street, a tablet marks the house of "Robert Spittal, tailyour to James ye 4th. Anno 1530," who was the founder of Spittal's Hospital, the oldest Stirling charity, and further down still the modern High School, one of the best in Scotland, occupies the site of the ancient monastery of the Greyfriars.

This crooked and narrow street descending from the castle contrasts strikingly with Broad Street, already mentioned, which ascends on the other, northern, side of the backbone of the town. In keeping with its name, this is still a wide and handsome thoroughfare. Here the burgh cross still carries the unicorn's head which surmounted the earlier cross of the feudal centuries. Here in 1579 two

versifiers, Turnbull and Scott, the former a celebrated schoolmaster, paid with their lives for writing a satire on the Regent Morton; and here in 1820 the "Radical martyrs," Baird and Hardie, were hanged, the masked executioner afterwards cutting off and holding up their heads, with the traditional declaration, "This is the head of a traitor." Broad Street also contains the old Town House, which, with its Dutch belfry tower, dates from 1701; and in St. Mary's Wynd below, a ruinous building wrongly known as Queen Mary's Palace, was the abode in the early seventeenth century of the founder of Cowan's Hospital.

The later Town House at the head of King Street, now itself superseded, was long the pride of Stirling for its fine steeple and the statue of Sir William Wallace by Handyside Ritchie on the roof of its portico. King Street was formerly the lower part of the Hie Gait or High Street of Stirling, and was for a time known as Quality Street. Halfway down its slope, opposite the Golden Lion Hotel, a special arrangement of the causeway marks the old site of the New Port, which was the inner gateway through the wall of the town in the feudal centuries.

But besides its historic buildings and memorials, Stirling has reason to be proud of its modern institutions. Murray Place, which runs across the foot of King Street and the long slope leading to the castle, was named in 1843 after Mr William Murray of Polmaise, and is now the chief thoroughfare of the town. Friar Street, which runs upward from it, takes its name from the old Blackfriars monastery founded by Alexander II. in 1233, which stood on the level ground at the foot of the wynd. The present Station Road runs over the ancient burying ground of the monks. The modern representative of the monastery is the General Post Office, which, with the numerous banks and churches, hotels, and handsome shops, gives the modern part of Stirling its prosperous aspect of to-day. Of these existing buildings, some of the most notable, standing in the Dunbarton Road, are Drummond's great tract depot, which in the first fifty years of its existence distributed over 619 million leaflets; the Y.M.C.A. Institute, opened by Professor Drum-

mond in 1890; the Allan Park U.F. Church; Stirling Public Halls, with, not far away, the new Town Chambers; the Stirling Public Library, opened in 1902; and the Smith Institute, containing many interesting specimens and relics, including a number of the old oak carvings known as the Stirling Heads, which formerly ornamented the presence chamber of the palace in Stirling Castle.

Out of the town itself there are countless spots of the highest interest worth taking trouble to see. At the Raploch clachan under the Castle Rock, Dougal Graham, the Scottish Rabelais, was born in 1724. At Cambuskenneth Abbey across the Forth, Bruce held the parliament which settled the crown upon the house of Stewart; and amid the ruins in front of what was once the high altar lies the dust of James III. slain at Sauchieburn. Cambusbarron village, across the King's Park from the castle, was the place where Bruce took the sacrament before the battle of Bannockburn; and Bannockburn itself, two miles to the south, beyond the quaint village of St. Ninian's, must remain the object of reverent pilgrimage for lovers of Scotland and lovers of freedom for all time. Altogether, with its ancient memories and its present-day charm, the picturesque, busy, and thriving county and garrison town of Stirling must be regarded as second only to Edinburgh, alike as a place of pilgrimage and as a centre from which one of the most storied districts of the country may be explored.

STONEHAVEN.

SUFFICIENT attention has never yet been paid to the romantic scenery of the sea-coast of Kincardineshire. Every traveller by rail to Aberdeen has, of course, looked down from the windows of the train upon the wild sea-corries in which the waves of the North Sea churn, and, like wolves, show their white teeth as they leap almost to the footboards of the carriages; and every one has marvelled at the fisher hamlets that cluster and cling like barnacles at the foot of the rocks in these ravines. But few have taken the trouble to explore the coast in anything like a regular way, and in consequence its scenic charm and its bracing atmosphere are nothing like so well known as they deserve to be. The Kincardine coast contains some of the wildest cliff scenery in Britain, and its fisher villages are as curious and quaint as can well be imagined.

Stonehaven, now the capital of the county, is really only the largest of these sea-faring communities. Built at the head of a little bay, where two streams, the Carron and the Cowie, enter the sea, it is the largest harbour between Montrose and Aberdeen, and owed its first consequence otherwise to the nearness of Dunnottar Castle, the seat of its early superiors, the Keiths, Earls Marischal. Though a favourite summer resort to-day for the people of Aberdeen, from which it is only fifteen miles distant, it was originally, the part known as the Old Town, on the south side of the Carron, as irregular in its houses and streets as any other of the fishing villages on the coast. It is only within the last hundred years that the well-built New Town, between the mouths of the Carron and the Cowie, has given a higher standing to the place. With its square and public hall, its County Buildings, churches, and other handsome erections, it has to-day all the pleasant dignity and amenities of a thriving county town.

Down to the year 1600 the sheriffs of Kincardineshire, or the Mearns, as the district was called, had their seat at Kincardine itself, a town now extinct. In that year, however,

the court-place was changed to Stonehaven by Act of Parliament, and in 1607 another Act made Stanehive "in all time coming the head burgh of the sheriffdom." These words appear to have been the only warrant for considering the place a burgh at all. Its real governor was its superior, the Earl Marischal. In 1624 Earl William arranged with the feuars to submit two of their number, who, if approved by him, should act as bailies, hold courts, and govern the affairs of the town. After the forfeiture of the last Earl Marischal the town continued to elect its own managers, and the Sheriff made one of these his substitute for legal purposes, but the old arrangement was restored after Lord Keith bought the superiority in 1797, and Stonehaven only ceased to be a private appanage of its successive superiors upon the founding of police burghs by Act of Parliament within our own time.

For many years the inhabitants of Stonehaven owed their chief livelihood to the fact that some of the best fishing grounds in the North Sea lay near their doors. Thus the curing of herring became a thriving business. The place also manufactured cotton and linen, though these industries have long died out—and a distillery was established, producing three thousand gallons of spirit in a week. There are also a tannery, a brewery, a wool mill, and a weekly journal. But, next to the great herring fishery, the chief business of Stonehaven is probably the entertainment of summer visitors, for whom the main attractions are the bracing air, the sea-bathing, and the golf course along the top of the cliffs. On this account the town during the summer months is a place of much gaiety and entertainment.

But, as already indicated, the unique interest of Stonehaven for the visitor to-day lies not so much in the town itself, as in the district to which it furnishes the readiest "open sesame." Out of the place in all directions run roads that lead near and far to scenes worth knowing, while the country these roads traverse is strewn everywhere with memories that awaken strange emotions of wonder, pity, and delight.

Northward, as far nearly as Aberdeen, there is the im-



THE WILD KINCARDINE COAST AT MUCHALLS, NEAR STONEHAVEN.

pressive cliff scenery already mentioned. The wildest and finest of this is to be found at Muchalls, where a pleasant hotel affords the best of entertainment to the explorer. Rock arches, caverns, and sea-stacks there, with the breakers crashing and swirling about them, speak eloquently of the fate of any ship driven shoreward on that coast. Yet the men of the fishing villages bring their boats safely to land down there, in harbours the size of an ordinary drawing-room and on beaches hardly larger than a fair-sized tablecloth. Of these villages the most famous is Findon, original source of the succulent "Finnan haddie," so much in demand for the Scottish breakfast-table. "A Finnan haddock," declared Sir Walter Scott, "has a relish of a very peculiar and delicate flavour, inimitable on any other coast than that of Aberdeenshire." The motorist or other pilgrim who makes his way by this coast road to Aberdeen or other halting place, cannot do better than order for his entertainment a smoking plateful of this dainty. A generation ago, these fish, split and opened, were to be seen drying on the stone dykes of the countryside for miles all summer long in this neighbourhood.

Through the beautiful "Granite City," with its long array of brilliant memories—of Baal worship, and the Battle of Harlaw, of Queen Mary and the great Montrose, of John Barbour and Lord Byron—the motorist may ascend Deeside as far as he cares, even to royal Balmoral and the spot where the Jacobites in 1715 first raised their fateful "standard on the Braes o' Mar." And he may return by any one of half-a-dozen roads. The most distant of these is over the Spital of Glenshee to Blairgowrie, and home through the whole length of Strathmore to Stonehaven. A nearer one is from Banchory over the high Slug Road round the shoulder of Cairn-monearn, with a wonderful view of Deeside, the North Sea, and the Howe o' the Mearns.

On this latter road, as it descends the Cowie Water near Stonehaven, stands Urie House, now the property of one of the great Baird families which built up the iron industry of Scotland. Formerly it was the seat of the Barclay family, of whom one was author of the *Apology for the Quakers* and

another was the mighty athlete whose pedestrian achievements are recited as a marvel to the present day.

Southward, again, out of Stonehaven, within two miles the motorist comes within sight of one of the most historic of Scottish strongholds. The great crag of Dunnottar standing out into the sea was the scene of one of the acts of reprisal upon the English by Sir William Wallace about the year 1297. The incident is recorded by Blind Harry. It appears that some English forces had fled for sanctuary to the kirk which then stood on the crag.

Wallace in fire gart set all hastily,
Burnt up the kirk and all that was therein.
Attour the rock the lave ran with great din.
Some hung on crags, right dolefully to dee,
Some lap, some fell, some fluttered in the sea.
No Southron in life was left in that hold,
And them within they burnt to powder cold.

The stronghold was captured and fortified by Edward III. during the wars of Edward Baliol, and immediately recaptured by the Scottish regent, Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell. In 1645 it was besieged by Montrose. On that occasion the sixteen Covenanting ministers shut up with the Earl Marischal within the stronghold urged their host to make no terms with Baliol, and as he regretfully watched the smoke of his farms and villages burning on the mainland, they assured him that these would prove a "sweet-smelling insense in the nostrils of the Lord." A few years later the tables were turned. Cromwell's men were besieging the castle, and the prospect of its surrender to starvation was the more disastrous since among the treasures it contained was the Regalia of Scotland. In this emergency Mrs Granger, wife of the minister of Kinneff, a few miles down the coast, obtained permission to visit the governor's wife, and, on leaving, brought away the crown among some wearing apparel in her lap, while her maid carried the sceptre and sword of state in a bundle of flax on her back. General Morgan, the blockading officer, is said himself to have helped the lady to mount her horse, and unsuspectingly watched her ride away. Last of the

memories of the castle was the imprisonment there, in 1685, of 167 Covenanters, men, women, and children. In the Whigs' Vault, where they were all confined together, certain holes are still shown in the walls in which it is said their outspread hands were secured while they were kept standing for days on end. Some died, others were killed in trying to escape, and others recaptured succumbed to the tortures inflicted by way of punishment. It was at work on the grave-stones of these sufferers in Dunnottar Kirkyard on the mainland that Sir Walter Scott first encountered "Old Mortality."

Further south the coast road passes Kinneff, where the minister and his wife buried the regalia under the pulpit till the Restoration brought the Stewarts to the throne again. South of Kinneff, Bervie, made a royal burgh by David II. to commemorate the landing there from France of that prince and his consort, Queen Joanne, in 1341, is famous like Findon for its cured haddocks, though these are drier than the product of the more northern place. Arbuthnott House on the Bervie Water keeps memory of Dr. John Arbuthnott, Queen Anne's physician, the friend of Swift, and author of *The History of John Bull*. Other fishing villages line the cliffs, and noble mansions enrich the landscape inland. The Den of Fenella recalls the lady of that name who achieved the murder of Kenneth III. by means of an infernal machine, a brass statue which shot forth arrows when a golden apple was taken from its hand.

The interests of this coast road culminate at Montrose. Thence the motorist may return northward by the more inland route, through Laurencekirk, where Ruddiman, the great grammarian, was once a schoolmaster, and where the eccentric Lord Gardenstone, new founder of the place, was satirized in the visitors' book of his own inn:—

From sma' beginnings Rome of auld
 Became a great imperial city;
 'Twas peopled also, we are tauld,
 By spendthrifts, vagabonds, banditti.
 Quo' Thomas then, "The day may come
 When Laurencekirk shall rival Rome."

Thence one may make a detour further inland, by Fettercairn, with its cross of the extinct town of Kincardine, and its arch in memory of an incognito visit of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. The place stands on the great Cairn o' Mounth road by which many a famous fugitive, including Macbeth and King Robert the Bruce, has fled across the Grampians. Further on lies Kenneth III.'s royal castle of Kincardine, also the romantic Clatterin' Brig, the wooded Drumtochty Glen, the hill village of Auchenblae, popular as a summer resort, and Fordoun, where George Wishart, the martyr, was born, and Beattie, author of *The Minstrel*, was a schoolmaster, where John of Fordoun wrote the *Scotichronicon*, and Palladius, the fifth century Roman missionary, was buried.

In the same countryside in Monboddo House the famous Lord Monboddo was born, foreshadowed the modern theory of evolutions, and entertained Johnson and Boswell, and perhaps Robert Burns; while Glenbervie House, on the Bervie Water, represents a seat of the great lords of Douglas of an earlier time.



THE HARBOUR, STONEHAVEN.

STRANRAER

AT the head of the long narrow inlet of Lochryan, running south-eastward from the southern end of the Firth of Clyde, the pleasant little town of Stranraer keeps to the present day much of the charm of a Scottish seaport of the eighteenth century. Though it has many more ambitious buildings, most of its houses are still of the comfortable two-storey type, while not a few of them are of no more than one storey. Its town hall, High School, churches and banks, are mostly of recent date, with some pretension to architectural effect, but for the most part it is a place of plain, comfortable dwelling-houses, possessing all the charm of substantial snugness without pretence or ostentation of any kind. During the last half century the town has been known chiefly as the starting place of the shortest steamer route to Ireland, the sail between Stranraer and Larne occupying only some two and a half hours, of which a considerable part is in the smooth water of Lochryan itself. Of late, too, Stranraer has acquired note as the headquarters of two of the great creamery establishments which have done so much to modernise and regulate the dairy farming and milk supply of the southern parts of Scotland. Lochryan also, on account of the purity of its tidal waters, has become the home of a great oyster fishery, an enterprise which might well form an object lesson on the possibilities of useful development which lie in uncounted numbers along the Scottish coast, awaiting the eyes to see them and the hands to turn them to account.

Not least, however, of its many developments since the railway reached the town some fifty years ago is that of a sea bathing and holiday resort. In this character it has many charms and advantages to recommend it. Though situated at the head of a long sea loch, the waters of which are undisturbed by the greatest of the Atlantic storms, it is not closed in by mountain walls, and its air, accordingly, is strong with the ozone of the open sea, which reaches it pleasantly mingled with the clover scents of the farm lands

of the fertile Rhinns of Galloway, which lie between it and the Irish Channel. Its boating is safe, and the sea bathing from its firm sand beaches is as fine as may be had anywhere. Its water supply is pure and unfailing, and its sanitary system modern and thoroughly satisfactory. In winter frost and snow are almost unknown, and, not least of its many advantages, the excellence and cheapness of provisions of all kinds have long been noted. To these many amenities fall to be added the facts that the town has tennis courts and bowling greens that are among the finest in the south of Scotland, that there are two excellent golf courses in the neighbourhood, that the roads are superb for motor-ing and cycling, and that there are highly interesting spots of pilgrimage in all directions in the country around. It can easily be understood, therefore, that the little town has every year of late become more and more a place not only of summer resort for holiday makers, but of all the year round residence for people of means in search of a pleasant retreat with sufficient social and natural amenities.

Stranraer has been noted within the last fifty or sixty years for the industries of weaving, tanning, and nail-making, as well as for several extensive nurseries in the neighbourhood. Its chief livelihood, however, is earned as a centre of trade for the west of Wigtownshire. The absence of water power and the high price of fuel prevent it becoming a manufacturing town, and its chief business lies in the exchange of country produce for manufactured articles brought to it by railway and steamer. The long piers which run out into the loch to protect its harbour form not only the place of departure of the Larne steamers, but of many vessels, both steam and sailing, which trade northward and southward along the coast, while in summer a swift passenger boat runs daily along the seaboard to the town of Ayr.

In early times the little harbour here at the head of Lochryan formed one of the centres of the great lordship of Galloway, whose rulers were almost independent princes. That great ancient house of Rolands and Ferguses came to an end with the famous Devorgilla, the devout Lady of



Photo. T & R. Annan & Sons.

CASTLE KENNEDY, NEAR STRANRAER.
The seat of the Earls of Stair.

Facing p. 350.

Galloway of the thirteenth century, who built the bridge and the church of the Minorites at Dumfries, founded Baliol College at Oxford, and erected under Criffel on the Nith the beautiful abbey of Dulce Cor, where she herself sleeps her long sleep with the heart of her husband in its ivory casket on her breast. The Lady Devorgilla married the head of the great house of Baliol, and her vast wealth and lands no doubt helped her son, the luckless King John Baliol, to establish his claim to the throne of Scotland.

From the Baliols, the lordship of Galloway passed to the Douglasses, and the line of the Black Douglasses, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, ended in an heiress. That heiress, the Fair Maid of Galloway, after marrying her cousins, the two last Earls of Douglas, was wedded by James II. to his half brother, John Stewart of Lorne, and became ancestress of the Earls and Dukes of Atholl, but the lands of Galloway seem to have passed mostly into possession of the house of Kennedy. It was one of the branches of that house, Kennedy of Chapel, who built Stranraer Castle, still to be seen in the town, while another, some time in the reign of James VI., built the great stronghold of Castle Kennedy, whose ivy-clad ruins, some three miles out of Stranraer, still form one of the sights of the neighbourhood.

Some incident in the history of one or other of these successive families which have had their home in the region, possibly forms the subject of the beautiful old ballad "Fair Annie of Lochryan," also known in some versions as "Lord Gregory." The pathos of the story enshrined in the ballad attracted the imagination of Robert Burns, who, as well as other writers like Wolcott and Jamieson, wrote a poem on the subject. No one now knows who may have been the heroine of the sad old tale, but it may well have been on the beach now lined by the houses of Stranraer that the distracted young mother sat looking seaward while such thoughts passed through her mind as have been woven into verse by the poet:

"O wha will shoe my bonnie foot?
And wha will glove my hand?
And wha will lace my middle jimp
Wi' a lang, lang linen band?"

“ O wha will kaim my yellow hair
Wi’ a new-made silver kaim?
And wha will father my young son,
Till Lord Gregory come hame?

The Kennedys were followed as superiors of the district by the Dalrymples, now Earls of Stair, the first of whom, William de Dalrymple, founded the fortunes of his family by marrying in 1450, an heiress, Agnes Kennedy, with whom he got the lands of Stair-Montgomery in Ayrshire. It was in the reign of Charles II. that the Castle Kennedy estate in this district passed into the hands of Sir John Dalrymple, afterwards first Earl of Stair, a personage notorious for the part he played, when Lord Advocate and Secretary of State, in bringing about the massacre of Glencoe. In his time the old castle of the Kennedys in Stranraer itself is said to have sheltered John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, who is remembered for the part he played in the persecution of the Covenanters, and who afterwards fell at the moment of victory in the battle of Killiecrankie. In his time, also, Stranraer, was enrolled among the Scottish royal burghs.

Another notable personage of whom Stranraer retains the memory is Sir John Ross, the Arctic explorer, who, in the early part of the nineteenth century, acquired fame by his efforts to discover the North-West Passage. His house, still known from that circumstance as North-West Castle, still forms a notable feature of the town. The Arctic navigator is not to be confounded with his namesake of fifty years earlier, Sir John Lockhart Ross of Balnagown, the distinguished naval officer who married the heiress of Lamington, and resided at Bonnington House, near Lanark.

The neighbourhood of Stranraer is strewn thick with interests for all who care for the beauties of nature and the memories of the past. Most famous of these perhaps is Castle Kennedy, already referred to. The old castle there was burned by accident in 1715, the time of the second Earl of Stair. That Earl was the famous military officer who fought as a brigadier at the battle of Oudenarde in 1708, and afterwards, as a Field Marshal, was second in command

under King George II. at the battle of Dettingen. It was he who, at great expense and in somewhat questionable taste, engaged in the vast works of landscape gardening which, with their terraces, canal, and other features, have artificialised the whole policies about Castle Kennedy. The trees in these policies he is said to have planted out in the order in which the troops were disposed at the battle of Dettingen. The pinetum to-day is without a rival in the United Kingdom. Species from all parts of the world are represented in perfection and on a scale unknown elsewhere, while the American shrubbery, planted round the small sheet of water known as the Basin, is indeed a glorious spectacle in early summer when its azaleas and rhododendrons are in full bloom. Lochinch, the modern residence of the Earls of Stair, at hand, dates from 1867, and is a huge pile in the somewhat pretentious and flamboyant Scottish Baronial style which reached its acme about that time. The flower gardens around it, however, are in blossom time worth going a long way to see.

The White and Black lochs which enclose Castle Kennedy on the isthmus between them have something of a counterpart in Soulseat Loch, a couple of miles to the south, on the peninsula of which, about the year 1150, Fergus, Lord of Galloway, founded a monastery, the site of which is now occupied by the manse of the parish of Inch. That parish itself takes its name from the fact that in early times its kirk stood on the islet or "inch" in one of the Castle Kennedy lochs.

Northward, again, on the farm of Innermessan, on the eastern shore of Lochryan, are vestiges of the great ancient town of the Novantes, mentioned as Rerigonium by the geographer Ptolemy. At the spot stands one of the finest mote-hills in the country, from the summit of which a noble view of the shores of Lochryan is to be obtained.

Another interesting pilgrimage is that available by coach or motor through the country of the Agnews of Lochnaw to Portpatrick on the western coast of the Rhinns of Galloway. The Agnews of Lochnaw have been settled here since the middle of the fifteenth century,

when Andrew Agnew, constable of the royal castle of Loch-naw, was made hereditary sheriff of Wigton by James II. The stronghold which he built still forms part of the family mansion seen from the coach on the opposite side of the little loch which gives it its name. The still earlier royal castle stood on an islet on the loch, but had fallen into disrepair before the Douglasses, who had long been all powerful in the region, were overthrown by James II. Aldouran Glen, through which the coach passes in the Lochnaw domain, is famous for its rhododendrons in summer, and the glowing colours of its foliage in autumn.

Portpatrick is to-day in high repute as a summer resort. Dunskey estate, on which it stands, was an ancient possession of the Hunter-Blairs, and when the late Mr Orr Ewing married a daughter of the Countess of Glasgow, who is a daughter of the late Sir Edward Hunter-Blair, Bart., he bought the estate and proceeded to develop it as a health resort, building the fine hotel which now forms one of its chief attractions. The ruined castle of Dunskey, perched on a dizzy cliff to the south of the place, keeps weird tales of smuggling times, and of an heir leaping from its nurse's arms at an open window to destruction on the rocks far below, to which the nurse herself in fear and desperation leaped after it. Dunskey is said to have been the stronghold of an outlaw Curr'e, for whose head a reward was offered. A young Fitzgerald from Ireland surprised and slew him, carried his head to the king, was infefted in his castle and lands, and took the name of Adair.

Portpatrick was at one time designed to be a point of departure for Ireland, which lies only $21\frac{1}{2}$ miles off, and more than a quarter of a million was spent on building a harbour for the purpose. But the Atlantic made short work of this, playing with the huge blocks of concrete as if they had been pebbles, and the project has long been given up. The climate here is said to be the mildest in Scotland.

Still further afield from Stranraer lie interesting spots, like Dunragit with its famous creamery, and Glenluce with its golf links and the ruins of its twelfth century abbey founded by Roland, grandson of Fergus, Lord of Galloway,



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STRANRAER FROM SHEUCHAN CHURCH.

with in its neighbourhood Carscreugh Castle, home of the hapless Janet Dalrymple, who figures as the heroine in Scott's "Bride of Lammermuir." One may also go northward by coach through the lovely Glenapp to Ballantrae on the Ayrshire coast, or, on the other side of Lochryan, to Corswall lighthouse at the north end of the Rhinns of Galloway; or southward to the Mull of Galloway by Sandhead and Ardwell and Port Logan, with its wonderful pond of tame seafish, and by the picturesque village of Kirkmaiden and the Inn at Drummore. Near the Mull is the famous Saint Modan's cave, and from the balcony of the lighthouse on the Mull itself one may enjoy a noble seascape which embraces such far and famous features as the Solway Firth, the Isle of Man, and the coast of Ireland.

Stranraer, it will be seen, forms a centre of many interests, in which a holiday of the most memorable sort may very well be spent.

THURSO

THE names of the two most northern towns of Scotland proclaim for themselves their Norwegian origin and something of their early history. Thor's Oe, the Town of Thor, commemorates the Norse war-god, while Wick was one of those creeks or inlets, the habitual use of which gave to the Norse rovers their familiar name of Vikings or creek-men. The district had inhabitants, of course, before the Norsemen came, and they have left their memorials round the shores of Dunnet Bay, a few miles east of Thurso. Imagination is left to itself to picture the life lived within and about these Picts' houses in the early centuries of the Christian era. Whether or not the Christian faith itself penetrated so far into the remote north at the hands of Columba and his apostles from remote Iona before the tide of Norse invasion submerged the region, must remain unknown. But whether the Picts of Caithness were still worshippers of the Nature gods or had adopted the teaching of the Nazarene, it is certain that many a tragedy must have taken place in and around these primitive Pictish dwellings when the fierce Somerledi, who worshipped Thor and Odin, came upon the scene. The Pictish brochs or round towers which still remain in many parts of the north, as at Kintrachnell, near Brora, were obviously built for strenuous defence against a terrible enemy. With their narrow entrances and windowless walls twenty-two feet thick, their central courtyard and chambered galleries, they represent a unique style of architecture, and must have been impregnable against everything except starvation.

The Norse invaders kept their own faith long after they had made good their hold on these northern shores. A terrible story is that of the Christian bishop who was sent to this region in the early days of the twelfth century. Here at Scrabster they put out his eyes and tore out his tongue, leaving the poor man to die of starvation and agony. Memorials of the Scandinavian faith remain in such names as that of Thurso itself and of Holborn Head, the high



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Facing p. 356.

HIGH STREET, THURSO

western promontory of Thurso Bay, which is said to be derived from Holla, the Norse goddess of hell, and *blorn* a child. Christianity, however, was to conquer in the end, and the Bishop's Castle, of which the ruin still overhangs the bay, dates from the end of the century which saw the murder of the bishop. Another religious relic is the old Church of St. Peter, which still stands, roofless but showing a fine Gothic window, in the older part of the town near the river.

Another incident of those early times is commemorated by the building on the east side of the bay, known as Harold's Tower. This was erected in the end of the eighteenth century by Sir John Sinclair, Bart., the famous statesman, statistician, and improver of agriculture, over the grave of Earl Harold, possessor of half of Orkney, Shetland, and Caithness, who fell in battle here in the year 1190 at the hands of his namesake, Earl Harold the Wicked. It has since formed the burial-place of the Sinclair family.

According to tradition, Thurso itself was founded in the twelfth century. There is reason to believe, with Sir John Sinclair, that it formed the centre of the early trade of Caithness. Its importance in those early centuries would in this case be considerable, for, according to Skene's account of the assize of King David, the Caithness weight was made the standard throughout Scotland. In 1633 the place was made a burgh of barony holding of the Earl of Caithness, and at that time probably did a considerable trade with Scandinavia and the Baltic. Twenty-seven years later, George, sixth Earl of Caithness, built his mansion of Thurso Castle, east of the town, beyond the mouth of the Thurso river, and down to the early years of the nineteenth century the burgh was the chief seat of the sheriff courts of Caithness, and the residence, in consequence, of the sheriff clerk and procurators. These facts made it virtually the county town. But the superior and magistrates of Wick, a hundred years ago, raised an action, in which they proved that Thurso had usurped their rights, and the courts were accordingly transferred to the more eastern seaport. Thurso now ranks merely as a creek of the port of Wick, and by

reason of its harbour being less secure and convenient, the town has not developed to the same extent as its eastern rival. Its chief employment is in connection with the great herring fishery. Other considerable industries have been the making of herring nets, the tanning of leather, and the weaving of linen and woollen cloth. A steamer, also, which plies regularly between Scrabster and Stromness in Orkney, twenty-nine miles distant, brings a good deal of traffic to the place. For many years, however, its chief business has been the export of Caithness flagstones, the best of which are quarried at Castletown, some four miles to the eastward, on Dunnet Bay.

As a place of resort Thurso deserves more attention than it has yet received. Its cliff scenery is among the finest in Scotland. The great bluffs of Holburn and Dunnet Head rise perpendicularly for over three hundred feet, while within sight are the prodigious western precipices of Hoy and others of the Orkney Isles. The long line of breakers sweeping inwards on the sandy beach, and the myriads of seafowl screaming and wheeling about the huge rock stack known as the Clett and through the mighty sea-chasm spanned by the Deil's Brig afford sights never to be forgotten.

For some two centuries the superiority of the town has been vested in the Sinclairs of Ulbster, descended from the second son of the fourth Earl of Caithness. By the late Sir Tollemache Sinclair, Bart., Thurso Castle was rebuilt half a century ago. The previous mansion was the birthplace in 1754 of the greatest improver of agriculture the north of Scotland has seen. Sir John Sinclair is chiefly remembered as the projector of the *Statistical Account of Scotland*, published between 1791 and 1799, and as the introducer of improved methods of tillage and new breeds of live stock. He was also founder and president of the Board of Agriculture, and, in 1796, carried through Parliament the Enclosures Bill, by which most of the modern improvements in agriculture were made possible. It was he who suggested the issue of Exchequer Bills, and who in 1807 superintended the publication of Macpherson's transcripts of Ossian. Among his other achievements were the construction of six

miles of road between Thurso and Berriedale in one day, and the raising of a regiment of a thousand men from his own estates during the war with the French Revolutionaries. For his public services he was made a baronet in 1786 and a privy councillor in 1810. A statue, said to be a striking likeness of him, is one of the chief ornaments of the town.

Hardly less famous is Robert Dick, the Thurso baker, botanist and geologist, whose biography by Smiles remains a standard work. The house in which he lived and died, in 1866, of hard work and privation, is one of the sights of the place. Dick was the discoverer of the fossil *asterolepis*, or star-scale fish, of which Hugh Miller made so much in his *Footprints of the Creator*. He was also the discoverer, near Thurso, of the *Hierochloe borealis* or Holy grass, unknown elsewhere in the British Isles.

WICK

WICK is a place of fewer historical memories than Thurso, but of more industrial activity. The country about it inland is flat and boggy, with a good many lochs occupying its surface. The coast, however, is a breastwork of cliffs, caverned and split up by creeks or "goes," some of which are only accessible by means of steps cut in the rock, but are nevertheless the retreats of fishing craft. At Falligoe, one of these creeks, a cascade leaps sheer over the rock face, a lovely spectacle as it scintillates in the sun. Everywhere, too, the wild precipices and mighty rock stacks are the homes of sea-birds, some sorts of which used to be regularly shot and salted for winter provender by the fishermen.

Hardly less precarious than the nests of these sea-fowl were the human eyries built on these wild and dizzy crags in days gone by. One of them, a mile south of the town, is old Wick Castle, known to sailors as the "Auld Man o' Wick," which was a stronghold successively of the De Cheynes, Sutherlands, and Oliphants. Without window or loophole of any sort, it must have been at the best a dismal abode. Hardly more awesome is the curious natural bridge at hand which spans the twenty-foot chasm between the mainland and a great rock stack with the sea dashing furiously through the gap three hundred feet below.

Northward, again, near Noss Head, on the south side of Sinclair's Bay, rise on the crags of a dizzy promontory the ruined castles of Sinclair and Girnigoe. The two together, with a drawbridged chasm between, covered the whole surface of the wild cape. In early times they formed the residence of the Earls of Caithness. The Earl's own bed-chamber is still to be seen on the far extremity of the rock. A flight of steps afforded one exit to the courtyard of Castle Girnigoe, while a trap-door and another staircase in the rock admitted of secret escape by sea. Ackergill Tower, on the same bay further west, was a stronghold of the Earls Marischal, forfeited after the Jacobite rebellion of 1715,



Photo. Valentine & Sons.

BRIDGE STREET, WICK.

Facing p. 360.

and as now enlarged is a seat of the baronet family of Dunbar.

Picts' houses and standing stones in the district carry the story of the region back to the dim early centuries of our era, and there are memories, hardly yet extinct, of curious customs and observations which appear to show that heathen superstitions kept hold of the people till the early part of the nineteenth century. There are holy lochs, especially one at Dunnet, to which people used to go from all parts of Caithness to be cured of their diseases. The pilgrims cast a penny into the water, walked or were carried "widdershins" (i.e., against the way of the sun) round the loch, and went home to await the cure. At the Kirk of Moss every Christmas all the inhabitants of Mirelandorn used to attend before sunrise, and place on a certain stone bread and cheese and a silver coin, which, it was said, disappeared in a mysterious way. And at the chapel of St. Tears on Innocents' Day it used to be the custom to leave bread and cheese as an offering to the souls of the children slain by Herod. Nor were the superstitious rites of the district easily put down. As long ago as 1613 the minister of Bower, Dr. Richard Merchiston, made a round of the chapels where it was known the people still worshipped certain stone images of the saints. These he cast down and destroyed. But on his way home he was thrown into the water and drowned. Popular rumour declared that the nemesis took place at the hands of a female saint whose statue he had demolished on the previous day. The lady was in fact seen on the top of him in the water as he last sank.

There are memories, also, of ancient clan feuds in the district. One of the Keiths, it seems, had married the heiress of the Cheynes of Ackergill, and so, acquiring a settlement near the Gunns, had excited the animosity of that clan. Near Ackergill tower may be seen the ruin of a chapel in which the Gunns surprised a congregation of their enemies at worship, and in cold blood massacred them all.

More important was the episode which had its culmination at Altinarlach, two miles from Wick, in the year 1680. George, sixth Earl of Caithness, had built Thurso Castle

and indulged in other expenses, and in an endeavour to keep up with the gay life at the court of Charles II. had become deeply involved in debt. He had married Mary, daughter of the Marquess of Argyll, and in his extremity he was induced to borrow large sums from his wife's kinsman, Sir John Campbell of Glenorchy, giving in security a redeemable disposition of his whole estate and earldom, with the titles and hereditary jurisdictions, the time of redemption to expire in six years. Before that time Earl George died, and Glenorchy, who had secured Crown confirmation and sasine on the disposition, proceeded to possess himself of the lands and title. Also, to strengthen his position, he married Earl George's widow. As the earldom was also claimed, however, by the late earl's heir, Sinclair of Keiss, the tenants refused to pay their rents to Glenorchy, and the latter sent an armed force into the north under his kinsman, Robert Campbell of Glenlyon, he who, also in Glenorchy's interest, afterwards commanded the soldiery at the massacre of Glencoe. The Sinclairs and the Campbells met with only a stream between them, but Glenlyon did not attack at once. He waited till nightfall, when the Sinclairs showed signs of having profited by the capture of a convoy of wine which he had caused to fall into their hands. Then he suddenly attacked and succeeded in routing his opponents. As the Campbells crossed the stream their pipers played for the first time the now well-known air, "The Campbells are coming." The incident is also commemorated by the Campbells in the air, *Bodeach nam briogas*, "The Lad with the Breeches," in allusion to the Sinclairs, who wore trews instead of the kilt. In the end, however, Glenorchy had to relinquish the Caithness earldom. Charles II. became convinced that an injustice had been committed, and upon Glenorchy restoring it to its proper owner, the king made him Earl of Breadalbane and Holland. He was made also Lord Ormelie and Wick after places in the Sinclair country. A memorial cross was erected a few years ago on the scene of the battle.

Wick was made a royal burgh by James VI. in 1589, but, curiously enough, remained under the superiority of a

subject, the Earl of Caithness. Wick proper consists of a single, irregularly built, and crooked street, with side lanes, about 220 yards long. Louisburgh, adjoining it on the north, was founded in the latter part of the eighteenth century, on the estate of Lord Duffus, on an arrangement of leaseholds for ninety-nine years. Pulteneytown, the third, but by far the most important, part of the place, was founded in 1808 on lands purchased from the Dunbar estate of Hemp-riggs by the British Fisheries Society of London. Two harbours were built by this society, with some help from Government, in 1810 and 1831; the new town was laid out on an approved plan of comfort and orderliness; and so well was the enterprise organised that the place has ever since been one of the chief seats of the herring fishery on the Scottish coast. A great disaster occurred in 1871, when the breakwater erected by Government to protect the harbour was almost entirely destroyed by a storm, involving a loss of about £140,000. But the business of the place was not destroyed, and to-day at the height of the herring fishing season in the autumn months the scene of activity is indescribable. Many hundreds of fishing boats stream out from the narrow harbour mouth in the evening, and on their return, heavily laden, at dawn, their catch is turned over to the curers, and as the baskets are emptied into the great square vats the fish are attacked by an army of "gutters," who gut them at the rate of thirty a minute, and pack them in barrels for dispersal to all parts of the country and abroad. The gutters are mostly girls from all parts of the Highlands, who flock hither for the excitement and the high wages to be earned, and in the evenings, when their work is over, they enjoy the time of their lives.

Wick, during the fishing season, is essentially a herring town, and though tales of the doings there are told and re-told during the rest of the year in every clachan of the Hebrides, it will probably be enough for the casual visitor to view the activities of the place once for all.

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